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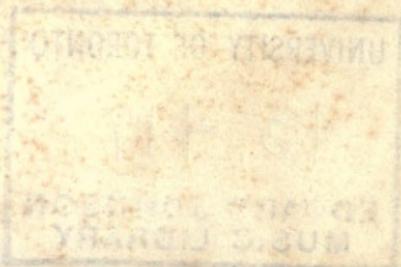
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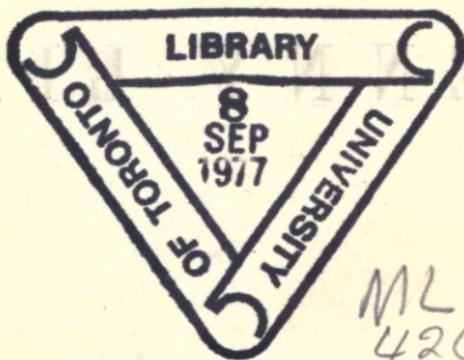
J E N N Y L I N D

A M E R I C A.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE," "GLASS BEADS,"
"THE PRINCE-DUKE AND PAGE," &c. &c.

NEW YORK:
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CONTENTS.

THE TRAVELER'S GUIDE

	Page
Dedication,	3
New York,	7
New York and Boston,	28
Boston,	50
Philadelphia and New York,	65
Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and Charleston,	82
Havana,	105
Havana and Matanzas,	120
New Orleans,	137
New Orleans and the Mississippi,	154
Natchez, Memphis, and the Mississippi,	169
St. Louis, Nashville, and Louisville,	181
Cincinnati, Wheeling, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and Balti- more,	205

TO L. C. STUART, ESQ.

MY DEAR STUART:

In inscribing this volume to you, I would, in the first place, pay some portion of the debt you will find, I in many places owe you for details, which, but for your ready and kind assistance, I should have found some difficulty in obtaining. In the second place, I trust, you will not be annoyed at my prefixing your name to it, as a slight mark of that friendly feeling we have for each other, and which, I hope, will not speedily be forgotten.

Believe me, my dear Stuart,

Yours, most truly and obediently,

CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1851.

NEW YORK.

THE arrangements which had been entered into by Mademoiselle Lind, with P. T. Barnum, for her visit to the United States, had been well canvassed on both sides of the Atlantic when she first left Liverpool; nor were there a few who predicted a great loss to the speculator in her unrivaled attractions as the principal and most popular of living songstresses. These, however, were for the most part Englishmen residing in the old country. From their experience in its modes of doing business and insuring success in such matters, they could not imagine that any vocalist would have sufficient attraction to draw money for one hundred and fifty nights, out of the three hundred and sixty into which the year is divided—for such, I believe, was the original limit of the duration of the engagement and the number of concerts which it was proposed that she should give.

Their doubts had happily little or no effect upon the fair vocalist, and her companions in the engagement she had entered into, M. Jules Benedict and Signor Belletti. On the 19th of August they left Liverpool in the fine American steamer, the *Atlantic*, which had but recently been launched, and it was on Sunday, the first of September, that this vessel approached New York.

About one o'clock, two guns were heard in the direction of Sandy Hook, and it was but shortly after that a signal flag was run up at the Telegraph Station, below Clifton, which intimated to those who had been drawn down to Staten Island by the desire to see the Nightingale, that a steamer was in sight. A few minutes more had passed when the *Atlantic* was seen cutting its path through the blue and laughing waves, and looming through the gray and fleecy mists which lay in scattered and broken masses, like wandering clouds, upon the bosom of the outer bay. Unfortunately, Dr. A. Sidney Doane, who was the health officer of the port of New York, thought it would be advisable to hoist the Swedish flag at the quarantine ground. None was to be found. Had they only had half an hour, one could have been arranged. Now, however, there was not even time to think of this. Genius, nevertheless, delights in conquering difficulties, and I rejoice to say this difficulty was conquered, inasmuch as the German Republican Tri-color was run up the staff, as next akin to the Royalist flag of Sweden. Possibly Mademoiselle Lind may have been blind to the compliment, inasmuch as it may naturally be doubted whether she had ever seen the flag before. And of one thing else I am perfectly certain, that is, of my own most perfect ignorance of the nation to which the said flag belonged, until I saw it mentioned in unmistakable black and white in the able columns of the *Tribune* the following morning.

On passing the Narrows, the *Atlantic* fired a second salute. Then were her paddles stopped, and the immense vessel heaved slowly onward with the tide until it was very nearly opposite the Quarantine Ground.

Mr. Barnum had now hurried on board the steamer and was presented to Mademoiselle Lind, who was at this moment seated on the top of a deck-house, erected over the forward companion-way. As I heard, for at this time I was on Staten Island, she was looking fresh, rosy, and in the best of spirits. Old Neptune had paid her the compliment of

dealing delicately with her. M. Benedict and Signor Belletti were also both looking well, and apparently had enjoyed the trip, and still more enjoyed the present prospect of landing—if I may be permitted to surmise such a fact.

When the *Atlantic* again got under way, Captain West, the commander of the steamer, urged the party to seat themselves on the starboard wheel-house, whence they would be able to see the magnificent panorama of the harbor of New York—possibly the finest in the world, and very certainly much the finest which I have ever seen—without being inconvenienced by the crowd of passengers then assembled on the deck. Nothing could well have exceeded their delight with the scenery and the view of the city. Everything was observed and commented on. But as the vessel passed Castle Garden, something suddenly arrested Mademoiselle Lind's eye. It was a Swedish schooner lying in the stream. The national flag of Sweden was floating at her gaff. For a moment, perchance, thought fled swiftly back to her northern home, and a singular melancholy overspread her face. This, however, came briefly, and was as briefly fled. She again looked up; the intrusive memory and its possible moment of regret had been chased away, and she was looking forward on the glad and opening future through the glowing vista of the present.

At length the vessel reached Canal street; and here the crowd, who had been patiently waiting the arrival of the Northern Nightingale, was immense. Some thirty or forty thousand people must have been collected together on the adjacent piers and shipping, as well as on all the roofs and in all the windows fronting the water. The spars and rigging of the vessels, the bulkheads along the wharves, and the very fenders of the Hoboken Ferry House were covered with eager gazers; while from every quarter of the city crowds might be seen hurrying toward the dock of the *Atlantic*, and increasing the thronging and almost countless multitude already waiting there. As the steamer slowly glided into her place,

it became very obvious to Mr. Barnum that he would have considerable difficulty in getting Mademoiselle Lind to the Irving House, which had been selected as her hotel. Nevertheless, he felt that lingering would only increase the difficulty, and, as a sensible man, prevailed on her to allow Captain West at once to lead her to his carriage, which was in waiting at the foot of the gangway. She was immediately followed by Mademoiselle Ahmansen, the lady who has been her chosen companion through so many of her previous successes, with M. Benedict, Signor Belletti, and Herr Max Hjortzberg, her secretary.

Scarcely, however, had she entered the carriage and gazed for an instant on the triumphal arches* of evergreens and flowers, which had been erected inside the gates which stretch across the pier, than the multitude without began to press against them. They were partially unbolted to prevent their being forced in, and in another instant the eager crowd had entered, snapping the planks like so many reeds under their fierce and impatient pressure.

Some were thrown on the ground, while the tide of struggling and tossing humanity swept over them. Here lay persons protesting and screaming under the heels of the inexorable throng; there was one individual struggling under another with startling energy to save his — hat; and here again was a poor devil who had escaped from that somewhat savage exhibition of enthusiasm, with the two arms of his coat alone left him. At length the police succeeded in allaying the tumult and drove back the crowd, although, it must be confessed, with great difficulty, and the carriage containing the Singing Bird slowly started. As the people gradually fell back from it, they literally deluged its occupants with flowers.

* The first arch, which fronted the water, bore the inscription of "Welcome Jenny Lind." The second one was decorated with the American Eagle, and had the words "Jenny Lind, Welcome to America," inscribed round its span.

Once clear of the throng which impeded its progress, the carriage was driven on rapidly and succeeded in reaching the Irving House before the news of her arrival was sufficiently spread to have enabled another crowd to collect around that building. It was not long however, ere they managed to do so; and Jenny was compelled to appear at one of the windows which opened upon Broadway, whence she bowed repeatedly in answer to the enthusiastic cheers of the somewhat noisy multitude.

Nor did the crowd diminish as the day gradually waned. It was true, that it was constantly changing and fluctuating, but at no part of that Sunday afternoon could there have been less than ten thousand people scattered in Broadway and Chambers Street round the Irving House, and twice in the evening was she again obliged to appear at the windows to gratify the eager curiosity of the new comers. The hours had now stretched along toward night, and about nine, Jenny retired to rest, thoroughly worn out by the excitement of the day. The throng without the Hotel was now considerably thinner. It was not destined, however, to remain so, as after eleven, the people began again to gather. It was obvious that the serenade which had been in contemplation was expected soon to commence, and so it turned out. This serenade was given by the New York Musical Fund Society, led by George Loder, and was very certainly the only really good serenade which has been offered to Mademoiselle Lind since her arrival in America, if possibly we except the one which was given at Baltimore. In all, there were very nearly two hundred Musicians. These were escorted to the Irving House by some twenty companies of the New York Firemen, bearing torches. They were drawn up on either side of the spot which was selected by the orchestra and secured them the necessary space, which, but for this assistance, they might probably have found some trouble in obtaining; so dense and eager was the crowd which had again assembled round the hotel. Indeed, at this time there

could not well have been less than twenty thousand persons present, and never had I yet seen in any European capital so large a crowd, in all respects so respectable and orderly. A few moments had scarcely elapsed ere the marvel of the hour appeared at one of the windows in company with Mr. Barnum. A loud and vehement cheer burst from the throngs gathered there. This lasted for several minutes, and when silence once more prevailed the serenade began.

One odd anomaly struck me, in the selection of airs which were played. This was the presence of "God save the Queen." There were "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," certainly. I expected to hear them. But why an American band should play "God save the Queen," in welcoming a Swede to their country, I find it rather hard to divine.

Whatever the reason might have been, it was very well played, as also were the two national airs of America, which Jenny herself *encored*, shortly afterwards retreating, to take refuge from the fatigue she had that day endured, in slumber. She was not, however, permitted to escape so easily, inasmuch as George Loder, accompanied by a committee of the Musical Fund Society* waited upon her in her apartments in the Hotel, for the purpose of presenting her with an address of welcome, in the name of the musicians of America. The only fault which I should presume to find with this address, being its inordinate length—a fault too, which I should imagine, must somewhat have astonished the fair stranger, who probably had been little used to such incorrigibly lengthy inflictions from the musical profession. At its conclusion, nevertheless, she thanked them very cordially, and after a few moments' conversation retired, wearied, and yet delighted, with the excitement of the day.

* The names of the gentlemen composing this committee, were Henry C. Watson, George Loder, J. A. Kyle, Allen Dodworth, and John C. Sheriff. Mr. Watson it was who had the task of reading the address.

Meanwhile Mr. Barnum had to decide in what locality her first concert should be given, as Tripler Hall, at this time called the "Jenny Lind" Hall, was not yet complete. Accordingly, on the following morning, Mademoiselle Lind and M. Benedict accompanied him to inspect the various concert rooms in the metropolis of America. In spite of its being a wet and gloomy day, the population were on the *qui vive* to get a sight of her, and indeed her route was something akin to a royal progress, in its style. At the Tabernacle, Niblo's, and Castle Garden, the eager sight-seekers would cluster round her carriage, and wait her departure in order to get a sight of her modest face. However, as Jenny very generally wore a vail, I should imagine, that but few of them could have been well satisfied with the chance and stray glimpses which they caught of it.

Indeed, during the whole of the first week which she passed in the capital of the New World, the ceaseless curiosity of the people and their comparatively untiring efforts to get a sight of her were something so singular and pertinacious that they deserve recording. From nine until ten in the morning the corner of Chambers street, where it abuts on Broadway, would begin to be crowded with well-dressed idlers, who were waiting to snatch a glance at her when she issued from the hotel. At length she would appear in company with M. Benedict or Mr. Barnum, to take a drive. They would then press around the doorway or the carriage in their anxiety to see her, and after she had entered it and driven off they would gradually disperse. This was only to allow others the chance of getting a glance at her by the same perseverance on her return. At whatever hour I might pass, until six or seven in the evening, I might be tolerably sure of seeing this persevering mob. One face, indeed, I saw constantly there, and so unceasingly was it employed in the examination of the doorway and windows of the building that I literally began to regard it as a fixture, and, in truth, was bitterly annoyed when, after her removal from the Irving House to the New

York Hotel, I missed the individual who owned it from his customary post. Shortly after I had to call on Benedict. As I drew near their new abode I cast a rapid glance around me, but this inquisitive stranger was no longer to be seen gazing on her windows. The change of dwelling had rid the Singing Bird of her somewhat dingy admirer. Probably he might have been in love with her, and the passion which had been so suddenly born had found time to wear itself out. At least I, as a boy, remember incurring some such passion for a wandering warbler. Every night she sang I was in attendance at the Theatre, and after the opera had come to an end and I had assisted in calling her out, and had thrown my *bouquet* at her feet, I would walk down to the street in which she then dwelt with an exemplary regularity and contemplate the light in her windows, happy if I could get the chance of seeing her shadow thrown on the white curtains. At length my patience and my passion wore themselves out, as I suppose it possible that his may have done.

Nor were these the only incidents which occurred as a testimony to the excitement which reigned in New York respecting its present marvel. *Bouquets*, riding-hats, parasols, and every article of utility or elegance which could serve as a token of esteem or admiration, were continually pouring in. Nor was this all. Offers came with every new day to Mr. Barnum for her to sing. Now it was at St. Louis. Then it was at Toronto, and again at Cincinnati, and a score of other cities. In fact, the stir and the excitement caused by her advent was without any parallel in my knowledge, either of the concert-room or the stage.

The first question you were asked by a friend or an acquaintance was: "Have you seen the Nightingale?" Mr. Woodhull, who was at this time the Mayor of New York, waited upon her to tender her the welcome of the city. She was carried off by the President of the Art Union to a private view of the exhibition of that society. After inspecting the various paintings she was conducted into an adjoining

room to partake of a magnificent collation, after which she was enrolled a member in the midst of a perfect shower of compliments.

Public reception days were next arranged for her, and more ladies were presented to her than she could by any possibility remember. Indeed, she had already determined as soon as she could, without seeming ungrateful for the attention which was everywhere paid her, to make her escape to an hotel in some quieter quarter of the city.

In the meantime arrangements had been made for the first concert, and the Castle Garden was selected by herself and M. Benedict for her first appearance before an American audience. It was also determined by Mr. Barnum to dispose of the tickets by Auction, the day for which was fixed on the following Saturday. In addition to which it transpired that he had, with an excess of generosity not often to be found in an operatic *impressario*, canceled his first agreement with Jenny. The present one which he had entered into insuring her \$1,000 a concert, with the one-half of the net proceeds. These terms are possibly larger than have ever before been paid any singer, and this voluntary tender of them by Mr. Barnum, shows that he, as well as the rest of the American people, was completely carried away by his admiration of the fair Songstress.

I should, I believe, have mentioned earlier that a prize for the best song calculated to serve Mademoiselle Lind as a "Greeting to America," had been offered by Mr. Barnum. It amounted to \$200, and was now awarded by the committee to whom the decision was confided, to Mr. Bayard Taylor,—the words being placed almost immediately in the hands of M. Benedict to set to music.

Incidents, however, at this time throng so rapidly upon us that I can barely do more than catalogue them, and, consequently, will but allude, among the others, to the handsome service of plate which was presented by Mr. Barnum to his agent, Mr. Wilton, who had been the means of effecting the engagement which brought Jenny Lind into this country.

Having barely paused with this, let me at once proceed with the Auction. Unfortunately the day was wet in the extreme. The sky was coated with dense gray clouds, and it was what would be called, in the vernacular, a regular "soaker." It might have been fancied that this would have deterred many from attending the sale. Nevertheless, this proved not to be the case. Castle Garden, where it had been announced to take place, was crowded, in spite of the unexpected imposition of one shilling, by the proprietor, as the price of admission. Indeed, as we heard it pretty generally stated, and had it subsequently confirmed by his own avowal, the numbers who attended this Auction ran to a figure which was very little short of 4000. Mr. Leeds, to whom the task was committed of disposing of the tickets, took his stand, as he announced, on the very spot which was to be occupied by Jenny, and then proceeded to sell the first. This was the subject of tremendous rivalry, as five or six entered for the prize. These were all speculators. Some were quack pillsmen, and one of these last led the winner a hard run for it. It was Genin, the hatter, who became the first purchaser of the first ticket which had been sold in America, for the price of \$225. I will acknowledge that, reviewed as a mere sum of money, this sinks almost into nothing, when we are tempted for a moment to compare it with the prices which were produced by the first seats sold at the Auctions which were held either in Boston, the city of Providence, or Philadelphia. It must, however, stand as the first clear and indisputable evidence which was offered, of the success that was everywhere to attend Barnum in his speculation, and was to make Mademoiselle Lind a reputation as great or greater upon this continent than she had previously enjoyed in Europe.

As an advertisement, it answered Genin's purpose admirably. His name was published in every paper in the Union. Some few may possibly have thought his speculation in the theory of advertising, that of a fool; but it must be confessed, that

most of the knowing ones looked upon him with envy, nor indeed, without reason.

On this day, as the papers gave us to understand, 1,429 tickets were sold, and this at an average price, the premium included, of \$6 38 cents. The gross amount of money which was paid for them being \$9,119 25. On Monday morning the sale was resumed, and the remainder of the tickets, numbering 3,055, were disposed of for \$15,319. The event of this day was, however, the first rehearsal, which took place at two o'clock. Many strangers and gentlemen and ladies connected with the New York journals were admitted to it, and the enthusiasm which she created among them can with difficulty be comprehended by one who was not at the time a resident in the city. This, nevertheless, could not quiet her dislike to an intrusion on the privacy of her rehearsals, which she had not previously been accustomed to, and after the following day it was arranged that no one should be admitted without a special order, which has only been given in one or two instances to invalids who were unable to endure the crowd and excitement of the evening. Otherwise it has very generally been confined to two admissions to each of the principal journals.

At the second rehearsal, which took place on the Tuesday following, a curious incident occurred as she was commencing the "Casta Diva." Scarcely had she got through half a dozen notes when the roar of one of the guns at the battery on Governor's island was heard echoing through the startled air. She immediately stopped, and was about to re-commence when the report of a second gun brought her to a complete halt, and she could not refrain from laughing. It was the commencement of a salute of 100 guns fired from the battery in celebration of the admission of California into the Union. As the wreaths of smoke drifted over Castle Garden, she inquired the cause of the interruption, and when she was informed of it, said that she accepted it as a good augury of her own success in a country that was so rapidly growing

in extent and strength that it now covered either side of the New World.

The evening which had been arranged for her first concert was now rapidly approaching, and on the morning of Wednesday, September 11th, there was little more than her name talked about from one end of New York to the other. Go where you would, the subject of conversation was the great singer. Some few, when compared in number with the masses of the people who were to baptize her with her freshest glory, had heard her, and these, of course, were every where eagerly appealed to.

“Was she in truth such a great singer?”

“Could they remember Malibran? Did her voice resemble her's, or not?”

“What was its natural range?”

“Did she sing with expression?”

These, and a thousand other similar questions, would greet the few who had already been accorded the opportunity of judging her, at every turning. Yet amongst all these questions, it struck me as a rather curious fact, that none were put respecting her person. In fact, it had been decided that she was remarkably good-looking; and, I confess honestly, I was at length obliged to settle it in my own mind that we must have made an uncommonly industrious use of the ten days which she had already passed amongst us. The only way of accounting for the lack of personal curiosity, in the midst of such a supreme and entralling excitement as her advent had created, being the supposition that the aforesaid curiosity had found means legitimately to satisfy itself.

At last the Wednesday evening came, and to do him merely justice, I must say that Mr. Barnum had made every possible arrangement to control the multitude which was certain to throng the portion of the Battery in front of the Castle Garden, and to ensure a reasonably easy access to the building itself. The police were there in tolerably large numbers, and

were very actively employed in keeping the gates and the pathway across the Battery, from the end of Broadway, clear of the crowd. This nevertheless was a task which they attempted almost totally in vain. New idlers were constantly arriving, and at six o'clock, when those who had purchased tickets began to approach the concert room, it was with somewhat of difficulty that they managed to elbow their way through the mob, and reach the open space which the police were employed in preserving immediately around the gates. As for the turf on either side of the path, that was crowded with spectators—like people assembled for some public festival—all was so orderly, and yet so thronged and troubled by excitement.

If Jenny had not spent the whole of the afternoon in the Castle Garden, preparing for her task upon this evening, we are scarcely prepared to say how she would have arrived there; for amiable and well-disposed as the crowd was, I much doubt whether she would have been suffered to pass without considerable difficulty. Indeed, the numbers present must have amounted to many thousands, exclusive of those who were constantly arriving at the concert. When I at last got into the Hall, which was not achieved without undergoing a considerable degree of squeezing, which once or twice, as I imagined, must have nearly flattened me, it was little more than half full. Nevertheless it was filling rapidly with its enormous audience,—an audience, indeed, which was far larger than that which I had ever seen at any concert in Europe, if I except one which was given by Hector Berlioz, in the *Salon* of the *Exposition Industrielle*, in the *Champs Elysées*, at Paris. One very singular thing, however, at once struck me, and this was the comparatively small number of ladies who had attended it; there being probably not one in the large hall for every ten of the gentlemen who were present. I subsequently discovered, as indeed I at this time conjectured, that they had been deterred

from coming by their apprehensions of the crowd which would be attracted to the Castle Garden on the occasion of Jenny's first appearance in public, in America. Hence the singular aspect of the concert room, which, but for the profusion of light and its picturesque internal arrangements and decorations, would very certainly have carried with it, on this score, an indisputably dingy and black-coated style of appearance.

The minutes wore swiftly on, and the Hall soon became filled to overflowing. The audience occupied their time in talking of Barnum, and Benedict, and Belletti, and of Jenny Lind. I cannot, however, avoid saying, that, for every word and every sentence which were uttered respecting the three first, a dozen, at the least, bore reference to the latter.

Nor ought I to pass over, in silence, the character of the audience, by which this large Hall was filled.

Every man of note in literature or in art, at that time in New York, was there. Here was Lewis Gaylord Clarke, the editor of the *Knickerbocker*. Not far from him sat N. P. Willis, one of the cleverest and most accomplished of the prose writers America has yet produced, and an author to the full as well known and read in Europe as he is in his own land. Look at the man, and say candidly, whether nature cannot sometimes mould talent as it deserves; for I doubt much whether one judge in a thousand would hesitate in setting him down as a handsome man. However, my present business is not that of registering good looks, but of cataloguing celebrities: and here is one that ought not to be passed over. Do you see a gentleman sitting by yonder pillar—to the right of the hall? His eyes are hidden by green spectacles: an inconvenience at present resulting from his weak sight. It is a genius—the last whom Europe has discovered in music—William Vincent Wallace. He is here to listen to the *début* of two of his friends, before a public with which he is well acquainted—indeed from whose applause he gathered his first laurels. Near him sits Colonel Morris, the poet, and one of the

editors of the *Home Journal*. Not far from him, is Elliott, the portrait-painter—one of the greatest modern masters of the human head, when it has the discretion of sitting to him upon masculine shoulders. Standing under the gallery is Mr. Snowe, an editor of the *Tribune*. Strangely enough, although its city editor, he possesses a taste for music, which would fit him to fill the critical chair far better than a hundred of the regular writers of musical criticism employed upon the press. At no great distance from him, sits Bayard Taylor, here, most probably, to be present at the public delivery of his song : and again, still further to the right, sits the odd, brilliant and cynical little Nichols, of the *Mercury*. He is a first-rate humorist ; and possibly, as he sits there, wrapped in his own thoughts, he may be planning a savage article for the following Sunday. Probably, however, he is thinking—if indeed it be possible for such an individual to entertain such an idea—that he shall be glad when the concert has come to an end, and he is again rolling homeward, ensconced in the corner of an omnibus.

I will not dwell upon the list. But let not my reader imagine that there were no more than these. I have only touched the few that at once occurred to my memory, and time flies too swiftly for me to pause with them for the purpose of recalling the others who were present. It is already eight o'clock, and the concert is about to begin.

Scarcely had M. Benedict entered the orchestra, than the applause burst forth. After bowing, he took his post as conductor, and the overture to *Oberon* began. This was well played, but it was obvious that nothing was to have the attention of the audience this evening, save Jenny. Belletti then came forward and sang the “Sorgete” very admirably. He also received a token of their joy when he had finished, in a loud and vigorous demonstration, and after he had retired the principal object of attraction made her appearance.

Jenny Lind was now face to face with an American audience,

and probably the largest audience before which she had ever sung. She was about to make her *début* in the New World. I will not say that she "trembled," as the papers generally did say on the following morning, but she was certainly pale and considerably agitated, nor did the enthusiasm which burst forth at her appearance, tend at all to restore her tranquillity. The *Scena** which she was about to sing, was the "Casta Diva," and as she commenced it, nothing could have been more evident than the excitement under which she was labor-

* We here subjoin the Programme of this Concert.

CASTLE GARDEN.

First Appearance of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind,
ON

WEDNESDAY ENENING, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1850.

Programme.

PART I.

Overture, (Oberon,) - - - - -	Neber.
Aria "Sorgete," (Maometto Secondo,) - - - - -	Rossini.
Signor Belletti.	
Scena and Cavatina, "Casta Diva" (Norma,) - - - - -	Bellini.
Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.	
Duet on two Piano Fortes, - - - - -	Benedict.
Messieurs Benedict and Hoffman.	
Duetto, "Per piacer alla Signora," (Il Turco in Italia,) - - - - -	Rossini.
Mademoiselle Jenny Lind and Signor Belletti.	

PART II.

Overture, (The Crusaders,) - - - - -	Benedict.
Trio for the Voice and two Flutes, composed expressly for Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, (Camp of Silesia,) - - - - -	Meyerbeer.
Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.	
Flutes, Messrs. Kyle and Siede.	
Cavatina "Largo al Factotum," Il Barbiere, - - - - -	Rossini.
Signor Belletti.	
The Herdsman's Song, more generally known as The Echo Song, - - - - -	Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.
The Welcome to America, written expressly for this occa- sion, by Bayard Taylor, Esq. - - - - -	Benedict.
Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.	

Conductor, - - - - - M. Benedict.
The Orchestra will consist of Sixty Performers, including the first Instru-
mental talent in the country.

Price of Tickets Three Dollars. Choice of places will be sold by Auction,
at Castle Garden.

Doors open at six o'clock. Concert to commence at eight o'clock.

No checks will be issued.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind's Second Grand Concert, will be given at Castle Gar-
den, on Friday evening, 13th instant.

Chickering's Grand Pianos will be used at the first Concert.

ing. It had for the first few moments completely mastered her voice. The first notes she struck were uncertain and feeble, but as she proceeded confidence returned to her; and when she concluded the first part of the Air, it was obvious that her self-possession was recovered; and the warm burst of applause which she received, completely restored her to herself. She indeed sung the *Cavatina* so finely, that the audience were completely carried away by their feelings, and drowned the last portion of the air in a perfect tempest of acclamation. Scarcely had she concluded it, than a shower of *bouquets* was hurled upon the stage; while handkerchiefs were waved and cheers were given, which endured for several minutes.

After this, Benedict and Hoffman played their duet on the two pianos. This, ably as it was rendered, was barely listened to, and the multitudes in that large building applauded, at its termination, not so much the merit of the two executants, or the skill of the composer, as their retiring movement to make way for Jenny and Signor Belletti. In the duet, which she now gave with this gentleman, it was evident that she had no more fears for the result of her first appearance. She sang it deliciously, and the approbation of the audience broke out so vehemently that they were at length compelled to desist, and this from sheer exhaustion.

In the meantime, a singular scene had been going on in the rear of the building. It had been rumored that an attempt to gain admission was to be made from the side abutting on the Hudson, and, as it turned out, this rumor was well founded. The river was swarming with boats, filled with the hardest class of customers, numbering considerably more than five hundred. They had absolutely besieged the Castle Garden by water. However, Mr. Matsell, the chief of the police, had effectually guarded against the chance of such an intrusion, by stationing a large body of his men to repel it, if attempted. In spite of this, a bold effort was

made, and some of these strange lovers of melody landed, and had a struggle to maintain their position or enter the Hall,—which they would have in many cases effected, but for the vigilance of the police force.

The orchestra had now returned to the stage, and the overture to Benedict's opera of *The Crusaders* was its first performance in the second portion of the concert. This I will grant was listened to, and received a warm testimony of approbation from the audience. It, however, speedily calmed down when the star of the evening again appeared.

This time it was the Flute Song, by Meyerbeer, taken from the *Camp of Silesia*,* which was rendered by her, and it is needless to say that her singing of this delicate inspiration of the German composer, again called forth the enthusiasm of those who were present, until the applause calmed down from the fatigue which it produced. Indeed, but for the intense anxiety on the part of the audience to hear the Echo Song, of which so much had previously been said, we have little doubt but that they would have insisted upon hearing the trio once more. This song she sings in her own native language, accompanying her voice, at the piano, with her own fingers. In it she imitates the herdsman calling his cattle, and the echoes of his voice, which are heard among the mountains. It completely and irrevocably sealed her triumph,—and when she came forward and sang Her Greeting to America, it was listened to as that of the greatest singer who had ever crossed the water that separates it from the Old World. Bayard Taylor had originally written three verses. These, however, had been cut down to two, in order to give Jenny the opportunity of acquiring them in the brief space which she could give to this task. They run as follows:

“I greet with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er the world is unrolled;

* This opera has, as we believe, never been published by Meyerbeer.

Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
 And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold !
 The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
 And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—
 Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake,
 And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died !

“Thou Cradle of Empire ! though wide be the foam
 That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
 I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,
 For song has a home in the hearts of the free !
 And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
 And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
 Be the hands of thy children united as one,
 And peace shed her light on the Banner of Stars !”

Benedict had done all that a composer could do for them in the brief space of time which was given him to write the music. As a *pièce de circonstance*, the song was exceedingly successful, and deserved the thunders of approbation which followed it. After retiring, she was again called for, and appeared to receive a perfect avalanche of *bouquets*. She then left the stage for the last time this evening, wearied out, yet delighted with a success so magnificently beyond any that had yet greeted a vocalist in America.

The audience, however, were not yet contented. They must see Barnum, and a loud cry commenced in every part of the hall for his appearance. After a few moments he made his appearance, and when silence was restored, addressed them, to announce one of Jenny Lind's own princely acts of charity. The brief speech which he then made, has so completely run the rounds of the whole American press, that it would be useless here to recapitulate it. Under the excitement of the moment, he said, that he “felt compelled to disregard the fact that Mademoiselle Lind had herself begged him not to mention on this evening one of her own noble and spontaneous deeds of beneficence. Her share of the proceeds of the concert would, he believed, be

close upon \$10,000, every cent of which she had declared her intention of devoting to charitable purposes." He then mentioned the manner* in which she wished this large sum to be applied.

Three enthusiastic cheers were then given for the fair Swede, and three more for Barnum, after which the assembly began to separate.

George Loder, however, and some of the members of the Musical Fund Society, had still remained in the interior of the Castle Garden at the time Mr. Barnum had announced the list of donations made by Mademoiselle Lind. He immediately collected as many of its members as could be found, and shortly after repaired to the New York Hotel, where she was now staying. The occasion was scarcely so much a serenade as a renewal of the ovation made to her by the popular feeling in the Garden. The band played animated airs. The thousands who had hastily assembled there, cheered and shouted incessantly, until at length the object of this spontaneous manifestation was obliged to appear on the balcony before her window, accompanied by her Secretary and her cousin, and acknowledge their presence. After expressing their thanks to her, the members of the Society then retired, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

Such was the termination of the first vocal essay made by the fair Swede upon these shores. In spite of the nervousness

* This sum was distributed to the following charities in these proportions:

To the Fire Department Fund	-	-	-	3,000 dols.
Musical Fund Society	-	-	-	2,000
Home for the Friendless	-	-	-	500
Society for the Relief of Indigent Females	-	-	-	500
Dramatic Fund Association	-	-	-	500
Home for Colored and Aged Persons	-	-	-	500
Colored and Orphan Asylum	-	-	-	500
Lying-in Asylum for Destitute Females	-	-	-	500
New York Orphan Asylum	-	-	-	500
Protestant Half Orphan Asylum	-	-	-	500
Roman Catholic Half Orphan Asylum	-	-	-	500
Old Ladies' Asylum	-	-	-	500
Total	-	-	-	10,000 dols.

under which she was very evidently laboring, she came up to the highest expectations which had been formed from her European reputation ; and not a journal was published in New York, on the following day, which did not rank her as indisputably the first artist who had yet visited America. Possibly, up to this moment, Mr. Barnum may reasonably have entertained some doubts respecting the prudence of such a heavy engagement as that which he had entered into. If so, these doubts were at present scattered to the winds. She had made her *début* before the public of the largest and wealthiest city in America. Their verdict had settled both the justice of her previous reputation, and—what was to him indisputably of greater moment—the success of his daring speculation.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

IT would scarcely be in place in the present volume to notice every one of the concerts which have been given by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, under Mr. Barnum's management, in America, since her arrival. Such a style of manufacturing a book would be somewhat akin to his who should complete a work on cookery by carefully revising and printing a series of the dinner cards at the table of the Astor House : even did he endeavor to vary it by straying into an occasional article on the merits of a truffled partridge, or a more homely disquisition on the tranquil and solid excellencies of a leg of mutton, not roasted to a cinder, and just touched with a flavor, scarcely indeed should it be a suspicion of garlic. I shall accordingly take the liberty of passing over the four concerts following the first without pausing on them to chronicle the increased enthusiasm, or dwell upon the excessive pleasure with which they were constantly attended.

One little incident occurred about this time which was not altogether connected with the concerts, that perhaps deserves mentioning. It must nevertheless be observed, that I cannot pledge myself to its positively having occurred. Suffice it that it came to me at the time, through a channel which would not suffer me to remain in doubt of its having actually taken place.

Mademoiselle Lind had received an invitation to pass the evening with an acquaintance in the upper part of the city, who had recently been introduced to her. This invitation she had been induced to accept. Contrary to her expectation,

she had, however, found a tolerably large party of ladies and gentlemen, distinguished by their talent or position, assembled. It was obvious that she was to be "lionized." This she was disposed to endure, to a certain extent, and accordingly she suffered no annoyance to become visible. The evening passed pleasantly away. Jenny appeared in good spirits, and did her duties as the "lion" of the evening very amiably. After some time had passed, one of the principal guests was called out of the room by the lady of the house, and shortly after he was followed by another. It was clear that something was in preparation, either to please or astonish the fair stranger. In doing the last, indeed, they very completely succeeded: although it may reasonably be doubted whether she was as much delighted with the feeling of hospitality which prompted the attempt. After a time, the hostess and the two gentlemen who had followed her, returned to the apartment,—Jenny meanwhile continuing a conversation she had commenced with a casual acquaintance, who was sitting next her, totally ignorant that she had been the cause of a certain degree of excitement which had gradually pervaded the rest of the company.

At length the two gentlemen advanced toward her. One bent forward to speak, but it was clear the task was too difficult for him. He managed indeed to bolt out a word or two, but the remainder of his meditated eloquence stuck in his throat. The other came to his rescue, and with the color flushing over his cheek and brow, contrived to enunciate their request,—the general request, indeed, of the whole company,—that "Mademoiselle Lind would have the surpassing kindness to sing,—something,—in fact, anything which might yield them the pleasure and the rare delight of hearing her unequalled voice."

Jenny turned towards the speaker. Her first emotion was very evidently one of indignant astonishment, but as she gazed on the individuals who had been selected to make the

request, and marked the discomfort and uneasiness which had so clearly mastered both of them, her indignation softened down, and she had well nigh burst into a fit of laughter. Repressing, however, the involuntary merriment, which she could not avoid betraying on the lower part of her countenance, she answered gravely, that—

“While in this country, she regarded her voice as partly Mr. Barnum’s property, and, consequently, that he must first be applied to, by those who wished to hear her sing.”

The gentlemen who had become the mouth-piece of those who had more discretion than to make this request themselves, stammered out a species of apology, and shortly after Mademoiselle Lind withdrew from the party.

In the mean time, scarcely could anything have been more successful than were the four concerts which immediately followed her first appearance before the American public. The public swarmed to the Garden on the nights when these were given, and both the crowd and the enthusiasm of those who formed it, were beyond all fashion and every precedent. The sixth was at last announced, and it became known that this was, for the present, to be her last concert in New York, in consequence of the proximate occupation of the Castle Garden by the Annual Industrial Exhibition, while the Jenny Lind Hall was as yet unfinished. This increased the excitement to an extent which had previously been unparalleled. The evening at length came; and scarcely were the doors opened for more than five minutes, before the house began to fill.

The Promenade tickets, which had been sold for the two previous concerts had, it should seem, produced some difficulty, inasmuch as those who held them, had attempted, and in many instances had succeeded in securing places at the expense of their rightful owners, who had come somewhat later than was absolutely necessary.

Mr. Barnum had, therefore, with his usual judgment,

determined upon obviating the inconvenience, and for the purpose of effecting this, had thrown the time for purchasing them considerably later than usual. It had, accordingly, been announced that they might be procured at the Atlantic Garden, at a quarter to eight, and at this hour the ticket-venders arrived at the entrance of the Garden, prepared for the sale. Here they came to a dead halt. It seemed utterly useless to attempt to enter the Garden. This is situated in Broadway, close to the Atlantic Hotel, and was jammed—for this word can alone express the style in which the crowd was wedged together—so closely by those who had come to purchase, that no means were apparent by which the alcove could be reached, where it was intended to dispose of them. The Garden was thronged with persons who wanted tickets, yet not a soul was willing to move lest he should lose his place, and consequently his chance of purchasing when his turn arrived. What was to be done? They were called upon to enter, and the crowd strove to make way for them. This, however, was absolutely impossible, unless some of them chose to sacrifice the chance of obtaining their tickets.

At length one of those, who were wedged in the inner portion of the crowd, shouted out,—

“Hoist one of them up and let him walk over our shoulders.”

This was no sooner said than done. One of them was lifted from the ground, and actually walked over the heads of the throng, until he managed to let himself down into the alcove, which had been prepared for the sale. The excitement was now to procure tickets, and once or twice it bore somewhat of a threatening aspect, so impatient were those who were waiting to be served. Luckily, the individual who had this night stepped out of his regular occupations, to manage this sale, was a man not easily terrified, and contrived, by a gay word to calm their feelings, or a rap over the knuckles, to keep their hands from trying to loosen the bars

in front, whenever he found them forgetful of the boundaries of either decency or decorum. Some climbed to the top of the rows of alcoves and descended until they reached the one in which he was standing. They then leant over the front, and took and paid for their tickets in this mode by way of saving time. In short, in rather less than a quarter of an hour, more than a thousand tickets had been disposed of, and he who had managed this part of the evening's business retired, beyond a doubt, heartily glad that it was over.

By this time, the large concert room of the Castle Garden, was filled in good earnest. Not a seat was there which was unfilled by a tenant, who had either originally paid for it, or who dashed in and seized it immediately the hour was past. The whole of the standing room, from which any sight of the orchestra could be obtained, was crowded to repletion. Even the stairs which led to the gallery, and the balcony outside the building, were thronged with those who had paid for their entrance to the concert. Some energetic and lively individuals were there, who had contrived by dint of resolution, and a contempt for their pantaloons—the latter justifiable or not, it would be impossible to say—to climb to the exterior of the dome. These must have enjoyed a curious sight of the stage and of Jenny herself, when she appeared—having a direct view of the top of her head through the windows, at which they had posted themselves. Neither, indeed, am I able to congratulate them upon the delicacy of their lungs or the nicety of their noses, inasmuch as it can be no pleasant thing to inhale the breath, or scent the perfume of some six thousand people, rising through the dome of that vast Hall. They were there, however, to feast their eyes (?) and indulge their ears. What did they care for the comfort of their lungs, or the delight of their noses? They very evidently cared nothing. True devotees to the most modern and perfect of all arts, they came to listen, oblivious of the pleasures reserved for their exit, or as I should say, their

descent, and dead to the scattered perfumes which rose around them into the open air !

As for the concert itself, I must frankly confess that the first portion counts but slightly upon my memory. I was occupied with observing the audience as much as listening to the music. I can, nevertheless, tell my readers that Jenny was encored in *The Singing Lesson*, a duet taken from Fioravanti's *Fanatico per la Musica*, which she sang with Signor Belletti. She was also encored in Benedict's delicious ballad—"By the sad sea waves." And, moreover, she was again encored in the Flute Song, from the *Camp of Silesia*, by Meyerbeer. The "Ah non giunge" of Bellini, and one of that master's most delicate improvisations, passed without an encore, which was probably reserved for the Echo Song, with which the programme for the evening concluded.

Scarcely, indeed, had she concluded her repetition of this universally established favorite, and retreated behind the curtain, than she was again summoned on the stage. The audience burst into a torrent of vigorous applause, which rolled through the building like thunder. Heaps of bouquets were scattered at her feet: and at the last, when she was about to quit the stage, she was once more called for to receive the shouts of her admirers.

Belletti also, who had been gradually winning his way with his hearers, had by this time confirmed his position with them: and, indeed, it was to have been supposed that he must sooner or later have done this. True, it was that in the first two concerts no one thought of him. Save for the appearance of his name in the articles that appeared in the journals on the following morning, and some pleasant criticism, he may have been said to have stood "nowhere." However, after this, the public had awakened slowly, but decidedly, to his merits, and had already concluded that he was the best *barytone*—not excepting Badiali—who had ever appeared in this country. His voice is full, round, and sonorous, though scarcely, per-

haps, can it be said to be one of the best *barytones* in quality which we have heard. But he is a thoroughly finished vocalist, and an accomplished musician, and consequently makes his voice do more for him, than many with such an instrument—good as it might be, at their command—would think possible. As for Benedict, he had decided his position with the American public, shortly after the second concert, as one of the best, if not the best, of conductors at this time extant. Indeed, in his tripartite character as composer, instrumental musician, and conductor, he had already secured a host of friends and admirers. Two ballads of his had already been sung by Jenny Lind. In addition to this, the overture to *The Crusaders*, and a *pièce de circonstance*, in the shape of a Duo Concertante for the piano and the violin, had been given. Nor had these examples from the numerous works of the master failed to impress the public with the belief that a musician of no ordinary talent was then amongst them. As a performer on the piano, he must, undoubtedly, rank among the very first. He is certainly no professor of instrumental gymnastics after the fashion of that strange and eccentric son of genius, Leopold Der Meyer. Possibly he lacks the peculiar ability,—but for a scruple or two touching an occasional piece which we have heard this pianist play, that we should call all but perfect in its manipulation, we would have named it charlatanry,—which marked Der Meyer. Possibly, also, he may want that prodigious vigor of nerve and muscle, together with the tendency to perspire, visible in that extraordinary instrumentalist. But it is equally as certain that he possesses a far greater fund of real feeling. His touch is rapid and decisive, and he plays like a master. There is no sacrifice of the effect of the whole piece of music to that which he crowds upon a few keys. In fact he plays like a sound and admirable musician, as well as a talented composer, and in more than one thing, I must confess that his playing reminds me at times very singularly of

Mendelssohn's, whom I have frequently had the privilege of hearing.* As a conductor, it will scarcely be necessary at the present time to descant upon his merits. In this character he is already known, and well known, through the length and breadth of the United States, and it will suffice to say, that, in my opinion, it would perhaps have been impossible to find a musician in England who would be competent to take rank with him.

Nevertheless, I cannot but feel that I am becoming too critical, and am lingering with the true taste of a man who has been bred to the press, or rather who has worn himself gradually into it, over those parts of the present volume which my readers will in all probability care little or nothing about, having already taken the trouble of forming their opinions.

Let me, therefore, once more slide into the garb of the *raconteur*, and change the steel pen of the critic for the quill of the mere narrator.

I shall not take it upon me to chronicle the various visits of inspection and admiration which Jenny made to the offices of the principal papers in New York, with the sayings and doings of the various editors and printers' devils connected with those establishments. In all probability she saw wonders which she had already had a thousand earlier opportunities of seeing; and it is equally probable that she marvelled at them just sufficiently to enable them to draw with tolerable daring upon their imagination for her sayings and doings. Neither will I now do more than allude to her first coming under the claws of a daguerreotypist, save to say that a clever likeness was taken of her by Brady, which was most admirably lithographed by D'Avignon. With this bit of artistic

* The last time I had the pleasure of seeing this great musician was in 1848, when I was last at Leipzig. I then spent the evening with Geibel, the poet, and Mendelssohn, which I retain the more carefully in my memory from the fact that the composer played us a fragment of the opera he had begun, dreamt over, yet never finished,—on the subject of the *Loreley*.

fact I shall for the present close my account of her first visit to New York.

Barnum had meanwhile been preparing with incredible diligence for her journey to Boston, at which city it was determined she should make her second *début* in the States. Indeed, he displayed at this time an energy and ability for work which I have never seen paralleled; and as a mere specimen of the class of labor he had to go through, it may be mentioned that he had, at this time, as many as two or three hundred letters per day, all of which he read, dashing off a remark or two on them, and then handed to his secretary for the purpose of answering. Indeed, call when you would—late in the evening, after he was left to himself, or as early as seven in the morning, before the labors of the day commenced for his assistants,—he might be found, in the one case, beginning, and in the other, completing his daily task. It is true that, after a time, this necessity wore off, but while it lasted, he was indefatigable, and gave a striking evidence of the possession of those talents, and that restless and untiring capacity for business, which have at length forced him into his present position.

He had, in the first instance, engaged Mr. Le Grand Smith as one of his assistants in his present labors. Some of the various journals of New York had at the time said that this gentleman was engaged as his treasurer. However, Le Grand's keen and unwearying aptitude, as a man of business, soon led him into a leading position with regard to the concerts. Indeed he became their general manager in almost every point when a reference to Barnum himself was not necessary, and was now sent on to Boston for the purpose of settling all the preliminary details, and organizing the auction for the sale of the tickets to the first concert, which was to be given by Mademoiselle Lind in that city. Arrangements were made almost immediately afterwards for her departure from New York.

The steamer which had been selected for this excursion was the *Empire State*. It was to leave New York on Thursday evening, September 26th, at the hour of five. Her friends had strongly advised Jenny, if she wished not to be annoyed by the restless mob of sight-seers, to take time by the fore-lock upon this occasion. She had accordingly managed to be on board the vessel a little before four o'clock. For her personal convenience it was undoubtedly fortunate that she had done so, as very many of the passengers had considerable difficulty in getting themselves and their baggage on board half an hour later, in consequence of the crowd which had collected around the wharf, and which kept on increasing in numbers until the boat was under weigh. They then gave her three hearty and farewell cheers. A gun was fired from the *Crescent City*, a steamer which lay near, and in another minute the *Empire State* had passed into the river, and was quickly rounding the Battery, having bid adieu for the time being to the city, whose spires and shipping she was in another half hour to have left behind her.

Meanwhile the passengers, who had been crowding round the marvel of the hour, had now reconciled it to their consciences to leave her for a time alone, and she had passed to the upper deck to view the picturesque and ever-varying prospect which broke and changed around her. The evening was beautiful, though clouds that presaged a wet morrow dappled the deep azure of the evening sky.

As the vessel passed Blackwell's Island, the prisoners had been drawn out in line to greet her as she passed. It might, however, be considered as a proof of very questionable taste either on the part of the Governor or of themselves, and Jenny very evidently thought so, as, after enquiring of Mr. Barnum who were these enthusiastic admirers of music, and hearing his answer, she turned rapidly to the other side of the boat. It was obvious that between herself

and them there could be no tie of the slightest sympathy. All she could feel for them was pity, as perchance all which they felt towards her was something akin to envy. At the Emigrant Refuge, on Ward's Island, she had a more cheering salutation. The children, in their uniform, were marshalled along the shore like a youthful regiment, with fife and drum. One lad bore the American flag, while another waved a large banner inscribed with the name of the fair Swede. As the cheers of the boys were wafted by the breeze towards her, she waved her handkerchief to them. Her feelings had evidently been touched by the spontaneous offering of the children. At Randall's Island, also, the children of the Orphan Asylum were on the *qui vive* to catch, if possible, a glance at their benefactress, for this institution had been one of the objects of her recent benevolence. Captain Brayton, who commanded the steamer, directed its course as near as possible to the shore, and as it passed, the little creatures raised their voices, and a tiny shout echoed faintly and feebly to her ears. While listening to that infantine cry of gratulation and of gratitude, a tear started to her eye, and rolled slowly down her cheek,—such a tear as few can shed, although many might delight to shed it;—the tear of joy with which we may remember a good and charitable deed. When she passed Astoria, the people were collected on the wharf, and cheered her vigorously. Indeed, everywhere along the banks of the river the people seemed to be expecting her. Her passage up the stream was like an old Roman triumph. Even those around her had eyes only for her. As for Benedict and Belletti, Barnum, George Loder, and the score or so of talented musicians, who accompanied her, they counted but as the indispensable parts in the procession. Jenny Lind that night was very evidently its Alpha and Omega.

At half-past six, the supper was announced, and Captain Brayton led Jenny to the cabin. I shall not, however, enter into a description of the manner in which the supper-table

had been decorated, nor count the *bouquets*, nor descent upon the model of Castle Garden, in barley sugar, nor the Temple of Liberty, surmounted with a figure of the Swedish Songstress, dressed as the *Child of the Regiment*, and bearing the Stripes and Stars. Suffice it, that such curiosities in the more ornamental portion of the art of the confectioner, were to be found on the table, surrounded by a handsome allowance of those staple necessaries of life, which all the ornament and splendor in the world will not afford man the opportunity of dispensing with.

The only other event which strikes me, as deserving the pen of the chronicler, during the lapse of this journey, was the serenade offered to the Nightingale, by the officers of Fort Adams, as she was passing it. Nothing could have been in better taste than this compliment, but for the hour at which it took place. This being half-past two, I grieve to say that few of the passengers, if any of them, were aware of what was going on. When, indeed, they were told of it in the morning, they heard the intelligence with a *gusto*, that decidedly did not incapacitate them for enjoying the breakfast which was afterwards offered them.

On reaching the point at which she was to exchange the Steamer for the Railway, her party waited for a special train, which was in readiness at a quarter before eight. By this time an enormous crowd had collected about the terminus with the view of catching a glimpse at the face of one of whom they had heard so much. And, indeed, it was with considerable difficulty Mr. Barnum was enabled to make way for her to reach the train. At last, when she was safely in the car, a brief space only elapsed ere the signal was given and it began to move. Scarcely had it done so than an outcry was heard in the car, which was immediately followed by a fit of weeping. What or whom could it be? In one corner of the carriage in which Jenny was, sat a pleasant looking country girl—or rather one who might have looked

pleasantly, but for her present agony. All who could, immediately pressed around her, as it was very evident that she did not belong to our party.

"What was the matter?"

"How did she come there?"

"Why was she weeping?" were the questions that were poured upon her.

"Oh, oh, o-o-h!" was all the answer.

"But tell us, what is the matter?"

"Oh-h, o-h-h—h! What—will my mother—O-o-h-h, say."

And after some time, we discovered the cause of her grief. She had been induced to enter the carriage for the purpose of having a good look at Jenny. Her curiosity, however, was destined to be punished. The snort of the engine was heard, and in another instant the train was on its way. Unfortunately, it was a special train, and nothing could be done for her until we arrived at Boston. Then, a promise was given her, that she should be sent back to her friends. In consequence of this, the tears soon cleared from her face, and her eyes brightened to take a long look at the stranger, who had thus run away with her from her friends.

As we passed Bridgewater, the weather, which had been threatening wet during the whole morning, closed in for a settled rain. This was insufficient to prevent such a keen lover of the beauties of nature, as Mademoiselle Lind is, from the enjoyment of the scenery. More especially, indeed, was she stricken with those rich and glorious tints, which paint the foliage of that portion of the year which is here called the Indian Summer, though, to tell the truth, the present day was an unfavorable specimen of it. In the Old World, nothing of the kind is to be seen. None of the rich chromes, ochres, and vermilions, which on this side of the Atlantic stain the fading robes of the falling year, are to be seen upon the other. There the trees are clad in russet and dingy yellow, ere the winds of winter sweep their foliage from them.

It was, however, on our return from Boston, that Mademoiselle Lind and M. Benedict, who is to the full as warm an admirer of nature as she herself is, had the best opportunity possible, of gazing on the surpassing brilliance of this period of the year. Nature seemed as if she was decking herself in her choicest and most brilliant tints, that man might but the more bitterly mourn that annual period of her decay, which was so rapidly approaching. The morning was bright and sunny, as that of a day in the full warmth of early June. Scarcely a cloud spotted the clear and stainless azure of the firmament. As we swept on through the country the foliage on every side was decked in the richest and most splendid hues. Here was a vast tree standing out alone upon a mass of dark and sober leaf. It was clad in a livery of gorgeous and glowing scarlet. Here again came the same deep vivid and lively red, at quick intervals speckling the range of gaudy yellow foliage, by which we were then passing. And here the train bore us rapidly by a tree as bright and splendid, as though it had been wrought in gold by the hands of God, in very mockery of the idle toils of our earthly jewellers. Nothing, indeed, that I had ever seen in Europe, could equal in its profuse and daring application of color this wondrous season, or vie with the richness of hue and tone in which its Maker here drapes the declining year.

However, I am at present on the road to—and consequently must not dwell upon the beauties that marked our road from, Boston.

At a quarter past ten, we arrived in this city. A large crowd was already, and had, indeed, for some time been assembled at the railway terminus. They seemed literally wild with excitement and enthusiasm, and were determined to see the heroine for whom their admiration had been so excited by the reports of her success in their sister city. Notwithstanding this resolution, she was smuggled into a carriage, which was

waiting for her at a different point from that where the largest portion of the multitude were attracted, and was immediately borne to the Revere House, at which hotel Le Grand Smith had already engaged her apartments.

Here, however, she had scarcely been safely ensconced for a dozen minutes, than another crowd assembled, in spite of the heavy rain which continued during the whole of the day. They were covered by a forest of umbrellas, and continued cheering and shouting in the front of her apartments until she appeared at the window, and acknowledged the compliment paid her. They then gave her one more cheer, which the rain compulsorily made their last, and separated with a pleasant little foundation of cold and ague, as the inevitable result of their excessive enthusiasm. During the day she received several visitors. She was, nevertheless, too fatigued to encounter the flood of visits which were being already paid her, and this was signified to Colonel Stevens, the proprietor of the hotel, who managed, in the politest manner possible, to rid her of the intrusion which had now passed, as it were, into an established usage, to which Jenny* was invariably to be subjected.

In the mean time, Mr. Barnum had commenced his task, which began by receiving the report of the auction from Le Grand Smith. It had taken place on the Wednesday, and Colonel Thompson had been the person selected to officiate. The result of this auction was not far short of \$20,000. As for Genin, who had scattered his \$225 at the feet of the Nightingale, in his intense anxiety to secure the first seat which was offered for public competition in New York, he was utterly extinguished. To quote the words of a Boston paper, their first bid, which was \$250, "at once clapped a broad

* This day also gave the public information of another of Mademoiselle Lind's princely acts of generosity. On the Wednesday, she had sent a thousand dollars as her unsolicited donation to the Swedish Episcopal Church, then being erected at Chicago. She had but learned the embarrassment under which the congregation was laboring, an hour or two before she sent the money.

brimmed beaver extinguisher upon the flaming glories of the Mammoth Manhattan hatter, and the great city that owned him for its champion. Genin was instantaneously swamped in ticket-buying supremacy. His cake of immortality was dough,"—it may be presumed from bad baking,—“his felt and fur transcendentalism was scattered to the four winds, and he sank at once with a crashing souse into a mere eightpenny oblivion.” Let not my reasons for making this quotation be misunderstood. Such eloquence as this possesses an indisputable right to the appreciation of posterity. And as it can have no chance of embalmment unless I try my hand upon it, I willingly lend it my help to survive for the eighteen months or two years during which it may be reasonably hoped that the present work will outlive criticism, without passing into the posthumous libraries which have a sort of underground existence, beneath the flood of literature which is daily being poured upon the reading world—mark my discrimination in not calling it the intellectual world—from the press.

This \$250 soon passed into \$300, \$325, and \$350. Here was a pause. This lasted but for a moment. \$400 was bid. It was followed by \$425, \$450, and \$475. Then a voice was heard which bid \$500; this was at once followed by \$600. Again a pause occurred when \$625 was offered. None felt disposed to exceed this, and almost immediately after the choice of the first seat was knocked down by Colonel Thompson. The purchaser was Ossian F. Dodge,* the vocalist, who thus supplanted Genin, the hatter,—exceeding him in daring, as much as he, apparently, had done in the length of his purse.

Whatever may be your opinion and mine, dear reader, about Mr. Dodge's speculation, need not at present be dis-

* “Dodge, the vocalist, has, by this dodge, become immortal. By this sudden jerk he has shot himself out of nothing into entity. Henceforth, Dodge will be as a standing synonyme for done. Well done, Dodge.”—*The Musical World, London, October 19.*

cussed. Not a doubt can exist but that, in a pecuniary point of view, he made a display of sagacity.

It was, in truth, an excellent and "cunning" purchase. The price, large as it appears to be, which he paid for it, was but money placed out at interest. Indeed, it was destined to be the seed of a larger and more extensive crop of dollars, to which Dodge himself was to put in the sickle. Like a sensible and skilful husbandman, he had known when and where to scatter it. His own subsequent concerts amply tested this view of the matter, and I have but little doubt that he has already paid himself far more than cent per cent for his investment in the Lind ticket.

At length the evening came, on which the first concert was to be given. This was on the day after her arrival. It had commenced with a heavy and soaking rain, which seemed as though it were destined to continue, but as noon came along the clouds broke. The wind, which was fresh, and tolerably bleak, had cleared the air towards the evening, and the crescent moon might be seen drawn faintly and finely upon the deep blue of the cloudless sky. In consequence of this, the crowd that gathered round the Tremont Temple, which had been selected for this occasion, as the largest Hall in Boston, and by far the best adapted to the purposes of a concert, was enormous, and it was clear that the popular feeling here was prepared to repeat the same ovation of enthusiastic admiration with which Jenny had been previously welcomed on the first occasion of her appearance in New York. The police had been well arranged, to preserve the entrance to the hall from pressure on the part of the thronging thousands who were clustering around it. It is true, that the expense of this part of the arrangements was heavier in Boston, than it had been in New York, or indeed has since been in any part of America, but they worked well and maintained a degree of regularity about the entrances, which convinced me that it is possible to keep any mob in

order, without resorting to that last reason, which may be considered to range somewhere about the extreme end of a constables' baton.

As for the various buildings in the neighborhood of the Hall, these were filled with guests, allured there in the faint hopes of catching the stray notes, which the power of Mademoiselle Lind's voice might scatter beyond the building; and, indeed, one stable keeper, whose dwelling was near the extremity of the Hall, made money by letting out seats to those who chose to pay half a dollar for the chance of hearing her.

Early as the crowd had been in their devoted attention to the doors of the Concert Room, Jenny was still earlier. In fact, anticipating the annoyance of popular curiosity, she had stolen a march upon it, and was ensconced in her room at five, preparing for the evening's performance. The hours now stole rapidly along, and the Hall was speedily filled. As in New York, however, at the first concert, given in the Castle Hall, the female portion of the audience was in the minority. There were but few ladies who chose to run the risk of struggling with the crowd in the damp streets, upon this occasion. Nevertheless, there was a sprinkling in the best seats, of those who had courage enough, or a sufficiently strong love of music, to risk the calamities of a crushed head-dress or a torn skirt, which gave a pleasant relief to the long lines of black coats and white waistcoats, which were ranged along the benches.

There was, of course, applause when Benedict first appeared in the orchestra; but to say that the public followed up this applause, by listening attentively to his Overture to *The Crusaders*, would be perfectly useless. Nor was there any greater degree of attention vouchsafed to Signor Belletti—who delivered the air from the *Maometto*, in which he had first commenced his acquaintanceship with an American audience, was applauded, and instantly retired. Those who were present had evidently come with but one object. They were waiting

for Jenny Lind, and had no attention to bestow on any one until they had heard and judged the singer, who was at present the star of the hour.

At length she appeared through a passage constructed under the organ, which stands at the back of the stage, and immediately a long and loud cheer rang through the Hall. Hurrahs and bravoes echoed and re-echoed from one end of the building to the other. Every one leant forward to catch a glimpse of her face, who was not blessed with a good place for the sight of her, as she stood bowing her acknowledgments to the expression of welcome. Then the tumult slowly hushed into silence. Peace was restored, and she prepared to sing the "Casta Diva." It would be utterly useless in such a volume as the present one, to enter upon a critical examination of her performances at all her concerts. This has already been done by the press; and as I feel certain the public will gladly excuse my repeating the floods of eulogy which have been poured upon her, I shall dispense with the trouble of recapitulating them. Suffice it, that on this occasion she received three *encores*, and responded to two of them—those of the Flute trio, from the *Camp of Silesia*, and the Herdsman's Song. At the conclusion of the concert, she was recalled upon the stage, and had to listen to the prolonged expression of eager and delighted enthusiasm, caused by the pleasure of those who had braved the crowd and attended her first evening's performance. After this, she was at last suffered to retire.

This, nevertheless, was not enough to satisfy the audience. Loud cries for Barnum were now heard, and after a short delay, he stepped upon the platform. Here he was received with a similar, and to the full as vigorous an expression of pleasure, as that which had attended Jenny. When it had somewhat calmed, he thanked them for this mark of their attention, but seriously trusted that no speech would be expected from him. Now this was precisely what the audience wanted.

Unfortunately, Barnum was not on that evening in the humour for speaking, as might very readily be supposed by any one who knows the fatigue attendant upon the getting up, and arrangement of the innumerable details consequent upon the first appearance in a large city of such a vocalist as Mademoiselle Lind. He accordingly congratulated them on the pleasure which had that evening been afforded them by the presence of the Northern Nightingale in the Tremont temple, and retired,—an example which was then followed by the audience.

On the following day, which was one of Jenny's reception days, she was visited by an almost innumerable race of sight-seers. Amongst these, however, we must not include the Hon. E. S. Everett and Professor Longfellow,—the former of whom remained with her some time, and was inexplicably delighted with her frank, kindly, and unassuming manners. Nor, indeed, would he leave her, until he had obtained a promise from her to visit him the following week in the Cambridge University. Subsequently she received His Excellency, the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, Colonel Briggs,* and the Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Reed. This visit, on their parts, was an unexpected honor, and one which had never before been offered to any vocalist. As it was, I must own, that it was rather paid to the excellence and purity of her private character, than to her singular and unexampled talent as a public singer. After this, Colonel Stevens carried his guests through Washington street into the Boston Highlands. Here Jenny alighted from the carriage, and took her first walk in America,—at least her first country walk. She was delighted with the scenery, and evidently enjoyed her first impression of it.

The evening was now drawing on. She had returned to

* They were accompanied by the Hon. Messrs. Davis, Owen, Copeland, Tenny, Crocker, Wood, and Gridley, members of the Executive Council, and Mr. B. Stevens, sergeant-at-arms.

her hotel and dined, when it became obvious to herself and her friends, that some demonstration was in progress in the square in front of the Revere House. In fact, a crowd was gradually collecting there, and workmen were seen busily preparing the stands for a display of fireworks. This was very well arranged, and but for the multitude who thronged every corner of the square, (I say every corner, as it would certainly be an error were I to treat it in accordance with its name, and leave my readers to suppose that it had four,) would have gone off admirably. The fireworks, which were few in number, were extremely splendid, and did great credit to the liberality of those by whom they were got up,—I believe the boarders at the Revere House. Towards ten o'clock, half an hour or more after the display was ended, the Musical Fund Society made their appearance in the space before her windows, and attempted to play a reasonably good programme. Greatly, as I must confess, to my comfort, the attempt was useless. Such was the noise and confusion maintained by the crowd, that the Overture to *Der Freyschutz*, with which they commenced, passed over in dumb show; and shortly after, they might have been seen wending their way into the hotel, where they were presented to the object of their proposed serenade,—had the intense satisfaction of exchanging a few words with her,—and then, being bowed out under the superintendence of Colonel Stevens, made their way slowly home. About half-past eleven, the crowd that was thronging the square, began to disperse, and belligerent, or not, as the disposition of Boston may be, wended their way peaceably to their quiet, and, very possibly, to their virtuous beds.

Nothing can well be fresher and greener,—two great virtues in any city,—than the common of Boston. This I saw on the morning of the following Sunday. It is neither more nor less than a Park, according to the good old English acceptance of the name and has the merit of bringing grass and

trees into the middle of brick and mortar. I spent the whole of my noon in rambling through it. Some others of our party went to Cambridge. I suspect that the memory of Dr. Webster, whose deed of murder was still fresh in men's minds, was the talisman that drew them there. Poor man! he had but recently paid the forfeit of his life to the hands of the law. I having, as I confess, but little taste for the horrible, was not allured after them.

In the evening, Mr. Barnum gave a temperance lecture at the Tremont Temple, which was to the full as crowded as it had been on the preceding Friday evening. This lecture was so effective, and answered the purpose of those who had solicited him to give it, so admirably in every respect, that he was prevailed upon to promise the delivery of a second lecture for the evening of the following Sunday.

BOSTON.

IT was on the evening of October the first, that Jenny Lind gave her second concert in the city of Boston. The Tremont Temple was as crowded as it had been on the first night, and it would have been impossible to have exceeded the enthusiasm which was displayed by the audience who had collected to hear her. It was on this occasion that she first sung the Bird Song, which had been composed for her by Taubert, and the words of which I had recently translated for her from the German.* The melody of this air is so unaffectedly

* I subjoin the words for the sake of enabling my readers to compare them with the spurious edition of the same song which was subsequently published by Jacques and Brothers.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

Birdling ! Why sing in the forest wide ?
Say why ! say why !
Call'st thou the Bridegroom or the Bride ?
And why ? and why ?
“ I call no Bridegroom—call no Bride,
Although I sing in forest wide,
Nor know I why I'm singing.”

Birdling ! Why is thy heart so blest ?
Oh say ! oh say !
Music o'erflowing from this breast ?
Oh say ! oh say !
“ My heart is full, and yet is light.
My heart is glad in day or night,
Nor know I why I'm singing.”

Birdling ! Why sing you all the day ?
Oh tell ! oh tell !
Do any listen to thy lay ?
Oh tell ! oh tell !
“ I care not what my song may be,
Now this, now that, I warble free,
Nor know, yet must be singing.”

simple and delicious, that it at once riveted itself in public favor, and has gradually deprived even the Echo Song of its first place as a favorite. Indeed, of all the slighter melodies which she is in the habit of giving at her concerts, I am inclined to rank this one both as the best and the most effective with the audience.

When she now sung it, it was at once encored by those who were present, and passed, with marvellously little difficulty, into general liking.

A singular incident occurred on the following day, which some of the Boston papers regarded as no slight omen of the reputation which was to follow the New Divinity of Song through the Western World. At any rate, it appeared in the papers, and never having been contradicted, I consider that the historian, biographer, or whatever else it may please my readers to name me,—(N. B. I confess to a liking for the title of historian,)—has acquired the right to accept it as a truth, leaving it to his readers to determine the exact amount of belief with which they are disposed to invest it.

It was in the evening, and Mademoiselle Lind, accompanied by M. Benedict, Signor Belletti, her Secretary, Max Hjortzberg, Mademoiselle Ahmansen, and, as I believe, Mr. Barnum, had been visiting the Honorable Edward Everett, at the Cambridge University. After passing a very pleasant hour or two with him, they ascended to the Observatory, for the purpose of scanning the starry face of the heavens. Saturn was the planet selected for examination. Scarcely, however, had Jenny gazed through the lens of the telescope, than a brilliant meteor blazed across the blue of the firmament, leaving the glory of its track a long time visible. Singularly enough, it had passed across the very disk of the telescope, and Jenny started back, as her eye was flooded by its lustre. The custodian of the observatory noted the occurrence almost immediately; this meteor having been by far the largest and brightest which had, for eight or nine years, been

visible. "Possibly," said one of the more modest dabblers in the marvellous, who collate and arrange such incidents for the journals, "it may be regarded by the believers in signs and wonders, as an omen of the brilliant reputation which is to attend the great vocalist on her travels through the United States."

Seriously, not a day passed without some new incident connected with Jenny passing into the papers. Now it was about the coachman who drove her from the railway to the Revere House, who, in ridicule of the enthusiasm of his fellow-citizens, mounted the steps of the hotel, and extending his hands, cried out:

"Here's the hand that lifted Jenny Lind out of the coach, gentlemen. You can, any of you, kiss it, who choose to buy that privilege for five dollars. Children, half-price."

This was a good story,* and did some credit to the manu-

* Another crept into the *New York Mirror*, which I shall take the liberty of excising entire. My readers may use their own discretion on the score of believing it.

"Shortly after the arrival of Jenny Lind at Boston, a painful event occurred there, which we learn has seriously affected her. It appears that in the house where appartments were provided for her, there was a very superior mocking-bird, whose powers of mimicry and song were such that he had silenced both the feathered and feline circles there—canary birds and cats giving up all attempts to outmatch him in their respective notes. He was removed into the same room with Jenny, who was charmed with him. After finishing one of her simple songs, 'Bob' tuned his pipes and gave out a very fair imitation; the admiration of Jenny was unbounded; she tried him in a snatch from the celebrated *Cavatina* in 'I Puritani'; 'Bob,' after one or two leaps from perch to perch, spread his tail in extacy, filled his chest again, and run over all those beautiful notes as accurately as if they were the mere echo of the thrilling notes of Jenny. Barnum, who stood by, became alarmed. The owner of the bird had too long a pocket to admit of a possible hope of his willingness to part with him, or even enter into 'an engagement' on any terms. Jenny, however, seeing his consternation, sprang to the piano, and struck off in her best style, the celebrated Swedish Echo Song,'—

‘Kom kiyra, kom kiyra, kom kiyra,
Hoah! hoah! hoah! hoah!’

“‘Bob’ listened—sprang to his water jar and took a sip—listened again—shook his feathers, and began. For a note or two, he succeeded admirably; but, when he came to that point where the voice of Jenny leaves the earth and turns a summer-set in the clouds, poor ‘Bob’ faltered; he was seen to struggle hard, reeled, and fell dead from his perch in a lock jaw.”

facturer, for it would be utterly needless to say that it was not tinged with the slightest shade of truth.

The fourth concert which was given in Boston, was destined to introduce the public to Mademoiselle Lind in a new character—that of a singer of sacred music. Indeed, with the exception of the overture to Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, (of which the *programme*, with great discretion, gave us only the name of its composer,) the whole of the first portion of the concert consisted of selections from the *Messiah* of Handel, the *Creation* of Haydn, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The first-named master gave Jenny that superb air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and Haydn afforded her, "On mighty pens," (why this is not read, "On mighty *plumes*," it would, perhaps, be difficult to say.) Nothing of which I have any conception in music, could have been grander and more sublime than was her rendering of the former air. The dignity and the breadth which she bestowed upon her phrasing, her fine and pure conception of such ornament as she introduced, and her crisp and intelligent intonation of the words, combined—with the clearness of that sweet and thrilling voice—to render it one of the noblest readings of the inspiration of the sublimest of musical writers which has ever been given to the public. I would also, for once, forget that I am not a critic, and call the attention of the reader, who has probably heard her sing it, to the *crescendo* passage on the words, "And now has Christ arisen," as one of the most brilliant and perfect of the musical jewels with which her delivery of this air is strewn. Nor, great as is the singer, must it be forgotten that she owes much to the grandeur and might of the composer. Handel is the Homer of music; and never have I yet listened to any of his greater works, without feeling that he stands alone and unrivalled, the greatest and the most majestic genius who has ever written melody. I can make no exceptions—neither Haydn, nor Beethoven,

nor Mozart, though each, at times, touches the hem of the old giant's garments. Handel stands perfectly alone. Yet it requires the touch of a kindred hand to lead out that great spirit and clothe its melody in the language of song. Nor, indeed, is it in the power of every singer to wed him so completely to their own delivery of his music, as Jenny Lind can. Signor Belletti, indeed, rendered this very evident. His "Why do the nations," was by no means a great rendering of the composer's intention, and gave me an additional proof, had I needed it, that the Italians, as a musical nation, are fitted to deal with every style of melody except sacred music. Even in the "Pro peccatis," he failed to render it with the severity and dignity which that music more especially requires from the singer, to compensate for the obvious deficiency in those respects which the master has allowed himself to exhibit. Indeed, the deficiency of the Italian singer, in this class of music, has been so singularly obvious, that, for years, the English have been accustomed, with but rare exceptions, to employ only native artists in the performance of their oratorios. Occasionally, although not frequently, a German singer may have held a position in them, although I can at present remember none, save the great *basso*, Staudigl, who has done so, and been able to retain it. Indeed, it requires more of the northern severity of feeling, and clear tenacity of voice—if we may so term a peculiarity of the organ which is somewhat too apt to verge upon thinness—to meet the necessities of this class of music; and here, I presume, that it would be almost needless to say that Jenny Lind possesses all which could be demanded by the most fastidious and critical of tastes, to take rank as its first and greatest living interpreter. I can only say, that, had I required an even still stronger and more positive conviction of this, it would have been given me by her exquisite rendering of the Air which was subsequently given from the *Creation* of Haydn.

In the noon of the following day, the Honorable Daniel Webster, who was staying for a short time in the Revere House, was introduced to Mademoiselle Lind by Mr. Barnum. The meeting between this great statesman and the fair Swede was one of those of which, in Europe, we could have no conception. It would be somewhat difficult for the most hardy dealer in imaginative matters to suppose a morning call made by Lord Lyndhurst, or the Duke of Wellington, or, indeed, any of our principal statesmen who have any pretension to take rank as intellects with such a man as Webster, on the Nightingale. His very age alone might have been a reason to exempt him from the necessity of such a visit, even had he wished to make her acquaintance. The respect due to the woman, the genius, and the stranger upon these shores, led him, however, to overlook his prior claims on her attention, as the greatest man now living in America. It is to be presumed that he did not regret having done so, as he remained some time in conversation with her. I afterwards heard that Jenny had expressed her warm admiration both of the intellectual character and striking manners of this distinguished man. She is, indeed, reported to have said "that his very look stamped him as one of the noblest of living Americans." Very certainly, this opinion found expression in a paragraph, which went the round both of the Boston and New York press, without contradiction. How much further it travelled, it would, of course, be impossible for me to say: probably over the whole of Northern America.

On Monday, the 7th of October, it had been decided that she was to give a concert in Providence. The hall which had been selected for this purpose was in many respects very badly adapted for the voice. It was, nevertheless, the only one in the city which, it was considered, would be at all suitable for such a concert as this. The auction had been held on the preceding Saturday, and the sales had amounted, as was reported, to considerably more than \$9000. Certain

it is, that the first seat sold at a higher price than had yet been paid for it,—Colonel William Ross having paid \$650 premium for it.

This was in all probability the most eccentric purchase of a seat for a concert which was ever made,—Colonel Ross not attending on the evening on which it was given,—as I indeed believe he attended no concert of Jenny's until she was in Havana, when he attended the whole of those which she gave in that city.

For this concert she started from Boston in the morning, returning the same evening, after its termination.

The following concert, which she gave in Boston, was appropriated to charitable purposes. The net amount* of the receipts was, as we learnt from the journals, \$7255.09.

While mentioning this, I will take the liberty of making a remark on the singular difficulty which, in this tour, has almost invariably attended the collecting an audience in almost every instance for a concert which is announced with this object. It has not been alone in Boston, but in the greater portion of the principal cities in which she has sung, that a concert given for charity has well nigh invariably brought together the smallest number of hearers, although in very many instances the *programme* offered the public has been one of the best which she has given in the city where,

* They were distributed as follows:

Boston Port Society,	-	-	\$1000
Association for Aged and Indigent Females,	-	-	1000
Musical Fund Society,	-	-	1000
Boston Children's Friend Society,	-	-	500
Farm School for Indigent Boys,	-	-	500
Charitable Orthopedic Association,	-	-	500
Boston Female Asylum,	-	-	500
Howard Benevolent Society,	-	-	500
Young Men's Benevolent Society,	-	-	500
Society for Prevention of Pauperism,	-	-	500
Parent Washington Total Abstinence Society,	-	-	500
Miscellaneous objects of Charity,	-	-	255
			<hr/>
			\$7255

[Boston Journal.]

at the time, she chanced to be. So strikingly, indeed, was this the case in the present instance, that more than a hundred seats were struck off by Colonel Thompson to Mr. Barnum at a dollar premium, which were afterwards given away by that gentleman to his personal acquaintances—so annoyed had he been to see them going at a far lower premium than they had ever previously produced. An elderly lady, with whom I was acquainted, in Boston, probably gave me one of the reasons which induced this, when she told me, that if she gave money in charity, she wished no recompense for it beyond the consciousness of benefitting some poor person, or some institution arranged for the benefit of the poor, while, when she paid for amusement or curiosity, she preferred giving the money to those who gratified her. I am willing to confess, that I should be somewhat of the same opinion, were the means largely at my own disposal.

Whatever the charity concert may have produced, the Lind mania* in Boston was very decidedly on the increase, and as Mr. Barnum had now decided upon leaving that city for Philadelphia on the following Monday, it was determined to give the last two concerts in the Hall of the Fitchburg Depot. This determination proved an unfortunate one. It was certainly a much larger room than that at the Tremont Temple, yet was anything but so advantageous a room to sing in. Its very shape was against it. It was a large square hall, with a huge tail tacked on to it. Moreover, the room was low in proportion to its height, and not well adapted for the sound of the voice. In addition to this, the

* LINDIANA.—One of our exchanges makes mention of a “Jenny Lind Tea Kettle,” which, being filled with water and placed on the fire, commences to sing in a few minutes.—A provision dealer at Lynn, says the Post, sells “Jenny Lind sausages.”—On Washington street, near the Roxbury line, there is a bar-room, just opened, under the name of Jenny Lind Hotel.—Our foreman, Mr. Semicolon, made his appearance this morning over the imposing stone, with a red and black plaid coat, which our devil soon christened as the Jenny Lind Coat. If this is not an age of progress, what is it?—*Boston Paper.*

two means of ingress were both narrow, and led up long flights of stairs, which were equally perverse to the convenience of those who might attend. The first concert given in this location, however, went off well, not being so well attended as any of the previous ones. Barnum had not bethought him of the position of the Hall in reference to the city. It was in an unfashionable portion of it: and many of those who would have attended a concert of Jenny's at the Tremont, could not be induced to honor the Fitchburg Station with their presence. Nevertheless, the second concert, which was announced to be her closing one at Boston, was destined to be too well attended.

A large number of Promenade Tickets had been sold for it. These were not, however, so well managed as had been those for the Castle Garden Concerts, having been sold long before the hour at which it commenced. This was, perhaps, unavoidable, as many of them had to be sold by agents, in the country around Boston. Those who held these tickets, of course, were inadmissible until eight o'clock.

It was, nevertheless, at six o'clock that they began to arrive, and by half-past six, the two entrances were surrounded by more than a thousand people. These, it is needless to say, completely blocked up the approaches to them. The police did all they could, but were in too weak a force to do that which was required; and as those who had purchased seats began to arrive, the crowd became denser and more closely packed together. It was a thriving chance for the pickpockets, who generally follow close upon the Lind party, and various were the lamentations which I heard that night, and on the next day, at the Revere House, for purses which had been abstracted from the pockets of their owners, and wallets which had disappeared. At length, the hour of eight drew near, and some ten minutes previously the crowd burst in. The squeeze on the narrow stairs was tremendous. Coats were torn from the shoulders of those who wore them,

hats were crushed as flat as pancakes—forgive me, dear reader, the use of such an antique and well-worn simile—gowns were completely and irreparably ruined, for it must not be forgotten, that the ladies, as usually happens in these cases, contrived to be in the very heart of the thronging multitude, that pressed around the foot of the staircases. Some of them fainted. What could be done with them? They could not be borne out through the impatient crowd, and were accordingly forced along with their friends, until the lobby, which reached athwart the front of the Hall, was gained. Still the mob swept on, until the whole avenues of the room were filled with persons who had paid for promenade tickets; and at length, those who had paid for seats were permitted to arrive. It had now become absolutely impossible to pass, save over the backs of the benches. Most of the ladies, who had entered the room, and had places secured, were timid and feared doing so. Some, nevertheless, did so, and after some difficulty obtained their seats.

Meanwhile the greatest possible confusion reigned in the Hall, and shortly after, when the orchestra began, I could scarcely hear it, so intense was the din that filled that large building, while ever and anon some stentorian voice roared out an injunction from the rear, for those in front to be seated,—an injunction, which, it is needless to say, no one ever thought of obeying. The heat now became suffocating, and two or three persons in the centre of the Hall, called out—

“Open the windows.”

This was attempted in vain. The sashes were fastened so that they could not be lowered. For a minute and a half, perhaps, there was something approaching to silence, inasmuch as the thick and dense murmur of those who were assembled in the Hall, so drowned every separate sound that nothing distinct could be heard.

Then a voice roared out, “break them.”

And very certainly, never have I seen any injunction

which was more readily complied with. Pane after pane of glass was smashed and shivered. In ten minutes time, I should suppose, not one remained whole in the windows of the Hall. The orchestra had now completed the overture, and Belletti was on the stage singing. At the least, I saw him there with his mouth open, and a sheet of music in his hand, while the orchestra were scraping vigorously away. One or two notes came to my ears, through a lull in the storm, but no more. It again surged through the Hall, and voice, brass and catgut were alike drowned in the tempest.

When Jenny Lind at length came forward, something approximating to silence was nevertheless induced in the room, and the audience waxed a trifle more peaceable. I say "something like silence" and a "trifle more peaceable," because I should presume, that Jenny had never before sung to such a diabolical accompaniment, as even then prevailed. Some pauses in the tumult occasionally occurred, through which I caught a few notes, with sufficient distinctness, to see that at the least, one half of her voice had been frightened out of her. Nor indeed, can I wonder at this having been the case. The threats uttered against Barnum, were violent in the extreme, and induced him, to leave the Hall. Possibly, had the irritated crowd caught him there somewhat later, they might have proceeded to violence, so little disposed were they to look fairly at the cause of the inconvenience they were exposed to. Hundreds had in the meantime, turned away from the doors, finding the utter impossibility of entering the Hall; and these were informed by the police, who were on duty, and some of Mr. Barnum's men, that their tickets would be redeemed on the following Monday. Their absence made, however, little difference to the crowd in the lower part of the Hall. I was, unfortunately, wedged in amongst them, and had neither the opportunity of advancing or receding. Worn out, however, by the heat, perspiring at every pore, literally dripping with moisture, in

spite of the fresh draught admitted through the broken windows, and tired of standing, the crowd at length burst in a door at the left side of the room, and poured through the opening. It led into a large apartment, dark and cool—two choice blessings after the blaze of light and the burning heat to which we had been submitted. Let me confess that I did not want to enjoy it. I found out a door which admitted me into the counting-room of the establishment, and hurried down stairs. I was soon in the street and on my road to the Revere House.

When I arrived, I found a large crowd, who had collected there with the intention of waiting to see Mr. Barnum. He had meanwhile returned to the Fitchburg Depôt, with the view of seeing that Mademoiselle Lind left it in safety. Finding that there would be very little difficulty attending her exit, he quietly went back to the hotel, and retired to rest as well as he could from the excitement of the evening.

It must fairly be owned, that he displayed an infinite *sang froid* in the whole of the affair, and untoward in most respects, as it certainly was, I cannot help believing that but for this it might have terminated worse. Fists were shaken under his very nose,—curses of the most emphatic kind applied to him,—and, in short, every thing but the most positive personal violence was displayed by the excited mob, who had contrived to get around him in the earlier part of the evening. As for the police, they did little more than nothing, either to protect him, or to disperse the crowd: and I will not, and cannot, compliment Marshal Tukey on his skill in preserving the peace of the city, which is committed to his charge. Indeed, I have had the luck to see many rows in many cities, and never have I seen one which could have been more easily prevented, had the police done their duty. Nay, after the mischief was well nigh over, something might have been done to rectify it, had they chosen to interfere. On the contrary, they suffered matters

to take their natural course,—that is to say, the one in which there was less common sense, more violence, and a greater chance for pocket-picking.

During the whole of the evening,—for it would be impossible to say during the whole of the concert, so little of it was audible,—one-half of the hall, in which it took place, was literally empty, so far, at least, as the seats were concerned, while the remaining half of it was crammed to suffocation. A large space which was close to the principal entrance, where there were no seats, had every inch of ground covered, and most of it by persons who had paid their money for places, and even then had the checks for their seats safe in their pockets ! And what, perhaps, was even more singular, the majority of these, although seeing and hearing was an utter impossibility, chose of their own accord to face out all the annoyance and fatigue of their position. Nor, indeed, did they leave the Depôt, until the rush from the front of the hall towards the door announced to them that Mademoiselle Lind had retired, and that the concert was over for the evening.

As for Jenny Lind herself, she bore the annoyance with tolerable energy. She did not faint, for she is not a singularly nervous young lady, but she was undoubtedly very much terrified ; and, indeed, with considerable cause, for a female invariably suffers from a scene of this description. Nevertheless, she managed to get through the concert. Indeed, as I have previously said, the tumult in the hall was so great, that none, save the members of the orchestra, and those who knew her well, could have told that her voice was suffering from the agitation she was laboring under. On the following day, when her fears had worn off, she became angry, and I believe some two days went by, ere she was disposed wholly to forgive those who had made the arrangements for the concert.

On the following day we quitted Boston. Stuart, how-

ever, the treasurer or cashier of Mr. Barnum, was left for the purpose of redeeming the tickets of those who, not being able to find places, or not being willing to sit the storm out, had retired at the commencement of the evening.

The whole of Sunday the matter was extensively and freely canvassed. Some affected to believe that these tickets would not be redeemed, and that the whole of the party would leave Boston. Indeed, there were a few who went so far as to assert that there was no intention of paying back the money received for the tickets; and on the Monday morning the whole of the city was posted with bills calling a meeting in State street, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best method of proceeding,—some intimation of the propriety of providing a rail, and tarring and feathering the parties left to redeem the tickets, being given. Very evidently a majority of the sufferers wished that they might not be redeemed at all, in order to have some reasonable grounds for that which they had been saying. Possibly a hundred, or a few more, answered the call, and after some talking, in which loud threats were uttered against all concerned, repaired in a body to the Fitchburgh Depôt, where it had been already announced that Mr. Stuart would attend at 11 o'clock. Punctually, at the hour, he arrived at the Station with Mr. Isaac Smith, (brother to Le Grand,) who had been left in Boston with him.

He was met at the door of the Depôt by the crowd, who had now increased to more than two or three hundred. They pressed round him,—those who were nearest, thrusting the tickets in his face and demanding the money for them. After some little difficulty, he was, however, allowed to enter the building.

Never before, perchance, was one individual so indiscriminately abused as was Stuart. Curses and anathemas were hurled at him, Barnum, Le Grand Smith, and the whole of the party who had been concerned in the arrangements for the

concert. He was, nevertheless, calm. He closed his ears to threats and curses, listened to them with a kind of stereotyped smile upon his face, seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise, took back the tickets, and returned the money. Indeed, I may be permitted to doubt whether Mr. Barnum would or could have found any other man whose temper, or rather whose command over his temper, could so well have fitted him to deal with the excited crowd. He possesses, (and on this occasion he very signally demonstrated that he did so,) that complete and positive control over his own feelings, which, in almost every case, enables a man to master the excitement of those with whom he is brought in unpleasant contact. Had I, indeed, been left in his place, I cannot vouch for what might have happened. I have, however, very little doubt but that the wrathful would have become even more wrathful. Perhaps I am not quite sure, but that they might have ultimately decided upon the propriety of tarring and feathering me, unless some humane and more Christian-tempered individual had a preference for, and should have suggested the propriety of giving me a ducking in the river.

After doing the business connected with the redemption of the tickets, he started for Salem, whither it was necessary that he should go to settle some of the outstanding liabilities accruing from these concerts. He then returned to Boston, and left it the same afternoon, by the five o'clock train, for New York.

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

NOTHING could well have been fresher or more beautiful, than was the morning of the day on which we left Boston. The sky was clear, and its brilliant blue was dappled with the white of the fleecy clouds which were borne across it by the wind. The hand of an American autumn had stained the green of the advancing year with a thousand changing and shifting hues. Nature seemed dressed and painted for a masquerade. The sober and rich bronzes of an European autumn were no where to be seen, and the leaves and trees were smiling upon us, in the anticipation of their next year of renewed life and loveliness, as we swept rapidly upon our road to Philadelphia—passing through New York in the evening.

Mademoiselle Lind had paused, with Mademoiselle Ahmannsen, her Secretary, M. Benedict, and Signor Belletti, for the purpose of visiting the mansion of Mr. Barnum, near Bridgeport, and, consequently, did not arrive until the following day.

Possibly, the excitement was not quite so wild in Philadelphia as it had been in Boston. The Quaker City observed the proprieties of life better, and paid a more tangible regard to decorum. Nevertheless, when Jenny arrived, a crowd had collected round the landing place, and accompanied her to the Hotel in which Le Grand Smith, who had been here some days previous, had taken rooms for her, (Jones' Hotel,) where it contrived to remain, or replace itself, for the best

part of the next three days. As for visits, these were paid her by the score, and applications for charity came in by the hundred. I should possibly question whether there has ever been such a popularity, and one that is in the first instance so general amongst the needy, as that which Jenny has enjoyed. This popularity, be it nevertheless remembered, is one of a singularly short existence. In fact, if it would be retained, it has to be paid for, and unfortunately for its chance of being so, Jenny has lived long enough to know that it is not always the most ready pleader who suffers from the greatest privation. Consequently, she treats this class of popularity, through her Secretary, with the most profound indifference, and large as her private benefactions and charities have been, I feel certain that but very few, if, indeed, any of them, have fallen into the hands of unworthy recipients. I need not say that such an example of rare, and well nigh—as I had almost written—boundless charity, has been rarely indeed met with, either in private or in public life.

Arrangements had been made by Le Grand for the first concert, to take place upon Tuesday, the 17th of October, and the auction for it had already been announced for the day previous. It took place at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in which the concert was also to be given, and the first ticket was knocked down to Root, the Daguerrotypist, for \$625, by Mr. Thomas, the Auctioneer. This was the last of the large prices which was paid for the first seat at these concerts,—the bidding rarely exceeding \$125, when we had for the second time quitted New York, until we were already upon our *route* back to that starting place;—Cincinnati having been the only city that thought proper to vie, in respect of the price offered for the first seat, with New York, Boston, Providence, and Philadelphia.

Unfortunately, the Chestnut Street Theatre was singularly ill constructed for the voice. Indeed, I am at a loss to ima-

gine why it has not long ere this undergone some alterations, as I feel convinced that its capabilities might be very greatly improved at a moderate expense. It would be useless, however, at the present to dwell upon this. Suffice it that Jenny had to sing there the first night she sung in public in this city. The house was crowded. Not a seat could be found which was vacant. The reception, however, which was accorded the artists, was cold. Not a hand stirred to welcome Belletti. Scarcely, indeed, did a hand stir to applaud him when he had concluded his Aria. The very meeting between Jenny Lind and the audience was not warm. They certainly gave her a few cheers, but these were any thing but as warm as the plaudits of the first audiences before which she had sung in New York and in Boston. Indeed, they put me more strangely in mind of a French audience than any which I have yet seen in the United States. There was the same settled and quiet coolness,—the same wary measurement of the artist's person, and apparent scrutiny of her physical capabilities for her position; and I must confess that it struck me, as singular, to trace the resemblance which undoubtedly existed in this respect between the staid and precise inhabitants of the Quaker City, and those of the capital which bears the reputation, with possibly one single exception, of being the loosest and the gayest city in continental Europe. I will confess that I am not yet sufficiently *blasé* to enter into this feeling. Whenever a novelty appears before me, be it what it may, provided that it has any attractions at all, I feel disposed to greet it warmly and kindly. Then it goes through its performance, and afterwards I feel at perfect liberty to evince my approbation or disapprobation of its claims upon the attention of the public.

Be this, however, as it may, the "Come per me sereno" partially awoke them, and they greeted it with something like approbation; and when she sung "Take this lute," with

which the first part concluded, a universal *encore* of the ballad of Benedict's settled the question, and showed that, chilly as they were, it was yet in the power of melody to stir them from their apathy.

After this, everything that she sung was warmly received ; and when the concert concluded, not a doubt could remain of her success. It was in truth indisputable, and settled for ever the question of her reputation in America. She had sung before one of the most difficult audiences to please, that could be collected on this continent. From their demeanor, at the commencement of the evening, they had very evidently been disposed to judge her severely, and this she must, undoubtedly, have felt. Yet the audience had been warmed out of its chilliness. The frost of their enthusiasm had been thawed into something approximating to warmth, and they had been gradually drawn on into a warm and eager ebullition of admiration. It was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the greatest triumph which Jenny Lind had yet achieved upon this side of the Atlantic.

Her second concert took place on the Thursday, and stamped her reputation completely on the minds of those who heard her the second time.

On the following Sunday, a sensation, of no common character, was created amongst the congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Gloria Dei, in Swanson street,—better known as the “Old Swedes’ Church,”—by Mdlle. Jenny Lind’s attendance on Divine worship within its walls. At the close of the service she received the greetings of numerous descendants of the pioneer emigrants from her own native land, who had settled on the banks of the Delaware, and were the original founders of the aged edifice, within whose walls she had bent in supplication. Strange thoughts must have passed through her mind, as she stood within the building, the brethren of her grandsires, or her great grandsires, had raised on the hunting-grounds of the Weccacoës;

and thought of the various changes which had gradually welded them into another people; and, as she responded to the gratulations which were heaped upon her, a tear stole into her eyes, which, having been commented on by one of the "liners," in the *Philadelphia North American*, I shall here, also, take the liberty of remembering.

It is, indeed, in the quickness and sensibility of her feelings, that I would most value this woman. She possesses, at the present, unrivalled talents of a high order. Yet Catilani and Malibran, and others, have been before her, and others, again, will come after her, who will possess similar, or, possibly, even greater genius for melody. As I said before, however, in her charity she stands singularly alone, and in the truth and purity of her nature, and her sensibility, I greatly doubt whether any singer will, in the future, take rank with her. When I first heard of her, and knew her by her public reputation in Europe, I must confess that I did not rate this nearly so high. In truth, I valued it as nothing more than one of the traps for popularity, which are set by a skilful fowler. This has long since passed away, and I am free to confess that I recognize, in Mademoiselle Lind, one of those few natures that have remained perfectly whole and alone, in the midst of the singular success which genius has conferred upon it. She abides in her music; and when for awhile she emerges from it, and mixes with the world, it is as a being strangely set apart from all the littlenesses, and shifts, and turnings which so commonly characterize the more common natures of mankind.

It was on the following Saturday that her third concert in Philadelphia took place. This, as well as the one immediately preceding it, had been given at the Musical Fund Hall, where she now appeared for the last time before an audience during her present visit to this city. Her stay here had been such a brief and passing one, that the public were scarcely prepared to realize the fact that she was positively

going to leave them. However, such was the case, and on the succeeding Monday she had left Philadelphia. She did not quit it, nevertheless, without leaving a token of her presence with them. She had been unable to devote one of her three concerts to the purposes of charity. Yet, never wearied of well-doing, prior to her departure, she had contributed \$3000, from her own purse, to the fund raised for the alleviation of their sufferings who had been turned out of house and home by the recent fire.

As I left Philadelphia on the succeeding morning, I can, of course, recount no particulars of Jenny's voyage, nor, indeed, am I able to dwell with any great clearness upon the comforts of the railway carriages in which she made the last part of her journey,—the more particularly, as I travelled myself by rail, and falling asleep soon after I entered the cars, woke up finally about ten minutes before we reached Jersey City.

Mademoiselle Lind had reached New York by mid-day on the Monday. The concert, which had been previously arranged to come off at the Tripler Hall* on the Wednesday evening, was now postponed for the Thursday, and to avoid conflicting with the operatic interests of Max Maretzek, the evenings which had previously been selected for her concerts, were definitely changed to the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. In the meantime she had settled herself once more in the New York Hotel, and was already exposed to the impudent intrusion of every one who had assurance enough to call, and impudence enough to pass the denial of her servants, and penetrate her apartments.

It would, perhaps, be half-past nine in the morning, and two or three of the servants of the hotel would have been deputed to guard her rooms until she could manage to break-

* This Hall had invariably been called, during its erection, the Jenny Lind Hall. After it had been erected, however, the builder, a Mr. Tripler, changed his mind, and gave it his own name.

fast. A lady, however, who is well dressed, is not to be stayed by a man servant in this country, and Jenny's drawing-room would already be half full of visitors on "particular business," who had crowded past, insisting upon an entrance. Many were applicants for charity,—some came in the capacity of autograph-hunters,—others to make her acquaintance,—and several to introduce new improvements in gloves, buttons, parasol-handles, or some equally precious and invaluable display of the inventive faculty to her notice. Once or twice, indeed, during this period, I saw the onslaught of these intruders, and, to tell the truth, I was not a little astonished to mark her quiet and placid endurance of an intrusion which is not a whit the less annoying and wearisome, that it induces a smile at the pertinacity which is displayed in it.

First, a person would make a bow to her, who had sent a musical box, or a curiosity of some class, form, or shape, for her approbation. As, however, it had not been returned, (the rascal omitted stating that he had never called for it,) and he concluded she intended or wished to become its owner, he would be most deeply obliged if Jenny would have the kindness to let him have the price he rated it at,—ordinarily not more than triple its value. Jenny naturally enough knew nothing of it, and her maid was summoned. She had a vague remembrance of "something" which had mysteriously found its way into her mistress's room some day or two since. It was accordingly pointed out by her, and the man was told that he was perfectly at liberty to remove it. This, of course, he could not do without remonstrance and argument. Then advanced the "lady beggars," who, in such scores of instances, have wrung money from her, that it would here be useless to attempt anything approaching individual description of a character whose name is legion. To such unexamined and unexpected applicants, Mademoiselle Lind has usually offered twenty or thirty dollars as the shortest way in which she could rid herself of them. In nine instances out of ten

would this sum be returned to her with some such ungracious remark as the following:—"Scarcely did we expect that *you* would have offered us this pittance;"—"We have indeed been mistaken in your character, madam, for we had heard that you were generous;"—or, perchance, "Excuse us, madam, we came for a donation, and not for alms." Fortunately, Jenny has received this class of visitors in Europe as well as on our own shores, and is well aware that this species of sponge is to be found in all great cities. With these visitors would be mingled applicants for musical employment—ladies who performed "wonderfully" on the guitar, or gentlemen who played "admirably" upon the cornet-a-piston—passionate female admirers, who had come to express their raptures to her in their own persons—some half-dozen ladies, of every variety of age, from eighteen to fifty, carrying that abomination of civilized society called an album—one or two with things they had worked for her, and for which, by unmistakable tokens, a diamond ring would be considered sufficient to cancel the obligation—a gentleman who was indignant and reproachful that a note which he had addressed to her, had not been answered, besides scores of messengers from those who had professional and other authorized errands requiring an answer. Letters and notes came in during the morning at the rate of one every other minute, in addition to which she generally received some forty or fifty letters *per day* through Mr. Barnum's hands.

This sort of audience lasted the whole of the fore part of the day at Mademoiselle Lind's rooms. To make use of her own expression, she was literally "torn to pieces," and it was by those whom nothing could keep out. Possibly a policeman or two might have protected her; but while she disliked and positively dreaded the visits which were made her by these persons, and habitually declined the calls and attentions of that which the world calls fashionable society, she was in the constant fear of closing her door on the more humble claim-

ants upon her bounty. To avoid this, she was obliged to submit to the infliction imposed upon her, as far as her professional duties, or, indeed, as her personal strength, would permit of her doing so. Nevertheless, as her stay in New York drew gradually nearer to a close, the influx of this species of visitors became so overwhelming, as to exceed even her powers of endurance. Her acquaintance with the English language, admirable as it may be considered on the part of a stranger, although necessarily imperfect, increased her fatigue. Few persons are in the habit of speaking clearly and simply enough to suit the ear of one unaccustomed to their tongue; while the annoyance of replying to a partially understood remark, or requesting a repetition of it, is a tolerably nervous exercise, when consistently imposed upon a stranger.

I have, possibly, dwelt at somewhat too great a length upon this inconvenience. Reputation, every where, has its discomforts. Suffice it that this was one mode, and, as I should conceive, a tolerably heavy one, for paying the penalty it had imposed upon her.

The evening which had been settled for the first concert after her return to New York, at length arrived, and whatever my opinion of the architectural merits of Tripler Hall may be, it must be acknowledged that the body of the house formed a very comfortable room for the hearers. It was crowded, and by a far more discriminating audience than that which had attended her previous concerts in the Castle Garden. But in addition to the attraction of her own presence, and that of Belletti, Benedict had, by the assistance of George Loder, been able to select an efficient—for I cannot slander music so greatly as to pronounce it in every respect an admirable—Chorus. Suffice it, that it went tolerably well, and enabled him to confer more variety upon the arrangements of the Programme. As for Jenny, her reception was as enthusiastic and as warm, although possibly less

noisy, than it had been on the first night of her performance in Castle Garden.

It was at one of the concerts which Mademoiselle Lind gave during her present stay in New York, that Daniel Webster, for the first time, heard her sing. I was sitting in the body of the house, and, by tolerably good fortune, sufficiently near the seat he was to occupy, when he entered. This seat was in the centre of the right-hand side of the first gallery. He was accompanied by Mrs. Webster, the then newly elected Governor of the State and his lady, and General Lyman. I may confess that I was somewhat curious to see in what manner this great man would enjoy music, and am hardy enough to say that his delight in it may be considered as a complete and very thorough counterpart to that which I have seen exhibited by the "iron" Duke. In fact, Daniel Webster can be no very great lover of music, any more than Arthur Wellesley. And after all, it is a comfort to the smaller fishes in the intellectual ocean, that there is a part in which these Tritons seldom appear, and to know that here, at least, our opinions are entitled to take precedence of those of the Orator of the Senate, or the Leader in the field of Battle. N. P. Willis, indeed, a day or two after, penned a graceful article in the *Home Journal*, in which he managed to slide through all difficulties, and demonstrate that Daniel Webster was a judge of music. However, even in this there were portions which proved to how conscientiously a difficult task he had committed himself. "We must remind the reader," he says, "that to the cultivation of the voice, Mr. Webster's delivery shows that he has never paid any attention. From other and sufficient advantages, he has never yet, probably, felt the need of it. His ear is, consequently, uneducated to melody, and in the rare instances when he has varied his habitual and ponderous cadences by a burst into a higher key, he has surpassed art with the more sudden impassioning of nature." And again,

as if he bethought himself that this was insufficient, and would say something more—"to use what may seem like a common-place remark, he is as monotonous as thunder,—but it is because thunder has no need to be more varied and musical, that Webster leaves the roll of his bass unplayed upon by the lightning, which outstrips it." Let me, however, own very frankly, that I for one certainly possess none of that abundant love for my species, which would induce me to crown a single being with every possible or impossible attribute of intelligence. It is sufficient for me to know that Daniel Webster is one of the most powerful orators of the day and one of the most sagacious and intellectual of living statesmen, without wishing to detect in him any portion of that sort of talent which would fit him to take the second fiddle in an amateur concert, or sing the *basso profundo* in an opera—privately given, of course—very badly. To me greatness is greatness, come in what shape or how it will, and a universal capability is but too generally a satisfactory demonstration of general incapacity.

Indeed, after listening for some length of time to the music, it became sufficiently obvious that he was growing decidedly weary, and he at length made a remark to one of his companions, which was by some means overheard and borne round to Mademoiselle Lind.

I subsequently heard that this was—"Why does she not give us one of the simple mountain melodies of her native land."

A few moments only elapsed ere he was gratified.—When Jenny again appeared, the piano was moved forward, and she seated herself to comply with his wish, doing herself by this spontaneous acquiescence as much honor as that which she paid him. At the conclusion of the air,—I believe it was the "Mountain Song,"—he rose from his seat and bowed to her. But I am unable here to refrain from excising the termination to this incident from the columns

of the *Home Journal*—“It was not much to see, perhaps, neither does the culmination of a planet differ very distinguishably from that of a lamp, but we congratulated Jenny Lind with our first thought, after it, at what is perhaps her best single triumph on this side of the water—the sounding of America’s deepest mind with her plummet of enchantment.”

It was on the evening of November the first, that the attempt was made to give the Oratorio of the *Messiah*, which, I regret being compelled to say, was a comparative failure, this, the noblest piece of Sacred Music ever written, not having been once repeated during Mademoiselle Lind’s stay in this city. Let it not, for one moment, be supposed that the failure was owing to herself or M. Benedict. It was attributable, in a great degree, to the inefficiency of the *tenor*—to the briefness of the time allotted to the *Choruses* to study their parts—to the organ being out of tune, which had been erected for the evening—and, finally, to the lack of taste existing, for this description of music, in the public. The *tenor* was a gentleman whom I can scarcely conceive having had the assurance to offer himself for such a task. He was entirely unequal to it, and, indeed, would be so to any other of first-class importance, having neither the voice, taste, nor method requisite. Miss De Luce took the *contralto* part, and took it well; and Belletti sung admirably, although the task must have been rendered an exceedingly difficult one to him, by his merely bowing acquaintanceship with the English language. Jenny Lind, nevertheless, was the solitary star of the evening. Nothing could well have been more soul-touching than her “Come unto him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest.” It pleased me far more deeply than did any other piece, save “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” that magnificent poem of faith and hope; and I feel now, even as I am writing, that my heart reverts to the peace of that promise upon which she

lingered—her voice dying slowly and gradually into the silence around it, as a soaring lark fades from the sight in the deep blue coping of the serene and tranquil heaven—"and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

It is unnecessary, here, to dwell on the faults of the performance. These were dealt with in a spirit of unexampled mildness, on the part of the press, who seemed inclined to be humane. I will imitate them; nor do more, than allude to the final and inglorious break-down of the *tenor*, to the abominable flagging of the "Hallelujah" Chorus, or any other of the dozen mischances which occurred. Suffice it, that these were more than amply sufficient to obviate any chance of a repetition of the sublimest of Handel's works.

The concert, which was given on November the fifth, introduced to the New York public, a Miss Pintard, an agreeable *contralto* singer, from Philadelphia. A Signor Perelli, also, sung on this evening for the first time; and Joseph Burke, whose talents are well known to the greater portion of my readers, played a *Solo*, on the violin, by Artot, called "Hommage à Rubini." This was the first public introduction of Mademoiselle Lind to a musician, whose talents were subsequently to be devoted to her, in the capacity of leader of her orchestra upon her Southern tour. Indeed, these concerts were generally characterized by such an array of talent as has never been previously brought together in this country. Setting aside the *Magnus Apollo* of the whole, if I may be permitted, for once, to deal so audaciously with gender—Mademoiselle Lind herself; there were Hoffman and Timm, the pianists, Burke on the violin, Belletti and Signor Perelli, and Miss Pintard, as vocalists, with one of the best orchestras which had ever been called together in New York, conducted by Benedict—himself a star of no common magnitude, whether he be considered either as conductor or composer. And when I run over merely the names of the Masters, whose works were offered to the public

during a single evening—such as Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Ricci, Auber, Donizetti, Verdi, Taubert, Artot and Mozart—it may, I should think, be reasonably conceded that never before were such Programmes, and so admirably supported, placed before the American public.

Amongst the various novelties which were given, was one *Duet* from Meyerbeer, which I notice from the fact that I had never, previously, heard it. This was *La Mere Grand*. It was a rare gem of melody and expression (such as is somewhat too rarely met with among the productions of this careful and elaborate master) composed for a *soprano* and *contralto*, and received that tribute of approbation; on its first delivery, which it so well deserved on the score both of its own excellence and the merits of the principal vocalist.

All, however, had not been destined to go on so peaceably and tranquilly, in reference to Jenny Lind herself, as might have been supposed. In fact, a case had grown out of the engagement of two of the chorus-singers, by Mr. G. Loder, for the performance of the *Messiah*, which drew her within its circle. These were a Mrs. Teal and a Mrs. Phillips, who had sung at two concerts, and then assumed that their engagement was a continuous one. A *subpoena* was, consequently, served upon Mademoiselle Lind. She, nevertheless—who is wise enough to know but little of Common Law—threw aside the paper and neglected to attend to it, thereby disappointing, as it may be presumed, plaintiffs, defendants, court-officers, and audience. An attachment was, therefore, issued, and Jenny was compelled to promise her appearance in Court on the following day, when the gist of the testimony, elicited from her, may be condensed as follows, that—“she did not employ the choristers: nor did she know who did employ them, as that was Mr. Barnum’s business.” I, myself, have but little doubt that the persons who commenced the suit had reckoned on the unwillingness of Mademoiselle Lind to appear in a Court of Law, as a means of extracting money

from her. They had, probably, not calculated on the singular instinct which always assists in making the fair Swede the unhesitating opponent of everything approaching imposition, and which, very decidedly, brought her down to the court, on this occasion, with the determination of proving to them how erroneously they had counted on her timidity for paying their demands. As it was, I should presume that the results of the suit, which terminated slightly in their favor, must have been more than swallowed up in their expenses.

But, to quit this for a more agreeable subject, let me state that one of the last concerts which she gave at this period, in New York, was a morning one, and was devoted to the purposes of charity, more than \$5,000 being her last gift to the poor of this city.* I should have it, at the same time, in my power to register many of those quieter charities which have come

* The proceeds from this concert were distributed by the Mayor, Dr. Baird, and Messrs. R. B. Minturn, W. H. Aspinwall, and J. Jay, as follows:—

To the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor	\$1,000 00
“ Society for Relief of Widows with Poor Children	300 00
“ Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum	300 00
“ Female Assistance Society	300 00
“ Eastern Dispensary	250 00
“ Northern Dispensary	250 00
“ Eye and Ear Infirmary	250 00
“ Hebrew Benevolent Society	200 00
“ Home Branch of the Prison Association	200 00
“ Home for Destitute Children of Seamen	200 00
“ Institution for Education and Care of Homeless and Destitute Boys	100 00
“ relief of poor Swedes and Norwegians in the City of New York, <i>per</i> the Rev. Mr. Hedstrom	273 20
“ distribution of Swedish Bibles and Testaments in New York	200 00
“ Brooklyn Orphan Asylum	250 00
“ relief of the Poor of Williamsburgh	100 00
“ relief of the Poor of Newark	100 00
“ relief of the Poor of Jersey City	100 00
“ National Temperance Society	200 00
“ relief of the Poor at the Five Points, by the Tem- perance Association, Rev. Mr. Pease, President	200 00
“ American Temperance Union	100 00
“ St. George's Society	200 00
	<hr/>
	\$5,073 20

to my knowledge, and which bear a deeper, because a more silent, testimony to the kindness and benevolence of Mdlle. Lind. If I, here, do no more than barely allude to them, it is that she, herself, is secret about them, and that I refrain from publishing those more hidden goodnesses which will, some day, be traced on the credit side of her mortal balance-sheet, to be scored up by the pen of the Recording Angel.

Preparations were now being diligently made, by Mr. Barnum, for Jenny Lind's Southern tour, while M. Benedict was as busily engaged in forming the orchestra which was to be taken with them. This, of course, was very limited in number, and did duty as the skeleton of an orchestra, rather than as an orchestra itself. It was admirably composed; consisting of Mr. Joseph Burke, as the first violin, Sénor Guervos, as the second, Mr. Johnson, as the tenor, Herr Braun, the violoncello, and Preusser, as the double bass. Mr. Howard was the oboe, Herr Drescher, the clarionet, Messrs. Kyle and Siede, the two flutes, (these were absolutely necessary for the sake of enabling Mademoiselle Lind to repeat the *Trio* for voice and two flutes, from the *Camp of Silesia*, which was singularly popular,) Herr Schmidt, the horn, and Poppenberg, the trumpet. In addition to these, an additional second violin accompanied us as far as Charleston; and, at New Orleans, M. Benedict increased the band, by securing the services of Herr Waldauer, a first violin, and an excellent one, M. Sy, a bassoon player, Herr Boehm, as second clarionet, and Kost, as drummer. Subsequently, at the time Signor Salvi joined us, we also acquired the services of Signor Mariani, as first tenor.

In addition to her Secretary, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind had also the assistance of Mr. Seyton, a most gentlemanly and intelligent Cashier, or Treasurer, or something else—for, I believe, it would be rather difficult to assign him his exact position. Of Mr. Barnum's party, Le Grand Smith was the principal. In fact, he was what might, almost, have been

called stage-manager to these concerts—arranging all the details, and taking, after our first start, the harder portion of the labor off Mr. Barnum's hands. There were also L. C. Stuart, the Cashier; and, I believe, that Messrs. Bennett and Case, a Secretary, who was named Cody, Isaac Smith, Bushnell, and a Mr. Harrington, completed the company which was now about to start for the Southern portion of the United States.

PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, RICHMOND AND CHARLESTON.

MEANWHILE, Le Grand Smith, who had preceded our party to Philadelphia, had completed all the arrangements which were necessary, and on November 25th, Mademoiselle Lind left New York for the second time to start upon her Southern tour. Singularly enough, the enthusiasm which had been caused in Philadelphia, upon the occasion of her previous visit, had in no ways diminished. Lengthy as her absence had been, she was received with as great, or even with more tangible expressions of delight, than those which had marked her last pause in this city. The populace lingered about the hotel, and on the evenings of her concerts thronged every avenue leading to the Musical Fund Hall, in the hope of catching a glimpse of her features.

However, to chronicle a second time the excitement which she caused amongst the precise citizens of cleanly Philadelphia, would be useless. Suffice it here to say, that after her fourth concert, illness hindered her from appearing before the public for five days,* when she gave her last, at the least for this visit, on Friday evening, December 6th.

Three days previous to this I had left for Baltimore, following Le Grand, who had again preceded us. Unfortunately

* In the interval, Mr. Barnum delivered an address at Temperance Hall, for the benefit of the library of this building, on the subject of Temperance. A large number of converts were made by him, and among those who signed their names to the pledge, were Sir William Don, the English baronet who is now upon the stage, together with the gentleman who was his agent in this country.

wet weather had set in, and until we left Charleston for Havana, our time was divided, with tolerable fairness, between attempted sunshine and rain. The auction which was held for the sale of the tickets to the first concert, took place at the Front Street Theatre, on Saturday morning. The auctioneer was a Mr. Gibson. Here there was a singular falling off in the price commanded by the first seat offered to the public, which only sold for a premium of \$100. This fortunately, was not followed as an example in the remainder of the sale, which produced close upon \$13,000.

It had now become pretty generally known, that Mademoiselle Lind was to arrive by the two o'clock train from Philadelphia, and in anticipation of her advent, some two or three thousand persons had gathered in Canton Avenue, from Broadway to the President Street Depot, with the view of obtaining a sight of her. These clustered in dense throngs around the cars on their arrival, and when she emerged from them, it was with great difficulty that Mr. Barnum, who had arrived in the morning, somewhat previous to the auction, contrived to force a way for her to the carriage, which he had in waiting. She was then driven off to the City Hotel. Here also an immense crowd had assembled, and at length, to their repeated cries for her presence, she appeared at an upper window, bowed her thanks and waved her handkerchief to those assembled, (in the rain and mud,) and then retired, followed by a cheer from the soaking hundreds below, which was certainly as loud and enthusiastic as any which had yet greeted the Nightingale on this continent. Towards the evening, the weather gradually cleared off, and about eleven o'clock, a band of musicians proceeded to the Hotel, for the purpose of serenading her. On this occasion the crowd was even larger than it had been in the morning, and at the close of the serenade she was again vociferously called for, and once more appeared. While standing at the balcony, bowing to the loud and enthusiastic applause of the multitude, she had

the misfortune to drop her shawl—I say the misfortune, as she never saw the shawl again. In less than a minute it was torn into fragments, which were distributed to all who were standing near enough, to be preserved as a slight memorial of the songstress. It must candidly be owned that this was a summary mode of proceeding, and might scarcely be deemed in the strictest possible accordance with the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. It was, however, a tolerably positive proof that the inhabitants of Baltimore were somewhat excited by the presence of the gentle Swede in their city.

Three concerts had only been announced, and on the Monday evening, the Front Street Theatre began to fill from an early hour. Nothing during the day had been spoken of but Jenny, and it was obvious that almost as great a degree of enthusiasm had been created by her advent, as that which had attended her *début* in Castle Garden. Indeed not a single seat in the theatre but was filled, while the streets in front of the building and at the side of it, were densely packed with those who were anxious to catch the stray notes which the power of her voice might project beyond the walls of the theatre. Some trifling disturbance from time to time took place among the crowd here collected, but this was soon quieted, and little serious trouble was given by them. Within the house it was evident that there was but one feeling, that of an intense desire to hear her sing. This had the usual effect. The overture was played, but whether it was the overture to the *Semiramide*, *Zampa* or *Fra Diavolo*, or any other known or unknown opera, I feel convinced not one of the hearers could have told without a glance at the *programme*. Then Belletti advanced, and sung the Aria from the *Maometto*, which he had originally given at the first concert in New York. Nor do I feel any hesitation in affirming that more than seven eighths of the audience would have felt considerable hesitation in classing him as a *barytone*, had their opinions been taken at the close of this Air. In fact,

they seemed only aware that he had ended it, and applauded him rather for this, than for the skill he displayed in his vocalization, or for the rich and round quality of his voice. At length Mademoiselle Lind appeared, and the first air which she gave in Baltimore, was one from Bellini's *Puritani*. This more than realized every impression which had been received from report of her extraordinary powers, and at once established her as a favorite. It is here unnecessary to touch upon the remaining morsels of melody which she sung. They were criticized, or as it would be more in accordance with truth to say, eulogized pretty lavishly by the press, and I would refer such of my readers as may be curious in these matters, to the pages of the *Patriot*,* the *Sun*, the *Argus*, the *American*, or the *Clipper*, any one of which journals can contribute an article, averaging from a column to a column and a half, to his artistic information.

During the whole of our stay here, the weather was excessively changeable. Indeed, it was so uncertain, that, had it not been for the extraordinary attractions offered to the public, it would have been probable that the concerts might have been but scantily attended. So much, however, was it the reverse of this, that Mr. Barnum was induced, at the solicitation of the inhabitants, to advertise a fourth concert on the Saturday,† which was as largely thronged as any of the three former ones had been—and thronged, too, by an audience which was anything but willing to part with her.

* I excise the following paragraph, touching Jenny's private character, from the columns of this paper:—"The extensive charity which she has been the means of pouring abroad in every land where her voice has been heard, is the thing that knits her to the hearts of all who hear her. There might be a thousand vocalists in the world as brilliant-voiced, as well trained, and as effective in the concert-room; yet none of them can exceed the popularity of Jenny Lind, the first vocalist, more conspicuous for her charities than even for her voice. Jenny has, as a songstress, no rivals; and this, added to her character for benevolence, has earned her a reputation less liable to fade than any which may be the lot of a mere artist."

† On the morning of this day, Mademoiselle Lind had kindly acceded to the wishes of the Mayor and the Board of Public School Commissioners, in

Her departure from this city had been so well arranged, that but few of the inhabitants of Washington were at all aware of the hour at which she might be expected there. Accordingly, when she arrived and was safely ensconced at Willard's Hotel, a very scanty number of the curious actually knew that she was already within its walls. The news of her arrival was, however, soon noised abroad; and when the evening had somewhat advanced, it became a certain fact that she was within the city. From eight o'clock to eleven, therefore, all sorts of individuals—members either of the Senate or of the House of Representatives—officers of these two bodies—official men and idlers hanging about the capital, seeking for the flesh-pots, were strolling into the hall of the Hotel, talking about the wonder of the hour. Politics for the time seemed silenced. None conversed about the business of the nation, or the intrigues of individuals. The fair Swede had, for the moment, replaced Daniel Webster; and as for the slavery question, it was completely set aside by the numberless inquiries concerning her voice, and its merits or demerits.

For my part, I stole out immediately after discussing a mutton-chop with my tea, to take a look at the Hall—the new Hall which had been erected for the occasion.

To my intense astonishment, I saw a building, certainly no more than half-finished. The front looked like the shell only of a Hall, save that the windows in it were glazed. It had not been painted. The flight of steps was a mere succession of planks. Nor was the interior, as it then seemed, a whit nearer completion. It was true that the walls were colored. Moreover, the gas was laid on, and something like the position of the orchestra was already defined. The seats, however, were all piled

allowing the children connected with the Public Schools the opportunity of hearing her. They were accordingly admitted to the Theatre, during her rehearsal at the hour of 10, A. M. It was, however, greatly to be regretted that advantage was taken of this act of kindness by hundreds, who certainly could claim the privilege neither of being scholars nor teachers.

together. The carpenters were at work planing the floor. And, indeed, the whole Hall appeared to be in a state of confusion and incompleteness, which augured very ill for the termination of the arrangements, on the evening of the morrow, when the first concert was announced to take place. After having seen this, I returned to the Hotel, crept into bed, and soon fell asleep.

Scarcely had I been more than two hours comfortably wrapped in the refreshing arms of my first slumber, than I was aroused by the sounds of brass music. I leapt up upon my pillow.

Woe was me. The Sunday had passed while I was lost in sleep, and now the serenade—the inevitable serenade—had begun. Nor was the music exactly of the first quality, by which I had been awakened. Every now and then strange vagaries were indulged in by some of the instruments, and more especially was this the case with the first horn,—the breath of the individual who played upon it appearing to be somewhat troubled with an intermittent failure, which rather injured the display of his powers. At length the music—for I presume that in courtesy it must be named so—came to an end, and I was enabled to sleep through the remainder of the night with something like an approach to tolerable comfort. Jenny, however, had not shown herself during the call of the music for her presence, and consequently the musicians were obliged to return to their own homes with the intense satisfaction of feeling that they had done the best in their power to break up and destroy the freshness of her first slumber, and the conscientious belief that they had completely failed in their attempt. As for me, I dreamt that I was assisting at an *auto da fe*, in which the principal victim was a horn-player; and, let me add that, so far as I can remember, this dream comforted me greatly.

On the following morning, Mademoiselle Lind waited upon President Fillmore, at the White House. She was received

by him with the greatest kindness and cordiality, and after spending considerably more than an hour in his society, and that of Mrs. Fillmore and her daughter, returned with an even more enthusiastic admiration of the Institutions of the States, than she had previously entertained. She had been in the society of the man who was the legal head of one of the largest empires that the world has ever known. She had sat and chatted with him, and with his wife and daughter,—she had utterly forgotten his position for the time, and only when she retired did she recollect that she had been in the presence of the man who controlled the most powerful and vigorous government that had ever arisen in the short lapse of a single century. This was the first and only time, to my knowledge, that, during her stay amongst us, she broke through her invariable rule of maintaining the quiet of the day in the evening of which one of her concerts took place, unbroken.

On this evening, therefore, her first Concert in Washington took place. Mr. Bushnell had managed, by indefatigable industry, to get the Hall about one-half finished. The benches were of plain deal. The heat which they had been compelled to maintain during the last three or four days, in the interior, had warped at least one-half of them. The balustrades of the steps leading to the doors, were no more than some dozen of rough boards, hastily nailed together. Glasses had not been provided for one-half the jets of gas; and as for the gallery, that was left completely unfinished. Nevertheless, the public was not deterred by the state of the Hall, and it began to fill rapidly at an early hour. If rank be measured by intellect alone, the audience was essentially one of the very noblest before which Jenny Lind had ever yet sung in any part of the world. Here was the placid and quiet-faced President sitting with his family. Not far from him was Daniel Webster, his colossal brow rising boldly over the deep-set eyes which were ever and anon flashing fitfully

around the scene before him. Indeed, of all the intellectual heads which I have ever seen, that of Daniel Webster impresses me the most. The character of the man is written tangibly and vividly upon it. A gigantic intelligence would seem imbedded in the capacious and magnificent forehead. The eye tells the tale of his eloquence and thought, and betrays, in conjunction with the marked and characteristic mouth, a slight propensity to irony. In addition to this, observe him when he stands listening to you. Would it not veritably seem as though the weight of his brow bent his neck, as his head, slightly declined forward, seems to listen to you? Again, here is General Cass, his broad, heavy and clever face, with its large features, betraying the impress of talent almost as clearly as does that of Webster. He avows frankly that he cares not for music, and that it used to be an awful bore when he was obliged, while Ambassador at Paris, occasionally to show himself at the Opera; yet he is here with the intention of hearing the Nightingale, of whom so much has been said to him. Not far from him is Benton, and again, at no very great distance, is his antagonist, Foote. It would, however, be useless to fancy that I can reckon by name any thing like the number of remarkable men who were collected in the front of that audience. Suffice it that, not far from Webster, sits Crittenden, the Attorney General. A little to his right are the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Interior. Here is the Secretary of War, and near him is A. R. Hall, the Postmaster General.

However, it is already the hour for commencing the Concert. Benedict enters, and in a few moments the first notes of the orchestra are heard rising through the Hall.

Scarcely had the overture—if I remember rightly, that to *Massaniello*—been half played through, than a murmur was heard from the end of the building. It was hushed instantly, and the overture was played to an end. Then burst out a long and loud shout of applause. For a moment

Benedict looked around, somewhat astonished. He, however, saw immediately that this applause had not been called forth by the orchestra. The tall, slim—I should possibly have said, thin figure of an aged man was slowly advancing up the room. All made way for him, for the avenues had been almost completely blocked up. I no sooner saw the face than I recognized it, from the busts, engravings, and caricatures, which I had seen. It was that of Henry Clay. I must confess that it was not the character of face which I should have expected to have seen. The brow was not large. The greyish blue eye was, nevertheless, vivid and sparkling, and the capacious and broad mouth was the feature which most conveyed the idea of talent to my mind. It was singularly marked, and must, when he was younger, have possessed an immense power of expression.

As he advanced, the shouts and applause redoubled. He, bowing on every side, continued his path feebly, and somewhat cautiously. At length he reached his seat, and the applause ceased for a moment. Then a voice at the upper end of the Hall cried out:

“Three cheers for Harry Clay!”

And they were as heartily given by the whole audience as I had ever heard cheers given in my life.

Amongst those who had risen as Clay advanced down the Hall, was one man who stood well nigh a head taller than the rest of the audience. His head attracted my attention, It had a soldierly and marked countenance, expressing a good deal of energy and resolution. I asked the gentleman who was next me, to whom it belonged. It was the head of General Scott, who had entered the earliest of any of the distinguished men who were then present, with something more than the ordinary punctuality, even of a soldier.

The character of the audience seemed to inspire Jenny with more than her usual melody, and she sung far better than she had done since she last quitted New York. I, how-

ever, remarked that Daniel Webster adhered with praiseworthy pertinacity to his previous opinion, and expressed but trifling interest in her execution of Italian music. At length she came to the *Bird Song*, and when she commenced this charming morsel of German melody, I saw his eyes brighten, and am tolerably certain that I detected him endeavoring to beat time with his foot. Unfortunately, like Napoleon, his idea of time was not of the most correct class, which somewhat seriously interfered with the precision of his accompaniment to the melody.

During the latter portion of the concert, some young rascal on the outside of the building, indignant at having been cleared from the steps leading to the doors of the Hall by the police who were stationed there, flung a stone through one of the windows. Fortunately, none of the audience had their heads broken by this agreeable diversion. The police immediately endeavored to secure the delinquent, but this was useless. He had taken good care to abscond, without waiting to ascertain the effect of his missile.

Upon the following morning, Mademoiselle Lind received visits from most of the leading men who had been present at her concert on the Monday, while a note was brought to Mr. Barnum from Daniel Webster, requesting him to name a time when she could receive him, as he would be engaged in one of the Law Courts during greater portion of the morning. With Henry Clay she had a long conversation, which she deeply regretted being compelled to terminate, in consequence of her intended visit to Mount Vernon at twelve o'clock. For this trip, a large party had been made, including, of course, M. Benedict and Signor Belletti, Mr. Barnum with his daughter, and Mrs. Lyman who had accompanied him upon this tour with the intention of visiting Havana. Max Hjortzberg and Mr. Seyton, with some few others, were also of the party. Colonel Washington accompanied her down the river to the estate and resting-place of his great

ancestor. The day itself was beautiful, although the previous one had been wet in the extreme. The distance came clearly and crisply off the blue sky, and a fresh breeze just curled the breast of the broad Potomac, which laughed and played around the bows of the steamer, scattering its waters in the air in jets on either side.

On arriving at Mount Vernon, she accompanied Colonel Washington on shore, and was received by Mrs. Washington, who conducted her through the grounds and house of the departed hero. She remained by his grave some time lost in reflection, which her friends would not disturb. She afterwards returned to the house in company with Mrs. Washington, where she partook of a splendid collation, which was offered her by the Colonel. Mrs. Washington, however, placed in her hands as she was about to leave them, a present which she valued far more than anything which had yet been offered her in America. This was a small volume in which Washington's name had been traced by his own hand. As she turned to Mr. Barnum and showed it to him, her face was colored with one of those sad and serious smiles, which sometimes give it so marked and characteristic an expression. "It is a present," she said, "which I shall most deeply value—always most deeply value." These last words were uttered in a manner that showed, simple as the expression was, it came from the heart.

Let me own that this day being clear and sunny, I who had remained in Washington, strolled about it, and made the best of my time in seeing everything that I could manage to see in the short space of six hours. Nor indeed was I doomed to be disappointed in that half day's ramble through the capital of the United States. That it is a city which was built in somewhat of a hurry is true, but it is equally certain that it is a city which was planned by a master's hand. Nothing can well be grander or larger than its proportions. The width and length of its principal street, at one end of which is the

Capitol, and at the other the White House, are nobly proportioned. Unfortunately little money, save that of the nation, has been invested in building it, and I shall, therefore, take the liberty of forgetting the manner in which portions of this magnificent thoroughfare, have been crudely and hastily filled up. The Capitol itself, is a fine specimen of architecture, and as I wandered round it, I admired it more and more. Its Eastern front, which does not look towards the city, is a noble piece of masonry. A group of statuary, representing Columbus and an Indian female bending near him, as he extends in his hand a globe, in all the pride and conviction of his great discovery, stands on the left hand of the flight of steps as you are fronting the building. What is to come on the other? Surely this should be Washington, and such a statue as Power could carve—for an American chisel, now that America has one to whom she could safely entrust the task, should deal with this work—Washington sheathing the sword with which he had battled and conquered for his country. But whither am I wandering? Fine as the building is it is too small,—the States have grown so rapidly and taken such huge strides to greatness, that they require more space for their legislature. Heaven be merciful, and keep them from mending, altering and botching.

One soon runs through six hours, and by the time I had gratified myself with a view of the Capitol, and a progress through the Patent office, and partaken of my dinner, I found the evening wearing gradually on. Shortly after Mademoiselle Lind returned, and in the course of it, again paid her respects to the President and his family, at the White House.

Meanwhile the public of Washington were beginning to feel anxious about her second appearance, which was to take place on the Wednesday evening. When the hour for which it was advertised, drew nigh, the hall was thronged with

hearers. The President and Mrs. Fillmore were again present. So was Henry Clay and General Scott. Mr. Webster managed to arrive when the concert was about half over; and, indeed, all the remarkable men who had attended her first concert presented themselves on this occasion. Mr. Barnum had, as it seemed, been unfortunately induced to persuade Mademoiselle Lind to sing "Hail Columbia." Knowing, as she must have done, how unsuitable the song would prove for the female voice, I am at a loss to conceive that she could have been persuaded to allow it to be announced for her. Of course it did not please the audience, brilliantly as she sung it. The preceding portion of the concert had, however, earned her as brilliant a triumph as that which had attended her on the Monday evening, and possibly she had no reason to regret this failure, as it subsequently offered a tangible and evident reason for Mr. Barnum's declining to suggest songs, in accordance with the desires of many well-meaning but injudicious friends, for her approval.

We were now to start for Richmond, whither Le Grand Smith had already preceded us, and on the Thursday morning we were on the bosom of the Potomac, on our way towards that city. The day was wet, and the banks on either side of the river were shrouded in thick and heavy clouds. We passed Mount Vernon without being able to see more than a confused mass of mist and tree, and I confess that I have little idea left on my mind of the scenery of the river below this point, so completely was it blotted out of sight by the dense masses of drifting vapor, and the falling rain. At Acquia creek, Jenny quitted the steamer, (*the Baltimore*, commanded by Captain M'Causeland,) and entered the car which had been provided for her on the railroad. Towards five, I had the satisfaction of seeing the wet clear gradually away, and a little after six o'clock in the evening we entered Richmond. She immediately proceeded to the Exchange Hotel, in which her quarters had been provided, and, let

me own, that after the day's damp travelling, I was glad enough to get off, and look for a resting place and a comfortable bed.

The morning previous to our arrival, Le Grand had held the auction for the concert which we were to give in this city, and the results of it were singularly great, when contrasted with the size of Richmond, and of the Theatre in which the concert was to take place, having amounted, as I heard* on the following day, to more than \$15,600. This must, without exaggeration, be considered as the largest receipt which has been drawn by any of her concerts when it is compared with the size of the audience. Many of the seats must have sold for \$20, and none of them could have been sold for less than \$10 or \$12. This was partly, I can have no reason to doubt, owing to the ability of the Auctioneer, a Mr. M'Naught, but still more to the intense excitement which reigned in Richmond, and the uncertainty they were under as to the possibility of inducing Mademoiselle Lind to give another concert (either in the morning or evening) previous to her leaving them. Suffice it, that this was impossible, inasmuch as the first concert which she proposed giving in Charleston had already been announced there. I may confess that this inability was much to my regret, as during the whole of our tour it would somewhat puzzle me to say where I had seen a better mannered, and at the same time more lively and enthusiastic audience, than that which assembled in the Theatre at Richmond on the following evening.

* One little fact I must not let slip. The first seat which was exposed at auction produced, after some competition, a bid of \$105, and was knocked down. "Who is the lucky purchaser?" asked the auctioneer. "Stringer & Moreton, of the City Express and One Cent Despatch, Baltimore, State of Maryland," was the response, which was given by the purchaser himself. Whether this answer was true or not, I should, however, I confess, find it somewhat difficult to say, inasmuch as the person representing himself as Mr. Stringer forgot to take and pay for the seat. He had, nevertheless, the impudence to tender it, by letter, to the Matron of the Female Orphan Asylum.

On the noon of Saturday, Mademoiselle Lind quitted this city on her route to Charleston. She could not, however, leave it without stamping herself upon its memory somewhat more tangibly than is usually done by a concert-singer, and scarcely had she departed when it became known that she had in the morning deposited \$1200 in the Farmers' Bank, at Richmond, to the credit of three of its principal charitable institutions.*

The railway to Wilmington bears the reputation,—at least as I now heard, it did so—of being one of the very worst, if not *the worst*, in the United States. It had, however, recently been newly laid, and, save for a short distance on which the old timbers of the road were plainly enough to be felt, struck me as being remarkably easy. I am nevertheless unable to say as much for the cars, which were certainly more like remnants stolen from the last century than the cars which are used in the more northern part of the States. As far as Welden, however, we had a new car provided for our party, which approximated considerably more to the style of conveyance in vogue among the more highly civilized. Here also a hint was administered to us at the supper table which must have gone far to convince us of the possible troubles of our after-journey to Charleston. The room arranged for this meal was not large, and there were about a hundred travellers, more or less, who entered it. Scarcely were these seated than a whole horde of strangers—well-dressed ladies, with or without their bonnets—gentlemen in every description of habiliment, and even boys and girls crowded into the room, and pressed down the paths between the tables to the end of that one where Jenny was sitting. One pertinacious and ill-bred, and

* These institutions were :

The Female Humane Association,	-	\$400
The St. Joseph Female Orphan Asylum,	-	400
The Male Orphan Asylum,	-	400
		\$1200

slightly colored; (with a brush be it observed,) but remarkably pretty woman, dressed in mourning, raised her eye glass to her brow, and standing at about three feet distance, and exactly opposite the place where the fair Swede was sitting, contemplated every mouthful which was eaten by her. What could have been the purport of her examination, it would of course be useless to attempt divining. Let it be sufficient that Mademoiselle Lind possessed considerably more modesty, or suffered more from bashfulness, than her pertinacious admirer, and disappeared in a few minutes, so uncomfortable had she been rendered by this unceasing examination. The hall immediately cleared after her. The Star had set, and it was as if an eclipse had fallen over the half of heaven, during which the variety of feeding animals, including musicians, treasurers, secretaries, ticket-sellers, and outsiders, went to work and terminated their supper, alone and unassisted by the usual attendants, who, forgetting our necessities, had followed on the heels of the marvel of the hour.

After again repairing to the train we were stowed away in a species of caravanserai. This was a huge and comfortless box with shelves for bedsteads, something like the cabin of a Dutch sloop, and considerably more resembling a gigantic clothes-press, between which two resemblances, I, retiring, leave it to settle its own battle.

During the remainder of the night and the early morning, we swept through dense sections of forest, broken by the hut of an occasional squatter or a wood-cutter's temporary dwelling place. Nothing could well have been more monotonous than these long rows of trees, divided by the direct and unvarying rail, and many of them scarcely stripped of their leaves by the winter, as we rattled hurriedly past them—tracing as we did so, the light of the broad round moon through the half-bare branches, or catching the glimmering flash of a fire, burning in a cleared spot of earth, before the dwelling place of one of the tenants of the woods. Once the train stopped—

this must have been about two o'clock, A. M.: it suffered two passengers to alight. Not a shanty of the commonest kind was to be seen, nor in the moonlight clear and brilliant as that was, was I able to discern a path. The first who had descended from the train was a stout, good-humored, rough looking fellow. Save that he stood some six foot three without his shoes, carried a rifle, and had a fine hound with him, he might have sate to Ostade as one of that painter's jovial Dutchmen. The other was an old, but prodigious specimen of well-preserved strength. His shoulders might well nigh have rivalled the proportions of the Farnese Hercules, and as for his leg, judging it through its wrappings of deer-hide, I must own that I should have relished anything rather than a kick from such a magnificent package of bone and muscle. They had a parcel with them, but let not any of my readers suppose from the mere word, that this was an ordinary parcel. On the contrary it was a good-sized sack, and seemed heavy. The first of the two swung it over his shoulders in spite of its weight, which appeared at the moment as if it were nothing. Then with a "good night" or "good morning," for I forgot which it was, they strode rapidly away into the woods, in the direction where it is to be presumed their dwelling might have been found.

It was about two o'clock on the Sunday noon, that we at length arrived at Wilmington, where we were to take our passage for Charleston on board the *Gladiator*. The Captain of this steamer was J. B. Smith, and to him we were indisputably indebted for our safely reaching our destination, after having been at sea for more than thirty-four hours—the usual length of the passage being barely seventeen. Indeed, as I afterwards understood, the loss of the steamer had been considered certain, and the intelligence of it was carried *per telegraph* to New York, to be corrected in half a dozen hours more, by the news that the *Gladiator* had managed in spite of the wind and weather to set Jenny

Lind* on shore, very sea-sick, but not quite drowned, at Charleston.

And indeed, sea-sickness had dealt violently with the members of our party. Benedict suffered perhaps the most, but Belletti very nearly equalled him. As for Mr. Barnum, he had like a wise man retired to bed the moment he found that rough weather was coming on, and was seen no more until we were already close upon our tarrying place. The musicians were generally incapacitated from speech, and one of them, I think it was M. Guervos, lay on the cabin floor and rolled from side to side with every lurch of the vessel. Moreover there was one slave-holder or slave-dealer on board, who was going to Charleston with a batch of negroes. He was wretchedly ill. I pitied him, for in addition to his malady, he had very definitely made up his mind that we were to go to the bottom. Indeed, early on the Monday morning it was far from improbable that we might make such a journey. The tiller-ropes had been broken, and we were sweeping in on the shore. Another half hour would probably have settled us. I, however, was blissfully unconscious of the fact, having been about this period contentedly indulging in my second nap.

Le Grand Smith and Stuart, who had slept in one of the boats what they did sleep, gave me a full and accurate account of our danger, when I rose. This was only interrupted by a heavy roll of the steamer, which sent me head foremost into one of the canvass air-tunnels of the lower deck. What ingenious violence it wrecked upon my companions, I frankly confess that they never imparted to me. It must nevertheless be presumed that it did something. As for Seyton, he managed to

* I must not omit mentioning the kindness which brought her during the intervals of her own illness, into the cabin, to enquire after her companions, nor the energy which enabled her to surmount her sickness and natural terror, at the time when fears began to be entertained respecting the safety of the vessel.

eat, to go to bed—to sleep it is to be presumed—to smoke and to walk about with a perfect indifference to the chance of preserving his equilibrium, while Max Hjortzberg wore a rough pilot-coat and nautical cap, consumed cigar after cigar, and had a considerable dash of the pirate in the whole composition of his nautical costume. Probably their insides must have been inured to the dangers of the deep, for very certain is it, that bating these four and myself, I did not see a single sea-farer whose countenance had not waxed pale, and the contents of whose stomachs were not—provided they had any left—in a singularly unsettled condition. Few were there indeed, who settled themselves at the dinner-table, and even more scattered was the remnant which made its appearance at tea. Shortly after the lights of Charleston were discovered, and it somewhat astonished me to see how rapidly the last traces of sickness disappeared from them. Benedict found his legs and so did Belletti his tongue. Mr. Barnum appeared at the door of the cabin and inquired after his daughter. Mademoiselle Lind and Mademoiselle Ahmansen, were supported by M. Hjortzberg on the deck, and in another quarter of an hour we trod the earth of Charleston, which was revelling in the fresh coolness of a December evening in the warmer South.

Let me confess that I was somewhat astonished on wandering through Charleston the following morning, to find it so different in its character from any city in the States which we had hitherto visited—all here was so quiet and prim and orderly. The streets were not crowded, and they put me in mind of some of the more aged and half-deserted capitals in the Old World. It was, in short, a city which seemed to have been dipped in the Lethe of the past, and to be gradually subsiding into forgetfulness. Possibly this was owing to the period at which we visited it, as I heard that most of the wealthy planters of South Carolina were then on their

estates for the purpose of passing Christmas. Yet, even, were it so, Charleston can be but a dull and unimpassioned city. The streets are broad—there is a fine walk on the Battery—churches are plenty—its size is calculated for at least twice the number of inhabitants which it contains—it has one good Theatre, and some very decent instrumental performers, and is in every respect apparently a very staid and remarkably slow, and somewhat worthy city, in which I should very decidedly relish settling when I had passed that fatal half-century which leaves man dragging on his path towards the tomb, among the various brilliant or chequered memories which the past has heaped upon him.

This, nevertheless, was only *my* opinion of Charleston, as I should imagine that Jenny Lind's relish of it, was precisely in a converse ratio to it; this being the first place in which the tide of visitors had not set in upon her with such an alarming force as almost to imprison her in her own rooms. Once or twice, indeed, I met her wandering down to the Battery, with Mademoiselle Ahmansen and Signor Belletti, or M. Hjortzberg, unattended and unpreceded by that crowd which would have dogged every step she took in Baltimore, Boston, or any other of the cities which she had previously visited.

In the meantime, the first concert, which had been originally advertised to take place upon the Tuesday, had been deferred, at her wishes, to the day following Christmas, and she had, meanwhile, been vigorously occupied in decorating a tree for that period, in the fashion of Sweden, Denmark, and Northern Germany. It was embellished with candles, and the various gifts intended as memorials from the donor. Into the party for which it had been arranged, it is not, however, my province, as it certainly is not my intention, to intrude. Suffice it, that I believe Miss Barnum and Mrs. Lyman were the only ladies present at it, besides

Mademoiselle Ahmansen and the hostess herself. Let me, therefore, pass along to the first evening's concert. The Theatre was full; yet the audience were reserved and chilly. Indeed, to all appearance, they were disposed to judge her almost as coldly as that first audience in Philadelphia had been, whose suffrages she had won almost in their own despite. This was but of brief duration. The feelings of those who listened to her, melted rapidly away under the witchery of her brilliant tones, and the wondrous and refined melody of her voice, and as she concluded her last song—"The Herdsman's," they found vent in one of the warmest and heartiest of possible shouts of approbation. Her triumph here, as it had been in Philadelphia, was thorough complete.

After giving a second concert in the same week, a third was announced, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to purposes of charity.* The produce of this concert, after its expenses had been paid, amounted to \$3,440, which formed her contribution to the charities of Charleston.

On the following Monday, Mr. Barnum, at the invitation of the Total Abstinence Society, delivered a Temperance

* These proceeds were appropriated by Mademoiselle Lind, through her Secretary, in the following manner :

Firemen's Charitable Association,	-	-	-	\$500
Ladies Benevolent Society,	-	-	-	500
Sisters of our Ladies of Mercy, with Orphans under their charge,	-	-	-	500
Charleston Port Society,	-	-	-	500
Apprentices' Library,	-	-	-	300
Ladies' Fuel Society,	-	-	-	200
Ladies' Garment Society,	-	-	-	200
Female Charitable Association,	-	-	-	200
Total Abstinence Society,	-	-	-	200
French Benevolent Society,	-	-	-	100
Hebrew " "	-	-	-	100
Masonic, " "	-	-	-	100
Private Charity,	-	-	-	40
 Total,	-	-	-	\$3,440

Address in the Hibernian Hall. The night was dark and stormy. Nevertheless, a large audience assembled, which was entertained by him for considerably more than one hour and a half.

Our stay at Charleston was now rapidly drawing to a close. Mademoiselle Lind, however, appeared to rejoice in the temporary idleness which had been imposed upon her during the last few days that elapsed before her time for starting in the *Isabel* arrived, by which steamer our places had been already taken to Havana. One more evening she devoted to the friends she could assemble round her, ere she for the present quitted the United States. This was the eve of the New Year. On the morning of the second of January, we found ourselves on board the *Isabel*. It was bitterly chilly, and we had some difficulty in passing the bar, owing to the thick fog which had settled on the water. Nevertheless, we at length managed to do so. On the following day I woke to the blessed consciousness that I had left far behind me the rain and frost which had, as it were, hung upon our skirts since we last left New York. The sky belted us in with its broad and calm light. A few scattered clouds were borne across it by the wind, by one or more of which we were sprinkled, in memorial of a chillier climate. We could not have had a more agreeable commander than Captain W. Rollins—a better and more attentive purser than Mr. Blanchard, or a pleasanter boat than the *Isabel*. Sea-sickness was for the time tabooed there. Even Benedict was untouched by it, and played chess with Burke, while some of the more inveterate gamblers of our party played "poker" and "vingt un," in an enthusiastic manner, which might have curdled the blood of one who did not touch cards with horror. I am, however, wrong. One case of sea-sickness there certainly was. This was M. Guervos, who seemed to be the victim of a chronic exhibition of the malady. With this exception, I of course mean to himself—our voyage was delightful.

Even the ladies suffered little or nothing. Nor was the boat over-crowded; and when I woke on the third morning after quitting Charleston, I will confess that it was with something approaching to regret, I found myself gazing on the quaint tiles and balustraded parapets, and counting the Church towers of Havana.

HAVANA.

NOTHING can well be more beautifully picturesque than is the entrance to the harbor of the capital of Cuba, from the sea. On the one side rises the broad range of the Moro, crowning the summit of the lofty hills, from which it overlooks Havana. On the other lie the shipping and the wharfs, and the quaint city—its roofs serrated with their peculiar and marked tiles, and spotted with vases and lined with balustrades, already coming out clearly and crisply as the warm rays of the early sun are streaming from the horizon into the broad azure of the heavens. Swiftly and silently it mounts into the canopy of blue, pouring a flood of rich and golden light over every object that falls within its reach. Life once more wakes in that serene and cloudless atmosphere. All around us is bathed as it were in the glowing heat of June. Yet is the time of year no more than January. Three days have borne us beyond the limits of cold and frost, to revel in the delicious warmth of a tropical winter.

Scarcely had we cast anchor than we were boarded by an officer, for the purpose of examining the passports, and almost immediately after Mademoiselle Lind was informed by him, that she with her friends might leave the vessel,—a permission with which they gladly complied, Mr. and Miss Barnum, and Mrs. Lyman also accompanying her. As for the many, including musicians, secretaries, the treasurer, and Le Grand Smith, they were left to get on shore as, and when, they best could. Indeed, I must own that I had enough time to make a good breakfast and to read half of a stray

novel which I had found in the cabin, ere at length our passports were pronounced all right. No more was then to be done. I deposited myself in a boat, and with some ten others was soon on my way to the shore. The first glimpse I had of Havana, on emerging from the Custom House, was delightful. The streets, with their narrow pavements,—the nobly sized gates which opened into the houses, and the close and somewhat confined streets, at once called to mind the Spanish towns in the Old World. It was true, that the ranges of iron bars before the windows, on the ground floor of the houses, were what I had not hitherto seen. These are, however, adopted I should chiefly fancy, for security against theft, as but for them, the passer-by could readily step into any room he saw untenanted, and abscond with anything which particularly struck his fancy—the slaves on the island being scarcely sufficiently united amongst themselves, to render it probable that the Havanese have any dread of their turbulence.

Jenny had already gone to the house which had been taken for her, in the *Calle de Los Mercaderes*. What was her surprise to find that it had been converted into an hotel, and was then filled—with the exception of the suite of rooms devoted to herself, M. Benedict and Signor Belletti—by a large number of boarders. Still more was she annoyed to find that her rooms were scarcely furnished, although Mr. Barnum had arranged to pay a very large price for the accommodations. Under these circumstances her determination was soon taken, and about twelve, the hour at which I first set foot in Havana, she had vanished.

She was absent some three or four hours, and Benedict had begun to be seriously uneasy about her, when she at length returned. All was settled. She had been out with Mr. Barnum's agent—had taken a vacant house on the *Paseo*—had hired the furniture, and the same night announced her intention of quitting the hotel. She invited Mr. Barnum,

his daughter, and Mrs. Lyman, to live with her during their stay in Havana; and accordingly they moved into it on the following Monday, in the evening—Jenny having already changed her residence on the same morning.

As for us, we were to board at the Washington, and very soon, after a slight examination of the baggage at the Custom House—my portmanteau and carpet-bag not having been even opened—found ourselves installed in it.

In the evening I went to the opera and saw the *Huguenots*. Salvi performed *Raoul*, Marini was the Lutheran soldier, and Steffanoni took the part of *Valentine*,—the same cast with which the opera had been performed in New York. The chorus was very bad, and indeed the orchestra was but little better. The Tacon Theatre, which was built by Marti, the present lessee of the ground on which it was erected, and consequently of the house itself, is a splendid Opera House, and though not as the Havanese boastingly affirm, one of the largest in the world, is certainly one of the largest on this side of the Atlantic. The boxes are entirely open and are merely protected by balustrades of lattice work, and the *parterre*, which is very spacious, is admirably arranged. Nothing could well have been gayer or more lively than its appearance, and compared with that of the Scala, the French Opera at Paris, or Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, it must decidedly have the preference. A new tenor had been announced to make his second appearance on the Monday following. He had, however, the temerity to select the *Lucia* as his opera, and when we remember Salvi's *Edgardo Ravenswood*, not a doubt could remain with us about his comparative failure. I consequently had no desire to hear him, and I believe that this would have been my last visit to the theatre on an opera night, but for the somewhat later production of the *Macbeth* of Verdi.

The mosquitoes were in Havana in their full glory, although this was now mid-winter, and I will confess that they seriously

disturbed my first night's rest. However, after a protracted examination in the morning, I detected a hole in the curtain of my bed, and having had this mishap rectified, subsequently managed to slumber well and soundly during the remainder of my residence in the capital of Cuba.

On the Sunday I heard of a cock-fight in the neighborhood of the city, and am ashamed to say that, about eleven, I might be seen emerging on the *Paseo*, on my way towards the scene of this humane diversion.

The price of admission was half a dollar. However, before we visit the pit, dear reader, let us look into the aviary and see the feathered heroes being prepared for the combat. Here is one whose plumage has already been closely trimmed. He is aware for what purpose. Listen to his exulting notes of defiance ere he is caught up by the young mulatto, and carried to his cage! And here is another in the hands of a genuine and unadulterated piece of African flesh, who is clipping the feathers of his breast, neck, and back, as closely as possible. How quietly he submits to this new trimming of his plumage, and with what a *gusto* he stretches himself to his full height when the negro who has cropped him, again places him on the ground. Would not one say that the bird took as great a delight in the sport as man himself? When I entered the ring, I found it and the pit alike completely filled with amateurs. They were engaged in discussing the merits and beauties of a couple of fowls, which were finally put into the scale and weighed. This was the signal for the pit to be cleared, and in a few minutes the spectators had selected their places on the benches which surrounded it. Now the betting began, and, in truth, the scene speedily became one of the most exciting character. The sons of the warm south make no attempt to conceal the excitement which the cock-pit awakens in them. They enjoy it, and abandon themselves to their enjoyment with a perfect freedom from all restraint. As for the dusky children of

Africa, they give themselves up to the influence of the scene on their half-savage natures, with all the eagerness and unbridled passion engendered by the burning sun of the hot soil whence they or their parents have originally sprung. To the uninitiated eye, a perfect confusion reigned. Each one attempted to outscream the other. Cries of bets offered from one to another resounded upon all sides. Scarcely could you have heard yourself think.

"Tres onces ! tres onces por la plata!"

"No. Dos onces."

"Cinco pesos por la plata," screamed a mulatto.

"Una once por lo negro."

"Dos onces."

"Si—aqui. Si."

And again the mulatto shrieks out :—"Cinco pesos por la plata."

Opposing banters from the backers of the two birds are then heard throughout the ring. One ceaseless and irregular din, compounded of every species of voice, from the boy's treble to the deep bass of the full grown negro, strikes perpetually upon the ear. How the deuce they manage to keep accounts, it would be impossible to say : yet are the debts paid, and honorably too, for in so far as I could hear, disputes rarely arise in the ring. It may be presumed that, as on an English race-course, nobody bets a second time with one who has once turned up a defaulter. At all events, a nod, or the shake of a finger, is the only pledge offered or required by those who bet on the chances of the pit. While I am alluding to England, I may make one observation on the Spanish cock-fight, which will not be very complimentary to my own countrymen. The scene which takes place in the Spanish pit lacks the excessive barbarism and cruelty which would seem to be inherent necessities in an English one. The birds are not fitted with the long and carefully ground steel spurs. Hence they are unable either to give or to

receive the wounds which are there distributed amongst them.

The fight had now endured some little time. The cocks began to tire. A gradual calm seemed to settle over the restlessness of the place. Then came a good stroke from one of the birds, which brought his adversary to the ground. This would call forth loud cheers from the one party. The other, however, looked on with gloomy eyes and elongated faces. Then bets would be renewed, and the odds asked and given. Yet, once again would the tide of battle change, and as large or larger odds would be given on the other bird. At length the cocks were wearied out. They would then be picked up by their owners, who would take a mouthful of cognac, and blow it on their legs, head, and neck. The head of the bird would then be placed in the mouth, and drawing it forward, they would suck the blood from it. This I noticed was invariably swallowed by them,—at least I am pretty certain that I never saw one of them spit it out. After this refreshment of their failing energies, the birds would once more fly at each other, and the combat would be renewed with increased vigor, until it was at last finished by a lucky blow. The one bird would then be picked up and carried away by his owner, while the winning cock would be so worn out, that he could scarcely stand and utter a feeble note of exultation for his victory, which it would almost be impossible to dignify with the name of a “crow.” This fight broke one of the most enthusiastic gamblers, who must have lost more than twenty ounces on the black bird. I saw one more contest, in which the larger of the two combatants was vanquished in something less than thirteen minutes, after which I quitted the building, and strolled slowly home.

Towards five o’clock, I took a turn along the *Paseo*, which struck me as being one of the most pleasant public drives which I have yet seen in America. It might have been called the Boulevards of Havana, (without doing any discredit to the

name,) save that it lies beyond the walls of the city. The drive was at this hour thronged with *volantes*, one of the quaintest carriages in appearance, and the easiest in motion, which I have ever seen. It runs on two enormous wheels. Its body is like that of a cabriolet, but is hung considerably lower down, and lies in front of the wheels, suspended from the cross-pieces of the frame. It is ordinarily drawn by one horse, backed by a postillion. Occasionally one or two horses are attached to either side of the shafts, and not unoccasionally you will see the horse which drags the vehicle replaced by a fine mule. This, however, is but rarely the case when two or three animals are in use. In addition, the walks were thronged with black females, amongst whom, here and there, a white one would appear, with her black lace mantilla drawn over head and face, and floating round her in graceful folds, while she was pacing the ground with a step as free and agile as that of a young fawn,—flirting her fan as she moved to and fro, with that inimitable address, which would seem to be natural, whether in the Spanish woman, or the Creole. And what a little history is conveyed in the movements of that fan. Why is the face now concealed by it? Did she wish to pass unobserved by the lounger reclining in yonder *volante*? Again it falls, and she bows, and her face over-spreads with a blush, as yonder cavalier rides slowly past her, and bends in return. Surely that was a glance of intelligence which flashed from the dark eyes but half-hidden under the black lace. Yet she has turned, and laughs and jests with her younger sister, as if she had feared to awaken her suspicions. What a curious *historiette* might be surmised by one who was acquainted with her family, were he only gifted with such an oracle on matters of love as the *Diable Boiteux*, whom I can never believe to have been invented by Le Sage,—he is so thoroughly and essentially a Spanish devil.

The next day, the Monday, was the twelfth day of our country. Here it is called “*El dia de los Reyes*.” It is

the great negro holiday, and I will candidly confess may be considered as anything but a holiday for the miserable white men who have not been trained to the annual endurance of this horrible infliction.

At six o'clock, I was suddenly aroused by a hideous and discordant noise, which somewhat approached the sound of an old tin kettle, with a large stone in it, tied to a dog's tail, and crossed with the harmonious voice of a cracked hurdy-gurdy. Suddenly startled from my sleep, I will confess that my first thought was that the city had fallen into the possession of an army of savages. This, however, passed away, as by slow degrees I awoke; and remembering what I had heard about the negro festival, I ran to the window, and unbarring the shutters, emerged upon the balcony. What was my intense astonishment to see a colored gentleman, his skin enlivened with brilliant touches of scarlet ochre, which more particularly marked the centre of his nose and his eyebrows,—his head surmounted by a cavalry helmet,—a drawn sabre in his hand, and a fair specimen of a horse's tail attached to his hinder quarters,—leaping about and gesticulating in a very savage manner. The chief man of the tribe was crowned with a magnificent head-dress of peacocks' feathers, and had the skirt of a gown attached to his waist, where it was supported by a prodigious hoop, which kept it distended, and suffered it to end about the middle of the calf of his leg. As for the members of the orchestra, they were dressed in various styles, and performed on their own native instruments, as I was told the members of all the bands do. This, I feel obliged to say, I treat as a very gross exaggeration of the fact, as amongst the other instruments which I saw in the course of the morning, I discerned two brass ones, which were decidedly indebted for their existence to a Christian community, and bore a very apparent consanguinity to an English pestle and mortar. In company with the band, were half a score, or more, of gaily dressed

negresses, dancing and gesticulating, and sometimes singing in a loud and guttural voice to the melody of their barbarous music,—for so I presume it must be called. I will own that the first of these bands amused me. In one half hour, I had already seen half a dozen of them, and began to weary. By nine o'clock, I would gladly have done my utmost to escape from their immediate vicinity. I accordingly fled with a friend across the bay, and mounting a small hill, lay down on the grass in the shadow of a palm, which seemed, from the shape of its trunk, to be engaged in the process of gestation,—prepared to laze through the morning. The view from this spot was delightful. The bay was stretched from the base of the hill, dotted with the almost numberless boats that were crossing it in every direction. Here lay the *Isabel*, in which we had arrived here,—there was a large Spanish war steamer, and here a Spanish frigate was couched upon the face of the water. Closer against the city lay the long range of the merchant vessels, and beyond them stretched the varied roofs and spires of Havana: while on our right rose the long lines of the Moro, and beyond the entrance to the port, stretched the far expanse of the blue ocean. It was a glorious landscape, and would have painted admirably. Rarely, is it possible, could I have looked upon a more splendid scene. Here, shifting the spot on which we lay, as the sun changed the place on which the shadow of the palm tree fell, we got across the next few hours, and returned to dinner. A straggling number of bands were still parading the streets, but the majority had retired from the scene, and the notes of their music fell both more faintly and rarely on the ear.

While sitting, after dinner, over my cup of coffee, I was told that General Concha, the governor of the island, had been as amused as I had been by the first party who had danced under the windows of his palace—so much so, that he had thrown them a gold ounce. This was repeated to some few

of the early comers. The calls on his generosity then became so very frequent, that he dropped to a quarter of an ounce, and, finally, a dollar to each party. In this way I have but little doubt, that he must have got rid of some five or six hundred dollars.

Meanwhile, we were busily making preparations for Mdlle. Lind's first concert, which was to be given on the following Friday, and her character as a vocalist was being critically discussed by the various parties into which Havanese society is divided.

The Creoles—the veritable Habaneros—were mostly with us. Some of them, however, sided with the Italian company, and boldly and impudently asserted, that she was not so good as Steffanoni. As for the genuine Castilians, they were, almost to a man, against us. So was the Press. With the exception of the *Faro*, which was kindly disposed towards her, and the *Gazeta de la Habana*, which was perfectly indifferent—not a paper was there which did not employ itself in predicting the wonderful settler which the Habanero was to give the musical taste of the Americans—taking the puerile fancies of England, Prussia, Austria and Sweden, on his way. Indeed, the *Diario* was particularly hostile, until its editor was present at the first rehearsal. After this, it subsided into a state of peaceable neutrality,—if we except a single letter which appeared in its columns. This was a strange epistle, written and signed by three fathers of families (?), which advised Jenny, or Mr. Barnum, to rid themselves of M. Jules Benedict and Signor Belletti, and all others in the company, to give concerts twice a day, and sing a couple of airs alone, at each of these, charging merely one or two *pesetas* for admission. Of course, this farcical advice could only afford those who were concerned, subject for amusement.

Here it would, perhaps, be as well to say a word about the orchestra, which was, with a few exceptions, composed of the musicians who were employed by Marti, the *impressario* of the

opera. It may be remembered what these were at New York, last season. Now they were considerably worse. Bottesini, the *contra-basso*, excepted, and some few others, it was composed of very mediocre artists. Nor did he play with them, being replaced by our own *basso*, who, though very good, could have no pretensions to rank with him as an artist. However, their mediocrity, as players, was nothing, when compared with their scandalous inattention to the rehearsals. One violin would be there, but would not appear on the evening of the concert. Another, who was absent, would be punctually in his place when the evening arrived. Another would have mislaid his part, when the concert began, and would occupy the first half-dozen bars of the overture, in searching for it; while a fourth, again, would not condescend to attend either rehearsal or concert. Under these circumstances, it may be conceived that the care and labor bestowed by Benedict upon the rehearsals, counted for little; and I feel justified in saying, that in no place in the United States has so^{*} bad an orchestra as the Havanese been collected together. Their execution of the music was shameful, and would have entitled them to an expression of disapprobation, of the strongest character, on the part of an audience, either in New York or in London. Here it was passed tranquilly over. Possibly, those who attend the theatre are not sufficiently good judges of music to know how abominably ill they played, or, possibly, they did not care. I confess that I prefer supposing the first chance alluded to, to have been the case with them, rather than to consider them guilty of such excessive indifference.

At length the Friday evening came, and the theatre began to fill from a very early hour. The concert, nevertheless, was anything but thronged to such an extent as those in the United States had been.

The audience seemed to have collected with a determination to judge Jenny, and that, on the part of more than one

half of them, in anything but the most kindly spirit. The rest attended out of mere curiosity to hear one whose reputation had long been established on the shores of the Old World, save some scanty portion who attended with the fixed determination to "put her down." The overture to Auber's *Massaniello*, commenced the performances of the evening. It passed over without exciting a single expression of approbation, and in truth it was scandalously rendered, and deserved none. Then came Belletti. Not a hand was raised to welcome him. He sung the "Sorgete." It was received with the most frigid indifference, and he retired. After this Jenny Lind came forward. Some one or two hundred persons applauded at her appearance, but this token of approbation was instantly and peremptorily silenced by the remainder of the audience. Thus the matter being settled, that public opinion should in no way be forestalled, and that if Jenny was to be applauded, the applause should be positively wrung from them, silence again prevailed. As she neared the foot-lights and raised her head, I saw a flush pass over her face, and for the first time I noticed an expression of pride in the curl of her full lip. Her form became erect and apparently as immovable as a statue. She stood there, evidently satisfied that she had now an ordeal to pass through, and a victory to gain, which was worthy of her powers, and as evidently satisfied that there could be no doubt of her passing through it most triumphantly. The orchestra commenced, and then the first accents of her voice rose in the "Care compagne." Even while she continued the *Recitative*, I noticed that the frowns of the would-be critics were gradually unbending. The ladies, and the more convincible portion of those who were present, gazed at each other in pleasure, mingled with astonishment. And when she ended it, a brief but very intelligible burst of applause rewarded her. This was almost instantaneously hushed, and again the audience settled to hear her with a deep and critical attention.

The gushing melody flowed on faster and faster—the winged notes rose, rolling through the breadth and length of the theatre, and by and by one poor devil, who could no longer control himself, shouted “*bravo.*” He was almost instantaneously hushed, by those who were now listening greedily to the singer. When she ended, I noticed a universal pause. The audience gazed at each other. Nevertheless, they did not gaze in doubt, but in astonishment. As for Jenny herself, she who had stood a few minutes before calm and unmoved in the consciousness of her own unrivalled powers, now bent like a reed in the wind. The pride which had previously sustained her was gone, and she was already retiring from the stage, when one universal roar of applause swept through the theatre. The audience had recovered from their astonishment and had burst into a well-nigh frantic shout of admiration. Three times was she summoned back to the scenes, and greeted with the most enthusiastic expressions of approbation. The first air which she sung in the Tacon Theatre, had, therefore, settled the question as regarded her position in the estimation of the Havanese, and she was at once acknowledged to be the greatest vocalist that the Old World had lent the New, whom they had yet had the opportunity of hearing.

After this, Burke played De Beriot’s *Tremolo*, on a motive of Beethoven’s. I must own, however, that this was scarcely listened to. Then came the *duet* from *Il Turco in Italia*. This was admirably sung, both by herself and by Belletti and was rapturously applauded. *Encores* were, nevertheless, not permitted, and much as those present might long for a repetition, it could not be given without a direct permission from the Intendant. This prohibition arose, as I was informed, from the fact that some three or four years since, Marini had declined to change the refrain in the duet, for the *basso* and *barytone*, in the *Puritani*. This short allusion to liberty was, in consequence, so loudly and continuously redemanded,

that the authorities were obliged to bring it to a close by clearing out the theatre, which was done by the introduction of a file of soldiers, with fixed bayonets. On the following day, all *encores*, for which a special permission had not been given, were prohibited. Marini also was imprisoned,—he had, nevertheless, been released after making an apology for having been the cause of this disturbance. This evening, for the first time since this occurrence, the prohibition was destined to be relaxed. While Jenny was singing in the *duet*, an officer had passed behind the scenes from the Intendant's box, and immediately it ended, and while the applause was even yet ringing on her ears, she was informed that she would be considered by him, as perfectly at liberty to accept any *encore* which might be bestowed upon her by the public. In accordance with this permission, when she had been called upon the stage three times, after singing the "Casta Diva," she once more gave it, and received for doing so, the warmest expression of the delight of the audience which had yet been given her. This must have been the more pleasing to her, from the fact that this *cavatina* has rarely before been re-demanded on this side of the Atlantic. Not a doubt can exist that never before had it been so grandly and purely given, by any singer who has addressed American ears. However, the *Tribune* had set the example of finding fault with it. After Belletti's "Largo al Factotum," she once more advanced and gave them the Flute *Trio*, from Meyerbeer,—this was also encored and given a second time. Benedict's Grand March, from the *Crusaders*, was rendered in the most rascally manner by the orchestra, and I candidly own, that I sat and listened in pity for him, to their execution of it. It would be useless to particularize any of the instruments—all were so vile, with the exception of the two or three of his own orchestra. Next came the "Echo Song." To this, to my astonishment, the audience scarcely listened after the two first bars had

been given. They had very evidently no taste for anything but Italian music.

I confess that I was well satisfied with the result. She had now for the first time sung before a Spanish audience, and the result had been, to the full, as successful as any which could have been anticipated. That those who heard her were, in a large proportion, prejudiced against her, was certain, but it was as certain that she had succeeded in effacing their prejudices.

yellowish red stain on plumbers' pipes, &c., &c.

HAVANA AND MATANZAS.

ON the Saturday following the first concert, I took a drive with M. Benedict, and Messrs. Burke, and Seyton, to the Bishop's Garden, which lies to the west of the city. The afternoon was deliciously fresh and cool,—indeed the Havanese would, I presume, have called it cold. To me, however, the air was as balmy and as pleasant as it is on an evening in early autumn, in our own more northern countries. The garden itself was delightful, and so, in truth, was our drive to it. Roses, by hundreds, starred the hedges on either side of the road we took, and the breeze was laden with the thousand scents which arise from this flowery winter. Possibly no land within the tropics can be found any thing as rich as is this one in all the beauties of nature. At least I can vouch that without the tropics, neither Algiers nor Egypt possess any thing like the wealth of vegetation that is every where to be found in Cuba. The garden itself was a perfect wilderness of tropical foliage. Here was the stately and graceful form of the tall palm in long and regular avenues. Here the parasite had already rooted itself in its bark and augured its future destruction. A little further rose the thinner and lither stem of the cocoa nut, bearing its rich brown fruit by scores amongst its pale and dead green foliage. Again, you came to the banana, close to which the long and graceful lines of the bamboo rose in thick clusters from the earth; and at a little distance the mass of the deep green and large foliage of the bread-fruit might be seen peering over the lower growth of the arbutus. A thousand descrip-

tions of tropical trees might have been counted in the garden by any one who had a taste for botanical investigation. As for me, the fresh air and the deep cool shadow, in which all was lapped, were enough.

The house which originally stood in the centre of the gardens, was in ruins. It had been destroyed by the last great tornado which had done so much havoc in this part of the island of Cuba.

A noble specimen of the Puma, or lion of South America, is caged in this garden. It is one of the largest which I have ever seen. He couched with the most perfect composure in the bottom of the cage while we were looking at him. Seyton wished to arouse him, and commenced tickling his tail with a stick. The utter indifference with which he allowed this, was sublime. His eyes were half closed, and did not open. I fancied he was revolving in his own mind what a pleasant dinner Seyton would have afforded him, had the bars which enclosed him been away, and had he not already concluded his mid-day meal, portion of which was lying unregarded at the bottom of the cage. However, his contempt was not shared by his neighbor, a fine eagle, which screamed out in a truly bloodthirsty way from time to time, evidently not more than half satisfied with the flesh which, torn into strips, strewed the bottom of his cage. A little beyond them was the den of an alligator. A stream of clear water ran through it. It was already getting dark, and though once or twice I fancied I saw the flash of his opening eye, I could not be certain. It was now past six. Evening fell around us without twilight, and we prepared to return to the city.

The breeze had gradually freshened, and clouds began to thicken over the heavens. Scarcely had we quitted the carriage on the *Paseo*, than the rain spotted the ground, and a storm came rushing upon the wind. The rain fell heavily for more than two hours. Then it ceased, and in half an hour

not a cloud hung over head, and the broad and lovely moon of Cuba rose upon the spotless sky.

The Condé Penalver is, I believe, the present possessor of the Bishop's Garden. He has, however, evinced no inclination again to rebuild the residence, the situation of which is particularly exposed to the tropical storms of the climate.

Judging from what I have heard, nothing could well be grander, or more overwhelmingly awful, than one of these hurricanes of mingled wind and rain, during its generally brief duration. The clouds gather up rapidly, and soon overspread the face of the heavens, while, below, the wind has gradually lulled, and it has become perfectly calm. This is, nevertheless, but a deceitful lull. Shortly after, the wind bursts forth in all its overwhelming strength. In the streets of Havana, scarcely an individual is to be seen. Everything, which lies in the way of the tempest, gives way to it, and is borne along, or scattered by, its might. It is as though the very spirit of evil had paused in his usual labors, to sport with the feebleness of humanity. In the country, beyond the walls of Havana, trees are torn from the earth and whirled away by the wind. Houses are unroofed, and those who are in the course of the tornado, are dashed to the ground by its irresistible violence. Then, for a space, the blast pauses. A few flashes of lightning burst from the dense clouds, and the rain streams down, from the thick and darkened heaven, in torrents. And then again, in two or three hours the storm has past, and nothing but the damage which it has done is to be seen,—coped by the tranquil sky.

The second concert took place on the following Monday; and rarely, indeed, have I heard Jenny in better voice than she was on this occasion. The theatre was fuller than it had been on the previous Friday, and it was evident that the audience came there well disposed to appreciate her. The orchestra was, however, even worse than it had been on the

evening of the preceding concert. So badly, indeed, did it play the first overture, that I absolutely expected the audience to condemn their execution of it, by a rational—and certainly most richly deserved—expression of disapprobation. My hopes were, nevertheless, in vain. They played the overture to an end, greatly, as it seemed, to their own satisfaction, and, as evidently to Benedict's discomposure. The first thing Jenny Lind sung, on this evening, was the "Qui la voce," and exquisitely, indeed, did she render this graceful air. It was at once encored in the warmest and most enthusiastic style, and the stage was covered with a floral harvest—so great was the profusion of *bouquets* which were thrown towards her. The *Cavatina*, from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, closed the first part of the concert. This was also encored. The opera had been for a long time promised to the Havanese public, by Marti;* and, possibly, this may have given an additional reason for the applause which was awarded it, although such a reason was not necessary. In the second portion of the concert, she gave the *Cavatina*, from Donizetti's *Lucia*, "Perche non ho del vento;" and, wonderfully as I have before heard her interpret it, never had I heard her sing it with finer feeling, and more able execution, than upon this occasion. Her voice seemed to ply unconsciously to the inspiration of her will, and the ornament which she showered upon this air, might well nigh be called a vocal miracle, so unapproachable do I believe it to have been by any other vocalist. It was of course encored, and some five or six times was she summoned upon the stage to receive the applause of the audience. Here, however, the enthusiasm of those who were present, died away. The *Bird Song* was not understood, and, consequently, was but feebly applauded, while the Dalecarlean Melody—which has always struck me as being the most

* It had been deferred, owing to the absence of a good *ballet* company, which rendered it impossible to perform the third act.

charming of her national airs—fell flatly on the ears of those who listened to it.

Belletti, on this evening, was awarded his fair proportion of admiration, having received two encores. The first of these was given to Ricci's "Sulla poppa del mio brik." The second was allotted to the *Tarantella* of Rossini. When he received the first, he seemed to be completely astonished, and, evidently, had some hesitation as to the propriety of accepting it. This doubt was soon dispelled by the continuance of the applause, and the loud and repeated "Encore! encore!" which burst from every portion of the audience which thronged the Tacon.

The concert which succeeded this one was in every respect the same as the first which had been given. It was then announced that Mademoiselle Lind would, for the fourth and last time, sing in public, in Havana, for the purposes of charity. This was accordingly done. The house was tolerably filled, and after all the expenses had been paid, which in Havana were very heavy, the rent of the Tacon alone amounting to \$1000 per night, the fair Swede had the satisfaction of offering a large contribution* to various of the charities supported by the benevolent in this city. At the conclusion of the concert she was called before the curtain more than six times, and was at last suffered to retire in the midst of a boisterous hurricane of applause. As for the stage, it was literally paved with *bouquets*. On the day immediately succeeding this concert, she was waited upon by the Condé-

* The money remaining, after the expenses, amounted, as I believe, to \$4500, which was contributed in the following proportions:

The Ursuline Convent,	-	-	\$2000
Hospital of San Paulo,	-	-	1000
Hospital de Dios,	-	-	1000
A poor Widow,	-	-	100
Another poor Widow,	-	-	100
A poor Man,	-	-	50
A Reduced Artist,	-	-	250
			<hr/>
			\$4500

Penalver, and a number of the more influential citizens, for the purpose of inducing her to consent to give another. Indeed, they offered to arrange her a benefit, in which they would guarantee the parterre and the two first rows of boxes at \$15,000. This she at once declined, with many thanks, giving as a reason her unwillingness to tamper with the public, by not keeping faith with them, upon the announcement of her last appearance.

And, in truth, I may be permitted to doubt whether some little trifle of laziness was not mingling with the good faith of this declaration, as those to whom a promise has been made have certainly the right to absolve one from keeping it; and this was very evidently the case here. It seems to me more than probable that the languid and enervating influence of this delicious climate had touched her with its fatal charm, and that she was more than content to spend the ten days which must elapse before she could sail for New Orleans, in idleness. Indeed, how could it well be otherwise with a stranger in this rich and lovely climate? It is from the hour of eleven till three that the sun pours its greatest heat upon the city, and during that time all would appear to be bent wholly and simply upon enjoying the *dolce far niente*. The haberdasher leans over his counter, or sits behind it, in a very excellent imitation of easy slumber. You will either go into the stationer's, the druggist's, or the colourman's, and will find him emerge slowly and lazily from his private room to answer your demands. Should you drop into the ice-saloon, at Dominica's, you would probably pass some three or four minutes ere you could find any one who would bring you the sherbet you need. In the very dwelling-house, the curtains are drawn, and the shutters are closed, and all which looks like life is the slumbering hound, stretched partly across the step in the broadly-arched door-way, or the black porter, who sits there inhaling the fragrant aroma of his delicate *cigarito*. In fact, if you could but cast a glance along the streets, in

the middle of the day, scarcely a private *volante* is to be seen, and those which are for hire stand baking in the sun, while the postillions are lazily reclining against the walls of the stores, puffing their cigars in the most idle of attitudes. How the deuce could industry flourish among such a population of do-nothings. As for myself, I will frankly confess that I gave up the attempt to be industrious after the first half-dozen days,—lay on my bed, and dreamt over a half-burnt cigar until the dinner-bell rung.

After three, it is that life commences gradually to awaken from its sleep. The shops begin their business, and fill with customers. *Volantes*, private ones or hired, thicken in the streets, or throng to the *Paseo*. Windows are thrown open, and ladies are to be found reclining on the chairs within them, gossiping with the stray friend who has chanced to drop in, as they watch the passers by who throng and crowd through the narrow streets, and on the still narrower causeways. As the evening advances, the lamps are gradually lit. The house which, thanks to the iron bars before its windows, looked in the morning something like a prison, now loses a portion of its melancholy aspect. This family hurries to the Tacon. Another strolls through the streets, or directs its postillion to drive them to what the inhabitants of Havana call the “poor man’s opera,” in the *Plaza de Armas*.* All is once more life, stirring and active life, gay and thoughtless life,—until the hours have progressed, and about eleven the streets are again as thin of people as they had been in the middle of the day. If you continue in them, you hear the loud challenge of the sentinel, from time to time, ringing across the intervening streets, and the responses, “*Espana*,” and “*Peysano*,” coming clear and unbroken on the ear.

* The bands of the various regiments quartered in or round Havana play here in turn from the hour of eight till nine, in the evening. Some of these bands are very excellent; so much so that I candidly confess, I, in most cases, preferred the “poor man’s” to the rich man’s opera.

Another day has passed, and has gone to swell the amount of time registered against a world in the book of life.

One morning was devoted by me to a visit to the Cathedral. I had, nevertheless, little wish or care for seeing the church. After standing in the rich and magnificent St. Peter's, the gloomy and grand Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, or in Westminster Abbey, what could there be in the Cathedral of Havana to attract me! Look! Here it is. Do you see a tablet of stone inlaid in the wall, to the right of the altar? A bust is sculptured upon it in *basso-relievo*. Tread softly and reverently, for a great man slumbers near you. It is the bust of Christopher Columbus, and closes the opening of the tomb in which his remains are laid, who gave a new world to the virtues and vices of a civilization which was, in his days, taking such giant strides towards its ultimate diffusion. By his will, his ashes were conveyed from the Carthusian Convent, at Seville, to San Domingo, and with the chains, imposed by an ungrateful master on him who added its brightest jewel to the Spanish crown, were deposited in the Cathedral of the metropolis of that island. When it was eventually ceded to France, these precious and crumbling fragments of that which had once been flesh were delivered up to the Spaniards, and in 1796, they were brought to Havana in the ship San Lorenzo, commanded by Don Tomas Ugarte. On the morning of the 19th of January, they were deposited in this, at present the last resting place of that which had been the great navigator. I will confess, that as I gazed upon the bust of a man whose glory is so inseparably connected with the history of mankind, I felt that I would even now have willingly exchanged places with him, and rested there silent and still;—a mere handful of grey ashes and a fragment of bone,*—if I had commended my name and memory to the admiration of the world by a

* The coffin was opened on its removal to Havana, and disclosed a plate of gilt lead, some small fragments of bone, and some few handfuls of ashes.

career as grand and as unapproachable as that of the greatest of discoverers,—a man, too, who owed little or nothing to modern science, but to whom it owes a debt so vast that it is scarcely felt or known. I gazed awhile on that last resting place of Christopher Columbus, and then slowly turned and left the Cathedral.

On Tuesday, Jenny Lind was invited to an evening party at the Condé Penalver's, which I should scarcely have thought worth mentioning, had not two of the daily journals, published in Havana, announced the presence, the next morning, at the *soirée*, of "Mrs. Bennett, the distinguished American writer, (?) and Mademoiselle Jenny Lind."

The following day it was decided that the party should accept an invitation which had been given it by Mr. Brinckerhoff, an eminent merchant at Matanzas, and should start on the following morning. This, however, was a somewhat unfortunate decision, as it was discovered, though too late, that the laws of the island of Cuba require the traveller, even from place to place, to carry a passport with him. Nor is it to be supposed that passports in Cuba are such a bagatelle as on the continent of Europe,—four dollars being the price of a passport to enter the island, and one dollar being required for the extension of the liberty given to travel. The consequence of this discovery was, that the departure was obliged to be postponed until the succeeding morning, when Mademoiselle Lind started by the railroad, being accompanied by Mademoiselle Ahmansen, Signor Belletti, Max Hjortzberg, Mr. Barnum and his daughter, Mrs. Lyman, and Mr. Stuart. M. Benedict being prohibited by his physician from taking this trip, in consequence of a determination of blood to the head, from which he had recently been suffering, and Le Grand Smith having already

These were very evidently the remains of a human body, and were pronounced by the Governor, and others who were present, to be those of the Admiral Christopher Columbus.—*Spanish Account.*

left the island for New Orleans. The hour at which they started was half-past six. The moon was still shining brightly in the clear and deep azure of the cloudless sky. A fresh and delicious breeze, laden with the coolness of the early dawn, and ravishing the perfumes of the orange flower and the wild rose from the groves and bushes over which it passed, came on us, intoxicating the senses with a wild feeling of pleasure and delight. Dawn approached, and the stars, one by one, shrunk from the splendor of the awakening sun, whose light stole upwards till it filled the whole of heaven. The moon still yielded a pale and silvery lustre, and lingered above the horizon, as if loath to shun the presence which was about to break dazzlingly around her. And then, slowly and magnificently, the sun arose—crimson as though it had been steeped in blood—painting the mountain peaks in the distance with mingled roseate and golden hues, while the deep and solemn shadows seemed for a moment to thicken over the vallies, and then, pierced by the rays which cleft them like so many sparkling arrows, gradually quickened, and awoke to the joyous light.

The Rail-road itself was good, but owing to the want of energy and practical skill on the part of both Spaniard and Creole, had been laid by English engineers. The engines and cars were constructed in the States. In consequence of the uneven and hilly surface of the country, very heavy grades have been necessary in laying the rail. In two places these indeed are singularly marked, rising as much as one foot in thirty five. The train travels slowly, inasmuch as we were nearly seven hours in travelling one hundred miles, yet I find it impossible to say that I would have wished it otherwise, the country through which we passed was so beautiful and so different in its character from any which I had before seen. Scarcely had the eye paused and drunken in the loveliness of one landscape than it was succeeded by another, even more exquisitely lovely. The road itself was not straight, as

are most of the American railroads,—it wound very nearly as much as the Austrian one, which crosses the frontiers of Bohemia into Saxony. Here it ran around the base of a low hill, and led us into the bosom of a charming valley, spotted with the fragrant orange tree, the pine-apple and a score of other fruits, growing in all the ripe and rich luxuriance of a tropical climate, interspersed among thriving plantations of coffee and the sugar cane. Anon we would circle round the base of a mountain until we emerged almost upon the seashore, where the fresh wind came gladly on us after dallying awhile with the laughing waves. Then again we would pass slowly into the island, under the shadow of the hills which were projected athwart us, and along a lake, on the borders of which, here and there, the vines and wild-fruit and flowers grew in such a wild and rich luxuriance, and were so closely interwoven and matted together that man could not reach the margin of the limpid waters. Here would lie a small lake, almost bosomed amongst the mountains with the trees that belted it in their dark circle, so thick and dense, and repeating themselves so vividly on the long and gentle ripples of the wave just curled into life by the lazy breath of the atmosphere, scarcely could I have said that this was water, and that was foliage, in the brief space we dallied at its side. But a little farther, were the native fruit trees, with their broad branches sweeping the banks of the road; and as the wind of heaven came gently among the leaves, it seemed as if they were whispering low and pleasant words of love and comfort to their neighbors, who bent as the breeze touched them, and sighed in return. But for the realities of travel around me, almost could I have fancied that I had entered unawares upon that Garden of Paradise, whence our first parents had been driven at the will of their offended Maker.

All this, however came to an end, and coated with a thick and pertinacious layer of red dust, we arrived at two o'clock

at Matanzas, and were soon installed under the care of our hospitable entertainer. While the others were refreshing themselves after the fatigue, if it could be called such, of their journey, I strolled out and took a glance at the town. Matanzas is not a place of great importance. What little it has, arises from its being a seaport, where vessels find a safe harbor, and whence a large proportion of the produce of the country is shipped to the United States and to Europe. Its population amounts, as I was told, to more than 21,000, of whom 11,000 are whites, 3,500 are free colored, and nearly 6,500 are slaves.

The *Paseo* is, nevertheless, much finer than that of Havana. It extends for a long distance along the sea-shore,—probably for nearly a mile. Along either side of it is a row of immense palm trees, which form an almost continuous arch from one end of the road to the other.

On the day following our arrival at Matanzas, we drove out to visit a sugar plantation, which, I believe, was called the Cumbre, from the name of the high hills, whose ridge abuts on it. We drove in our *volantes* some four miles, ascending the hill itself, and in truth it was an ascent that I should scarcely have believed a horse could mount, not only carrying the postillion but dragging the vehicle after it, with its two tenants. Coming down the hill, however, appeared to be a matter of considerably more difficulty for the animals; that which drew Miss Barnum's *volante* having slipped twice, and compelling her at last to change places with one of the gentlemen of the party. The view from the plantation is magnificent. The hill on which it stands overlooking a beautiful valley on the one side, which extends into the country for many miles. This is the vale of the Yumuri. Here are its grounds broken and jagged almost into isolated peaks. Here are green cane fields, and occasionally a tall palm springs amongst them, throwing its irregular spot of shadow at some distance from it. There rises the tall and slender

cocoa, lither and more graceful than its sturdier and robuster brother. Here is the coffee plant and the green and golden orange tree.* Precipices girdle the valley, and seem to divide it from the life that stirs in the city, which on the other side seems to lie at our feet, while the bay again stretches beyond it, dwarfed by the height from which it is seen and starred with the vessels riding at anchor on its bosom. Beyond it again is the ocean, spotted with the occasional sail of a distant barque, or by the boat of the fisherman, who is still lingering on it in spite of the broad belt of heat, in which the risen sun has gradually encircled the blue and apparently boundless ocean.

Meanwhile, however, we had to relinquish the landscape and repair to the plantation. They were sugar making at the time, and we had the opportunity afforded us of seeing the whole process. The juice is pressed from the cane by driving it between heavy iron cylinders, which are worked by steam. From these it runs into large tubs, whence it is again passed into a boiler. The moisture is then partially evaporated from it, and after it has acquired a certain degree of density it is passed into a second one. After undergoing a somewhat similar process for a third and fourth time, it becomes thick and clammy. It is then dipped out and passed into a vat, whence the molasses is suffered gradually to drain off from it. The sugar is then left in the state in which the greater portion of it is exported from this country; for it is a singular fact that the greater portion of the refined sugar, which is used in the island, is prepared in the United States and smuggled back into Cuba, in the teeth of a very heavy and almost prohibitive duty. I should apprehend, nevertheless, that this will scarcely be the case much longer, as the Cubans

* This valley is named from the cry of the Aborigines, who were massacred by the Spaniards, in 1511. Driven to the heights above the river, and chased thence by bloodhounds, they were compelled to leap into the stream. They did so with the cry of "Io mori." Hence the name of Yumuri.

are beginning to turn their attention to the process of refining sugar, and the clever machine of Mr. Hartson is already in use on several of the sugar-plantations.

On the following morning, we took the rail road to Caobas, and thence we managed to procure *volantes*, to visit a large coffee estate, which lies in its immediate neighborhood. Beautiful as the scenery through which we had passed, during the preceeding two days, had been, this far exceeded it in loveliness.

The dwelling-house of the proprietor stood in the centre of the estate. Broad avenues of the palm-tree and cocoa-nut, led from and to it, on either side. Pine-apples were sprouting hardly by the road. Indeed, there is not a fruit upon the island which does not seem as though it sprung spontaneously from the earth. All man has to do, is to stretch out his hand, to gather, and to eat. The mist, which in early morning had rested kindly on the earth, was already dispelled, and but a few light and fleecy clouds which had been gathered from the fertile earth, swept slowly over the face of the landscape. Here the bee-bird wheeled in pursuit of a vagrant fly,—cat-birds fled screaming among the branches of the broad banana, and the wild pigeon was whirling in flocks around the summits of the largest and loftiest trees. There stood a gigantic *Ceyba*, with its large and bare trunk some fifty feet in height. Thence it stretched its large and vigorous arms, the ends of which were covered with a rich and luxuriant foliage, while a complete wilderness of air-plants and parasites were thriving on the bare stems of its huge branches. Hundreds of sparkling and vivid blooms might be seen amongst them. It was as though it had been a veritable garden for the denizens of the air. On a hill, which stood at no great distance from it, was a long range of these same *Ceybas*. They had precisely the appearance of having been flattened on the top by a heavy blow from a large spade. One might have fancied it one of the

freaks of the architect of the world. To our left rose another. It was gradually wasting away its vitality, throttled, as it were, by the pertinacious embrace of the *Ficus Indicus*, or, as they call it here, the *Jaquey-Macho*. Not far from it stood the green pomegranate. Here was the graceful tamarind-tree, and the mango, while amongst them, everywhere, was the coffee-plant, spotted with its colored berries, or opening its early buds in that genial climate, as the sun had paused upon and quickened them.* Indeed, whether as flower or fruit-garden, the coffee-estate has, in my opinion, the right to an unqualified pre-eminence. Even the English garden must yield the palm to it. Be it, however, remembered, that I am here alluding only to the Cuban coffee-estate, and the wealth of tropical fruit and flower amongst which the coffee-berry here ripens. Of those in the East, I have, as yet, seen nothing, and can offer no opinion in connection with them, depreciatory of the beauties of my own land.

The blossoms of the coffee-tree are like white jasmine, and appear on the tree in thick clusters, girdling the branches with a circle of milky bloom. The tree is generally in flower from February to June, the blossom only lasting from four to five days before it falls. The fruit, which in appearance bears some resemblance to the cherry, contains two berries; with the look of which, when unroasted, the reader is, probably, as well acquainted as I am. These berries lie together in the interior of the fruit, and are surrounded with a soft and tolerably sweet pulp. The fruit is gathered singly, by the hand, and is, ordinarily for two or three weeks, exposed in the drying-yard. After this, it is passed into the mill, where it is released from the husks, and sorted, by the negroes, into its different sizes and qualities. It is then ready for exportation, and is sent to the market.

* Three or four crops are often to be found ripening upon the same tree and the berries are, consequently, gathered at different periods.

The slaves on the coffee estates are in general treated well, indeed much better than are those on the sugar plantations. They are well fed, and are allowed time to tend their own pigs and poultry. Nor is it an uncommon event for one of them to save sufficient cash to purchase his freedom. The life of the slave engaged in the culture and harvest of the sugar cane is, on the other hand, laborious in the extreme. They are frequently at work from four in the morning till six in the evening. Nor is this merely for a month or two. Little rest, in fact, is given them during seven months. Their tasks during the remainder of the year are, nevertheless, comparatively very easy.

We dined on the plantation with the proprietor, Mr. Jencks, and then returned to Matanzas. The next morning we rose early, once more deposited ourselves in the railway cars, and returned to Havana, stained into an unconscionable resemblance to Red Indians.

It would seem that such an account of the pleasure which attended this trip was given to Benedict by Mademoiselle Lind, that he, who was pretty nearly recovered from the illness under which he had been for some days suffering, found it impossible to resist the desire of visiting Matanzas. He accordingly packed himself in the cars, on the Wednesday following, and started with a trifle of baggage, to make a visit of a few days to Mr. Brinekerhof.

In the meantime, the period which had been arranged for our departure, was drawing nigh, and on the 3d of February, the steamer *Falcon*, by which we were to be borne to New Orleans, made its appearance in the harbor of Havana. M. Benedict returned on the same day, completely restored to health, and we were speedily immersed in the duties of packing and preparing for our voyage.

On the Tuesday following, indeed, we were on board, and at five o'clock the paddles of the steamer were bearing us rapidly from the limits of the bay. When we were already

far beyond the entrance to the harbor, with the sun-set rays struggling through and athwart the mass of heavy clouds, which was rolling up from the north-west, the view of Havana was singularly fine. On the one side lay the fortifications of the Moro, and on the other extended the city, the outlines of which were soon to be lapped in the advancing shades of night. Then the lamp in the lighthouse gradually stole out in the gathering darkness, and in another hour even that had melted imperceptibly into the distance.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE less that is said with regard to the degree of accommodation lavished upon the passengers on board of the *Falcon* the better. Certain is it that somewhat more than double the number which she could conveniently carry were stowed away in her. The captain had the politeness to resign his own cabin to Mademoiselle Lind. Benedict, Signor Belletti, and her Secretary, had another placed at their disposal. A third was, with some considerable difficulty, procured for Miss Barnum and Mrs. Lyman, and Mr. Barnum managed with still greater difficulty to find a fourth. As the evening fell, another cabin turned up, which was allotted to Mr. Kyle and two of his friends,—an old acquaintanceship with the purser, on his part, leading to this result. As for the rest of us, we had to pack up our persons for the night where and how we could.

My own share of the accommodation so lavishly provided in the *Falcon*, at the rate of forty dollars a head, consisted in one blanket, which was certainly not over clean, and the softest plank in the barber's shop. With these I prepared for my night's rest without any great hopes of a change for the better on the morrow. Nor, indeed, was I doomed in this to experience the pleasure of a disappointment, inasmuch as the same plank and another blanket was all that I could procure on the following night. On the third, however, I managed to obtain a mattress.

Nevertheless, I should not, while dwelling on my own miseries, omit to state that we were honored on our passage

to New Orleans with the company of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, as also with a Californian, who was indisputably a more striking attraction to the stranger than either Mr. or Mrs. Bennett. While on board the *Falcon*, this individual wore an ancient straw hat, and an even more ancient red flannel shirt, bearing altogether what may fairly be denominated an indisputably "seedy" appearance. What was my astonishment on finding that a single night passed in New Orleans had sufficed him to throw off the husk, and to bloom in all the effulgence of the precious metals. His shirt held a pin with a head of solid gold, of the size of a walnut. This was studded with tolerable sized diamonds. The buttons of his waistcoat were manufactured out of Californian ten-dollar gold pieces. He wore on his middle finger a ring of gold, the weight of which was half a pound—I have his own authority for the weight. Some ten or twelve chains of heavy gold encircled his neck, the two largest of which emulated in their substantiality the appearance of good sized cables. His pantaloons were of a light blue, seamed with a broad gold stripe, and he was shod, as it were, with silver. Such is but a faint description of the dress of this individual, who, I had very nearly forgotten to add, carried a highly respectable looking bowie knife in one of his breast pockets, and a handsome looking revolver in the other, by way of protecting himself from any over-affectionate love of the brilliant metals, of which he had seemed to constitute himself the walking epitome.

I had some conversation with him, and to do him justice, I must own that the *rouleau* seemed to flavor his very talk. His words almost appeared to smack of ingots. According to his version, California was the true "El Dorado." A man who had his wits about him, and who could not in some way or other manufacture himself \$150,000 a year in that blissful locality, was in his mind only fitted for breaking stones on the highway. Three years since he had gone there as poor

as a rat. Possibly he had mined—probably he had gambled—but, whatever he had done, he was certainly worth at the present moment half a million of dollars.

It was on the Friday morning that we entered the mouth of the Mississippi, and the *Falcon* ploughed its way up the rapid and tawny waters towards New Orleans.

At first the banks of the river were low, and covered with willows, reeds, and brushwood, for which the slime and mud, which seemed every where to overspread them, scarcely seemed to afford a rooting place. Then they gradually appeared to acquire more consistence, and here and there a tree arose among the bushes on either side. Here we at length came to a rude cottage, reared by some hardy pioneer amidst the waters, with some few roods of garden ground cleared around it. A village, if a village the three or four dwellings which formed it could be called, shortly followed, and then, by degrees, the banks began to assume a more definite character. Then came a sugar plantation, and we saw the negroes toiling at their daily task. Another rapidly followed it, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of a rich and thriving country—now passing by large and pleasant-looking mansions, having near and around them the cottages of the negroes employed in cultivating the wide expanse of the sugar fields which stretched away for many a rood behind and on either side of the house. Anon, we came closer on one of the banks, and almost jostled, as we steered our course against the rapid stream, the numerous and stout river-craft, which lay collected round some country landing-place.

Here we would see a brace of vessels moving down the stream under the propulsion of a small steam pilot-tug—and then we would come upon a schooner working her way with a favorable wind up the Mississippi. We had soon passed her, and were again gazing on the flat, but cultivated and busier banks of the river.

It was about three o'clock that we finally drew near New Orleans, and saw the buildings of the Crescent City growing upon us. The broad wharves in front of the *Place d'Armes* were crowded with persons who were evidently awaiting the arrival of Jenny Lind and her *entrepreneur*, Mr. Barnum—who, to tell the truth, was almost as much an object of Southern curiosity as herself. Nothing indeed could have presented a finer spectacle to the stranger about to land, than did this square with the wharves in front of it. The hacks that were in waiting for the passengers, were bedded in the dense mass of some ten thousand idlers—behind arose the Pontalba buildings, the Cathedral, and the different Courts of Law, forming the back-ground to the quaint and singular looking scene. Indeed, my first impression of New Orleans led me to imagine that we must in some unaccountable manner have voyaged back to the continent of old Europe, and that I was then about to enter a French city. This, however, wore off ere I had passed the first half hour on shore, and I fully realized that we were still in the New World.

Scarcely had the vessel been moored, than I saw Le Grand Smith, who was impatiently expecting us. He was soon on board the steamer, and after a brief greeting, hurried down into the cabin in search of Mademoiselle Lind and Mr. Barnum.

Meanwhile the various passengers were affording good sport to the rival boarding-house runners, who had come on board in the hope of entrapping them. Nothing could well have been more amusing to one who had an hour or two at his disposal, than resigning it to watch their efforts. One boarding-house would lie in all directions—east and west, north or south, for any who wanted it. As for convenience, everything possible or impossible was promised, until at last the unsuspecting traveller was walked off, to wake up on the morrow, and curse his stars for having doomed him to a week's rest on

a mattrass as hard as cast iron, and to break his fast with dingy coffee or weak tea, and parboiled eggs.

After some little time Jenny Lind made her appearance at the gangway. She was immediately recognised by the crowd, who rushed towards the part of the wharf, near that portion of the vessel on which she was standing—thumping, pushing and elbowing in the most enthusiastic and uncourteous of manners. Not liking, however, this species of blind admiration, Mademoiselle Jenny drew her veil closely around her features and retreated once more to the cabin of the *Falcon*. She was apparently frightened by the hungry looking pertinacity of the throng of idlers, and positively refused for the present to leave the vessel. Le Grand Smith then endeavored, and to tell the truth, with some degree of success, to draw off the attention of the crowd. He conducted a lady—her face was closely hidden by a green veil—on deck, and managed at length, as it appeared by hard persuasion, to induce her to descend upon the *levée*.

“This must be Jenny,” was the cry of some half of the idlers then in waiting, as they thronged around her, causing her considerable difficulty in reaching the carriage. At length she had entered it—the door was closed—the coachman touched his horses, and a gentleman who was standing on the steps was deposited, not on the breast of mother earth, but in the arms of the mob, as the carriage rolled slowly on.

Alas for the vanity of human desires—that Jenny Lind was only Mademoiselle Ahmansen.

Then Mr. Barnum made his appearance, also leading a lady who was closely and greenly veiled. This time, they were certain that it was Jenny, and after some trouble in procuring her an entrance into the carriage which was in waiting, a race took place between the horses and the crowd, as far as the Pontalba Buildings, where a residence had already been engaged for the Northern Nightingale. The ladies living in all the houses on either side of the *Place*

d'Armes, were out on the balconies to greet her arrival. They waved their handkerchiefs, and the crowd below shouted lustily. It was accordingly concluded that Mademoiselle Lind had received a hearty welcome. Nevertheless, it was necessary that their High Mightinesses, the mob, should be satisfied with a glimpse at her face. So, there they stood shouting repeatedly and vehemently for herself and Mr. Barnum.

Just at this time a small and dirty looking hack cab drove up to the door. No one noticed it, and many were there who heartily wished it out of the way. The door opened, and then a lady escorted by a young gentleman, quietly descended. Some inquisitive and philosophic individual, who began from his repeated disappointments, to believe in the non-existence of Jenny, pushed up to the lady, and asked her in a regular fit of desperation.

"Pray, madam, are you Jenny Lind?"

"Yes sir, I am," was the brief reply given him, as the lady disappeared with her companion through the door way.

This news was quickly dispersed among the thousands collected in the front of the house, and the cheers and calls for her again became most vociferous—this very possibly the more so, as it was now discovered that the lady in company with Mr. Barnum, on whom so much enthusiasm had recently been lavished, was merely his daughter.

In the meantime, let me confess that I had hurried away with my baggage, which had gone through the hands of the Custom House officers—determined to take a bath, and render my person and memory as clean as possible from all the unpleasant recollections cleaving to them, of "the floor of the barber's shop" on board the *Falcon*. I am, consequently, unable to detail the end of the scene from more than hearsay. The *Picayune* said on the next morning that Mademoiselle Lind played the crowd a trick and came out on the balcony attached to the second story, where nobody could see her.

As the *Picayune* was the only authority for the story, I confess, from what I have seen of Jenny, I do not think this very likely. She certainly did appear—waved her handkerchief to the crowd of admirers who were standing in the front of the building, and received a hearty cheer from the assembled multitude. After this, the populace gradually dispersed. The amusements, or rather the annoyances of the evening were not yet over, as about 11 o'clock, a procession of citizens preceded by torches, and mingled with musicians, were on their way to Mademoiselle Lind's dwelling house, with the intention of giving her a serenade. I met them on their way, and confess to having immediately turned off in another direction, for the sake of escaping the infliction. I had heard too many of the serenades given in her honor, patiently to run the risk of being compelled to listen to another of them, should chance throw it in my way, and at the same time accord me any reasonable possibility of avoiding it.

That evening I had taken up my quarters, in consequence of the lateness of the hour at which I had to commence my search for a domicile, at a species of cross between hotel and boarding house, in St. Charles street, and luckily, as the aforesaid cross turned out, only for one night.

Near me were the remains of the St. Charles' Hotel, which had been burned down some few weeks previously. Indeed, I had only to gaze from my window to see the half-dozen of broken and fragile pillars, and the tall and solitary strip of brick-work alone left standing in the vast area which the hotel had formerly occupied.

In many respects New Orleans subsequently struck me as a very handsome city. It bears, however, a strange mixture of youth and age in its general appearance. Here the buildings seem gray with years, and here they would appear no more than half-finished. Indeed, it is the only city I have yet seen in the United States, which bears any approximation to the venerable character conferred by time upon some of

the mouldering cities in the Old World. This is only, let it be remembered, in the French portion of New Orleans. It is a long,—indeed I may call it a very long, city, and a walk from one end of it to the other would be a feat accomplishable by but few Americans who have not lived in the back-woods. One of its finest portions is, in all probability, the square in front of the Cathedral, or, as it is commonly called, the *Place d'Armes*. This is magnificently laid out, yet is no more than half-finished; while even the Cathedral itself is at present, in spite of its age and respectability, undergoing the process of rejuvenescence at the hands of the stone-mason and plasterer. The very enclosure in the centre of the square is scarcely laid out. In fact, the whole of New Orleans struck me as being decidedly different in character from any American city, while it did not thrust itself into over-close companionship with my memories of Europe. Parts there were which were unmistakably like an American capital. Then one would come upon a slice from the English watering place; and, almost immediately you would stray into an unmistakable piece of old Gallicism. If anything, I must indeed own that the greater portion of its character was in keeping with the last named style of architecture, though it would, perhaps, be difficult positively to say which of the three nations had the greatest share in its general appearance.

In the meanwhile, the first concert had been announced, and the auction for it had come off on the Saturday, at the Armory Hall. The individual who officiated as auctioneer was a Mr. Palmer, a gentleman in the employ of Sykes, Hyde & Co.

Nothing could well have exceeded the eagerness which was displayed to obtain tickets. Indeed, this may be well imagined when I mention that much more than \$100 were taken at the door of the hall—the admission being only one dime. Consequently more than a thousand persons must

have been present.* It was obvious, nevertheless, that the people of New Orleans possessed among themselves no resident dabbler in notoriety, who was willing to pay a larger sum than \$600 for the chance of immortality, and the more tangible advantages of an advertisement—D'Arey, the hatter, only emulating and surpassing Genin by a few dollars.† As a whole, the auction suffered also from the certainty entertained by the inhabitants that the Swedish warbler was about to pay them a tolerably long visit, and I believe produced but a little over \$15,000. Of this, however, I do not pretend to be certain, as it was said at the time that the gross receipts averaged considerably more than \$20,000; one of the papers having even rated them at \$25,000, as I should presume, for the purpose of rebuking the vanity of the northern parts of the Union. In spite of this, I feel tolerably well assured that, so far as regards pecuniary precedence, New Orleans has to take a third or fourth rank in the scale.

On the Sabbath, we had a day of rest, and in the afternoon I drove out, with a friend, to the Ponechartrain Lake, over what is called the "shell road." Very certainly, this is the best road either in or around New Orleans. Indeed, riding in the city is horrible. I have never seen any streets so villainously paved, or, rather, as I ought to say, that it was so utterly impossible to pave well. The land is all swampy, and the ruts cut into the ground so easily, and wear so deep, that it is said, a gentleman with his carriage, and a pair of horses were literally lost in one of them. Indeed, to look at the roads, I should believe such accidents were far from being uncommon features in the physiological history of the Crescent City. This road, however, was as level as the canal, beside which it runs. The shells, with which it has origin-

* Mr. Barnum, as usual, transferred this sum to the Mayor, to be dispensed for charitable purposes.

† He purchased the first seat for \$240 premium.

ally been laid, have been pounded into a hard white powder, which, with the moisture that is a characteristic of the earth on which New Orleans is built, has formed a hard and solid concrete, that, for the time being, put me completely out of conceit with Mac-Adamization. When we arrived at Lake Ponchartrain, I was somewhat disappointed to find that there was nothing to see—the shell-road being, indeed, all that was worth looking at, there, or on our way thither. The banks were flat. There were no green hills—no masses of brilliant foliage—none of that prolific wealth and endless variety of life which was so wonderfully apparent everywhere in the island of Cuba. Trees growing, as it would seem, half in and half out of the stagnant water at the sides of the lake, were all that could be seen, save here and there a stray house, standing amidst the swamp and leafless trunks, as a lonely hostage half relinquished to the flood, to plead and bargain with it for forbearance. My companion, accordingly, turned his horses' heads and drove me rapidly home.

It will scarcely be necessary here to say much about the concert. It was given in the St. Charles' Theatre, which had been engaged from Messrs. Sol. Smith and Ludlow, for the series, and took place on the Monday following our arrival. As usual, it was excellent; and though the orchestra, save those musicians who formed a portion of Jenny Lind's party, could scarcely be considered first-rate, it ranged so infinitely better than that with which we had been favored at Havana, that I must candidly confess I enjoyed it. As for Benedict, he must have been comparatively delighted, inasmuch as something decent might be drilled out of them, in the way of harmony, by a tolerably hard share of labor. All the fiddles were in their places, and no very great error was committed by any of them. Somewhat more feeling might possibly have been needed by the acute ear of their conductor. Nay, perchance he might have asked them for a somewhat closer attention to his *lâton*. Nevertheless, it must be frankly acknowledged,

that, taken as a whole, they were a reasonably good, though not a particularly brilliant orchestra.

It had also been very clear that the audience were not disposed altogether blindly to receive and adopt the verdict of New York respecting Jenny's excellence. They were there to hear her with their own ears, and not to take her upon trust on the score of her past successes.

At the commencement of the concert they struck me as being cold—colder, indeed, than I had possibly yet seen any audience in the United State. This, however, endured no longer than until her conclusion of the first air which she rendered. This, as I believe, was the "Casta Diva." Carried away by the performance, all their reserve and stateliness was at once forgotten. The ice was melted as soon as the first rays of the sun had touched it. They broke out into warm and repeated applause, after which having gradually opened into a state of enthusiasm, they met her excellence with a glad heart and uncommonly vigorous hands. Indeed, I have seen this same gradual thaw of the audience more or less visible at several of the cities at which she has paused during her present tour. More especially, perhaps, was this the case at Charleston, where there was an evident desire visible not to applaud her until she had positively forced herself upon the admiration of those who heard her.

However, to quit for a season the more purely technical description of Jenny's concerts, let me pause to recount a pleasing anecdote, which took place in New Orleans, at this period of her sojourn there. There was a poor blind boy who had received musical talent as his share of the gifts which Nature sometimes disposes with such a bounteous hand. This lad resided in the northern part of the State of Mississippi, and had expressed such an anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing, were it but a single song, that some of his friends had raised a subscription, and sent him to New Orleans, expressly for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity. The person to

whose care he had been recommended while there, accidentally took lodgings for him in the same house with Mr. Kyle, the flutist. Some few evenings after the concert, as Mr. Kyle was sitting alone in his room, he was surprised at hearing some wild and sweet notes from a flute. These very evidently proceeded from the room next his own. After listening for some time, he said to himself, with no small share of that natural vanity of which a musician, and an instrumental musician more especially, commonly possesses a larger share than other men—

“That fellow, whoever he may be, thinks he can play. I'll take the liberty of showing him what I can do with the flute.”

Taking up his instrument he accordingly played “The Last Rose of Summer,” with variations.

The blind boy had listened to him with breathless delight, and at last emerging from his chamber, followed the sound until he came to the door of his rival's apartment. Here he stood until the last notes of the tune had ceased to thrill and vibrate upon the air. For a moment he paused, and listened on. Then, yielding to an impulse he found it impossible to restrain, he knocked at the door.

“Come in,” said Kyle: and when he had entered, not recognizing the lad, nor at the first, indeed, seeing he was blind, he inquired what he wanted.

“I play the flute,” replied the boy, “and have been drawn hither by your music.”

This was too flattering to be resisted, and Kyle rose from his seat and bowed as he listened to the compliment.

“Pray, tell me who you are?” asked the boy.

“I am a musician,” was the answer, “and am at present travelling with Mademoiselle Lind. I am one of her orchestra.”

“Are you—are you, indeed?”

Kyle now asked the lad to take a seat, and received the touching answer that he “was blind.” The slight interest

that he had previously taken in his strange visitor was now deepened, and after a short time he induced the poor stripling to explain to him the reasons which had led him to visit New Orleans. On hearing these, he felt strongly for the boy, whose love of music had led him, blind as he was, to take the present journey, simply and solely for the purpose of hearing Mademoiselle Lind sing once. He had already found that money was not as large an element in his pocket, as music was in the brain of the lad, and accordingly promised that upon the following evening, he would himself take him to hear the Nightingale. They then parted for the night. When on the following day, the hour appointed at length arrived, he received his guest—as punctual and far more eager than other striplings might be for other gifts—to hear the concert. He accordingly took the blind boy with him, and seated him on a chair behind the scenes of the St. Charles Theatre. But Kyle was unaware at the time, what a kindness he was about to do him. He had never before been at any concert—he had never even heard a tolerable orchestra—it was the first time that his young soul had stepped within the magic thresholds of the palace of harmony, and for the moment he was spell bound. As the overture to *Massaniello* was played, he remained as it were lost in wonder, and at its conclusion burst into a flood of tears. At length, Mademoiselle Lind herself appeared on the stage. Never before had he the opportunity given him of hearing any really good music, or of listening to any really great artist. He was now called upon to listen to the greatest singer the earth has of late years produced. Entranced by the flood of vivid sensations, which swept rapidly through his yearning heart, the boy listened. Dreams before unknown, and thoughts which he had never previously experienced, were called up within him. He seemed lapped in an enchantment of the senses, from which it would be more than difficult to awaken. At length, when she sang “Home,

Sweet Home," he could restrain himself no longer. Weeping, sobbing and laughing by turns, he abandoned himself to his pleasure and his tears. As Mademoiselle Lind retired from the stage on which she had been singing, she was attracted by the boy, whose state of excitement it would perhaps have been impossible to avoid noticing. She inquired who he was. Kyle told her so much of the boy's history as he had himself heard, and pointed out the affliction under which he labored. Going up to the lad she pressed his hand kindly and bade him call upon her on the morrow. He did so, and after spending half an hour with the gentle and kindly hearted songstress, quitted her with her gentle farewell ringing in his ears, and some hundred dollars richer than he had been when he first reached New Orleans.

Nor, let it be believed, are such incidents of scanty occurrence in the life of this child of genius. Could they indeed be collected, they would form a more extensive and rarer catalogue of secret bounties—then no longer secret—than could be gathered from the history of any other such prodigally gifted creature. Luckily they will be remembered when her account is balanced with the Almighty, into however profound an oblivion they may here have fallen; and will be registered against her name by the kinder of the two angels, who traces man's better and holier deeds upon the pages of the Book of Life.

Let me, however, confine my pen somewhat more closely to the materials of my present sketch.

The three first concerts had been exclusively attended by the inhabitants of New Orleans itself, and indeed, almost entirely by the American portion of its population. The claims of Jenny upon general admiration, were now to draw the larger portion of its wealthier citizens from Mobile, and to bring the planters* down from the banks of the Mis-

* The planters generally who lived up the river, when harvesting their crops, put aside a bale of cotton, which they called the "Lind Fund."—*Bridgeport Farmer*.

sissippi. In short, they were to gather into New Orleans all who possessed sufficient of a love for music to create the desire to hear her, and had money enough at their command, to ease their pockets, without inconvenience, of the amount of dollars requisite for the expenses of their journey, and the comfort of their tarrying time in the Crescent City. Moreover it drew the dwellers in the French portion of it, gradually and yet surely into the stream of its fascination, and at length convinced even the doubters and disbelievers, that they had for the first, and possibly the only time, listened to the marvel of modern vocalism.

In the meantime the weather had been varying with a rapidity and a perversity to which, for the last five weeks, we had certainly been unaccustomed, while basking in the soft and luxurious sunshine, and enjoying the calm and mellow atmosphere of a Cuban winter.

For the first two days after our arrival in New Orleans, the weather was warm, and the air had been balmy, mild, and damp. In short, there is no English word which will so well express the condition of the climate as that very vernacular expression, "muggy." On the third night we went to our beds in the conviction that the next day was to be one of much about the same temperature. Such, in the early morning, it certainly was. Towards noon the sun became, nevertheless, overcast. Heavy clouds stained the faint and faded blue of the heaven. A bitterly cold wind swept into the town, which searched us to the bone, even through the thickness of our over-coats; and ere night came on, it was pouring with a regular, heavy, and unintermittent rain. This lasted two days, or somewhat longer. Then came one day of bright, sharp, and bracing weather. Then again the sharp clean atmosphere gave way, and the same mild sunshine—the same damp, "muggy," yet glowing atmosphere which we had before experienced, once more returned upon us. This was annoying. A tough constitution, however, might have borne it

with some little discomfort, yet scarcely had we counted another twenty-four hours in the lapse of time, than the sun had once again hidden his sickly face, or had his sickly face hidden for him, in a thick mantle of heavy, dense, grey, and clammy cloud.

To say that every one of us suffered from the change of weather, is almost unnecessary. Mr. Barnum was very unwell. So was Le Grand Smith. Stuart had found out, and had the satisfaction of welcoming, a cold that was sufficiently severe in its character. So had Joseph Burke, our first fiddler. Seyton had a succession of wearing and wearisome head-aches; and as for the &c.'s of the party—for it would be of no use naming each in turn—they were all of them suffering. As for myself, I was seized upon and converted into the property of such a cold, that I own to anticipating being obliged to serve as chief mourner to my own nose, which the constant use of a pocket-handkerchief began veritably to make "shake in its hilts." M. Benedict also was taken seriously unwell, being seized with a succession of attacks, one of which resulted in a fainting fit. This unfortunately took place at the rehearsal, which occurred on the morning of our fifth concert. He was consequently obliged to return home, and but for his determination to encounter the risk of the performance, Barnum would, in all probability, have had to defer the concert for that evening.

Nor was this the worst chance which befel the party. On the Saturday following, Mademoiselle Lind herself was attacked by a very severe cold, and, at eleven o'clock, it was found that the concert, which had been previously announced for this evening, would be obliged to be deferred. Nothing could well have been so unfortunate, more especially as it had been announced as a concert whose proceeds were to be devoted to charitable purposes. This was, however, compelled to be done, and it was only upon the

succeeding Wednesday that she was once more sufficiently well to appear in public.

As I subsequently understood, the proceeds of this concert, above its actual expenses, amounted to something more than \$5000, of which \$4800 were distributed* to the different charitable institutions in the city—the balance being reserved for private charity. I ought also to remark, that one of the public charities which had proceeded against and obtained a fine from the captain of the *Falcon* for neglecting to furnish them with a list of his passengers, in accordance with the rights laid down in their charter, had originally been named by her to receive \$1000. This was at first cut down to \$500, and subsequently reduced to nothing. I confess myself totally unable to determine the merits of this decision, but as the charity itself was rich, I presume it to have been no more than a sound and wholesome rebuke.

* This sum was distributed in the following proportions:

Seaman's Home,	-	-	\$1000
Firemen's Charitable Association,	-	-	1000
Catholic Boys' Orphan Asylum, Third Municipality,		500	
Catholic Girls' Orphan Asylum, Camp street,		500	
Society for the Relief of Indigent Widows,		500	
Seaman's Bethel,	-	-	300
Boys's Orphan Asylum, Lafayette,	-	-	300
La Societe des Dames de la Providence,		300	
German Society,	-	-	300
Private Charity,	-	-	100
			\$4800

These were left at the banking house of Robb & Co., for the persons authorized to receive them.

NEW ORLEANS,

AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the Monday which followed this concert, the Firemen of New Orleans turned out to celebrate their fourteenth anniversary. The day had opened brilliantly—that is to say, the sun, shorn of the one-half of his splendor by the hands of a rascally mist, which had crept across the heavens, according to the usual custom of the climate at this time of the year, poured down its heat to be rectified by the humidity of the earth—and all the city seemed to be instinct with life, vivacity, and animation. All who dwelt there seemed, with scarcely an exception, to be out of doors. The nursling in arms, the man in all the vigor of robust manhood, and the silver-haired and staff-supported octogenarian—the last perhaps rarely—were alike in the streets. Nor was the sex, whose presence lends a grace to all society, absent. Indeed the whole city was a brilliant, living, and moving panorama. The variegated dresses of the firemen—their flags and ensigns waving in the lazy breeze—their polished engines, wreathed and garlanded with flowers, glistening in the sun—the splendidly caparisoned steeds that filled their place in the procession—[N. B. Lent by Dan Rice]—and the various cords and tassels and trappings exhibited on their limbs, seemed to emulate the gorgeousness displayed in some Eastern pageant. In addition to this, there was the music, making the air rife with a thousand

sounds—would we could say of harmony. Here was one band pathetically beseeching “Suzannar” to dry her tears,—here was another informing the venerable “Daniel Tucker” that he would fail in being home in due time for his vesper meal—and here there was another inviting the sombre-colored maidens of Buffalo to come forth and join them in a cotillion by the light of the moon—a hazy light here, whatever it might be in Buffalo.

In fact, what with the procession and the happy throngs who were circulating through the crowded streets, it was very nearly as difficult to pass them as it would have been to scale the ramparts of an enemy.

In the course of the morning, the procession advanced through Chartres Street to the centre of the Pontalba Row, in which Jenny Lind was then residing. The band struck up “Home, Sweet Home,” and the lady appeared, accompanied by Mademoiselle Ahmansen, M. Benedict, and the other gentlemen of her party, upon the balcony. At the same time, the Grand Marshal of the Firemen advanced on horseback towards it, and tendered her a splendid *bouquet*, made of the choicest flowers. Mademoiselle Lind received this with a frank and unpretending bow, and then the Marshal retired, and the procession filed past her, the members of each company raising their hats as they passed, and receiving a variety of courtseys from the Nightingale, who, it struck me, must have been rather tired with this part of the ceremony. Nevertheless, it was one of the penalties of popularity, and, as I should presume, carries with it as much pleasure as it does fatigue.

After passing through the principal streets, the procession at last paused at Placide’s Varieties, where a number of ladies were already assembled, to listen to the orator of the day. This was one of the numerous family of Smiths. I think it but right, however, to avoid mistakes, to state that it was neither Le Grand nor Sol. What Smith it was, indeed I

should feel it useless to say, save that he rejoiced in the prefix to his name of L. W.

The address was "neat, short, and to the point," as the papers next day informed us. I confess myself prepared fully to coincide with the second branch of their opinion. It was, of course, flattering and eulogistic, and was received with loud demonstrations of approbation. After its conclusion, the firemen dispersed to take a share in the convivial glass, which was circulated somewhat too freely on that afternoon. In New Orleans, indeed, drinking seems to hold its chief abiding place in the New World, and I should suppose more spurious liquor and more genuine brandy was sold and consumed in this city than in any other portion of the Union. Indeed, I can very conscientiously say, that drunkenness may be regarded as one of the more prominent features in the lower classes of this city. Scarcely, perhaps, should I in this volume have alluded to it, were it not for the service which Mr. Barnum personally rendered to the Cause of Temperance during our stay in New Orleans.

But, shortly previous to this, a letter had appeared in one of the papers—as, I believe, the *Delta*—which had very speedily been copied into the greater portion of them. This was written by Father Matthew, and acknowledged the receipt of \$500 from Mr. Barnum, which had been forwarded to him as a token of respect to the Apostle of Sobriety. I should not, perhaps, have noticed this action on the part of Mr. Barnum, but for its publicity, and because it bears somewhat closely upon a subject which, I will confess, had long puzzled me. Frankly I must own, that when I at first knew Mr. Barnum, it had appeared to me that a considerable portion of his energy in the cause of Temperance, might be traced rather to a wise and astute worldly policy, than any very earnest conviction of its actual benefits, in his own mind. This impression has fast faded away, and I am at present convinced that it is one of his great objects, apart from his business—to pro-

mote the spread of Temperance by every means in his power. An opportunity for doing something for its advantage in New Orleans, shortly after arose. This chance was given him by a request from A. D. Crossman, the Mayor of the city, and several other gentlemen, to lecture in public, on Temperance. With this request he complied, and Thursday, the 6th of March, was the evening announced for the lecture to take place. It came off at the Lyceum Hall, which is in the new building in St. Charles Street, recently erected by the Second Municipality.

The lecture was one of the most crowded which I have seen. Hundreds were turned away at the doors, and the interior of the Hall was literally thronged. As for Barnum, he was just in his element. He had an audience who were at any rate disposed to listen to him, and some portion of whom were consistent and energetic advocates of the cause. The greatest portion of his lecture was extempore. It was fresh, racy, to the point, and full of life and spirit. Some of his hits were sparkling, and told admirably; and when he at last terminated, there were but few of those who were present that did not feel he might well have continued lecturing for another half hour, although he had already been speaking for more than an hour and a quarter. On the following day, two of the New Orleans papers reported the lecture at considerable length. Indeed, the report of it which appeared in the *Crescent*—whose editor, Colonel Crockett, is one of the ablest and most consistent advocates of the cause in the State of Louisiana—was admirably given, although it, of course, had none or little of that sparkling license and humor which almost continually marked even its graver portions.

Nor, should it be observed, was it the mere fact of his giving a Temperance lecture which had so much induced the inhabitants of New Orleans to attend it, as the curious unpopularity of Father Matthew obtaining among the Protestant inhabitants of this city. This it was, which, united to

his own easy and telling style—for we can scarcely call it eloquence—which carried the day, and stamped him as the most successful of all the speakers on the subject, who had as yet lectured in the Crescent City.

Our visit to New Orleans was now rapidly drawing to a close, and Jenny Lind's last concert was announced. It was, as the advertisement stated, to take place on the Friday following Barnum's Temperance lecture, and one of the very best *programmes* which had yet been offered to the public, in this city, was announced.

Nothing could well have exceeded the singular excitement which pervaded it. Every body who cared anything for music, or who aped the love of it—a tolerably common failing both in the Old World and the New—seemed frantically bent upon seeing Jenny Lind, and hearing her for the last time. The tickets had been bid off at the Auction at high prices, on the preceding day, and those who were not disposed to pay premiums for their tickets, besieged the office at the St. Charles' Theatre, on the morning of Friday, from an early hour. At seven o'clock, it was thrown open, and immediately after a clamorous crowd had gathered around the seat of Isaac Smith, to secure the chance of an entrance and a seat. Even when all of these had been purchased, there was a constant succession of would-be purchasers, whose offers were productive of no result. Indeed, I heard, that, in one instance, a large party who had arrived from Little Rock, in Arkansas, late on the preceding day, in their anxiety to obtain tickets, had managed to despatch two of their number, separately, to the office. They of course had double the number of tickets which they required, and some seven seats were lost and paid for by them. Nor could they have the advantage of occupying both series of seats, inasmuch as the one was in the parquet, and the other in the first tier of boxes.

Our places had in the meanwhile been taken in the *Mag-*

nolia steamer for our departure to St. Louis. It had not yet arrived. We were therefore unable to start on the Saturday, and Mademoiselle Lind had a decided objection to travelling on the Sunday,* when it was not absolutely necessary. In consequence of this it was arranged with Mr. Shute, the agent and part proprietor of this splendid steamer, that we should leave at twelve o'clock on the following Monday; and it was determined by Mr. Barnum, with the consent of the "Nightingale," to give another concert on the Saturday evening. This was announced in the Theatre by Le Grand Smith, after the close of the first part of the concert. Previous to having this done, Mr. Barnum had a little hesitated at the wisdom of the step, and had indeed decided on slightly reducing the prices of admission. This hesitation must have been completely swept away before the enthusiastic token of approbation with which the announcement was received by the whole of the audience, and had any doubt still remained, it must have been dissipated when the doors of the ticket office were opened on the following morning. The influx of purchasers was immense, and again in the evening was the Theatre crowded in every part.

Indeed, as it appeared to me, it would have been very difficult to stow away a dozen more auditors in any portion of the building, without causing a positive inconvenience to those who were present. The warmth with which Jenny was applauded every time she appeared, and at the conclusion of every song,† contrasted singularly enough in my mind with

* "Mention is accidentally made of the fact that Jenny Lind declined to leave here on the Sabbath. We think that it deserves especial remark. It is equal to fifty sermons—it is a practical fact. Arrangements had been made for her concerts at Natchez and Memphis, based on her departure from here on Saturday. The boat, however, was delayed; there was yet time to keep her appointments, and leave on Sunday morning. This she at once refused to do, and declined to hold any conversation on the pecuniary less."—*New Orleans Crescent*.

† "One enthusiastic individual in the pit of the St. Charles' Theatre, New Orleans, who vociferously encored Jenny Lind in the 'Last Rose of Summer,' for the third time, finding his 'call' not responded to, rushed

the almost freezing coldness which had marked her first reception. When she finally retired, she was summoned again and again before the curtain, ere the audience were contented to lose sight of her. At length, wearied out, she retreated behind the scenes, and for what I presume is the last time, quitted the stage where she had exercised the wondrous witchery of her powers, and the singular melody of her voice, upon the inhabitants of the Crescent City.

Our work was now for the present entirely over, and as the Sabbath was invariably a clear day, I spent the afternoon with Mr. Cooper,* an old friend of mine, who had lately been appointed the Indian agent for the United States, at Utah, for which scene of his new duties, I presume him lately to have set out, as I then understood that he was to go early in the month of June.

We strolled out together, and found ourselves, almost before we knew whither we were wending, on the way to the Roman Catholic Cemetery,† which lies between Basin and St. Louis Streets. I had before taken a stroll in the larger one, for there are two of these resting places for the Roman Catholic dead. We wandered into the cemetery and paced up one of the long avenues, with the tombs rising upon either side of us.

There is much refinement and delicate sentiment, evinced in many of the memorials raised by their living friends to the departed. One more especially, however, rivetted my attention, which for its touching beauty of expression, has probably never been surpassed. It was on the side wall of the burial ground that we noticed this memorial. There was

out and made his way among the quadroon flower-girls on St. Charles street, asking, 'Have you got the last rose of summer?—where's the last rose of summer? I'll give five—I'll give ten dollars for the last rose of summer.' "—*New Orleans Picayune*.

* This gentleman had busied himself in making all the leading arrangements for Mr. Barnum's lecture on Temperance.

† The largest cemetery in or near the city, is on the right of the Upper Hall Road, that leads to Lake Ponchartrain. It is called the Cypress Grove Cemetery, and occupies a ridge of ground which is supposed formerly to have been the embankment of the Mississippi.

no display, and no long and elaborate record of the affliction of her who sorrowed for the lost one. A single line recorded the fact that a young girl of some fifteen years of age, had there been borne to her last home. Beneath is the inscription—“*Ma pauvre fille.*” I will confess that these words seem to me to contain more real pathos and honest sorrow than whole volumes of labored and studied eulogy. What is the sculptured marble or the carved sepulchre, when compared with the lowly wail of a mother’s love over her buried child? “*Ma pauvre fille.*” The three words are enough. They bring the sick-bed before us, with the solitary parent bending in anguish over the couch of that child, who is so soon to be taken from her—perchance it is her only one. Day by day she watches the slow and steady progress of disease, sapping the strength, and blanching the roses upon the cheek of her daughter, until the balance is at last struck, and the word of the Almighty Father has summoned her from the arms of her earthly parent, who, dropping on her knees beside the pale and attenuated corpse, has scarcely the strength to sob the name of her darling through her trouble, and the choking tears of her bereavement.

Tokens too were left upon some of the tombs of those who had recently been buried. Here was a wreath of *immortelles*. Not far from this was one of flowers, which had been but recently fresh; it was now withered and the fallen leaves were scattered on the ground. As I gazed on them, I asked myself, how a painter or a poet could add one touch of sentiment to this touching memorial offered to her or him who was departed. I will frankly confess that this walk saddened me. It mattered not that we had met many a straggler in the cemetery, who wandered through it with an air of utter indifference, that could not well be simulated; nor that some of the tombs were old and had sunken unevenly into the moist and clammy soil; nor that vehicles of every description were driving past the walls, while the sounds of life were borne

across the burial ground from the road without—of busy, active, joyous and stirring life—I felt oppressed, and so I believe did Cooper. At all events we spoke little, until upon our return we had left the cemetery far behind us.

The *Magnolia* had been announced to leave New Orleans at 12 o'clock, on the Monday morning, and we were accordingly on board at that hour. Mademoiselle Lind, however, had as usual taken time by the forelock, and must have been carefully stowed away in her cabin for considerably more than two hours, when I reached the boat, which was detained until one o'clock. At this time it finally quitted its moorings, and began to plough its way with its heavy wheels up the rapid waters of the Mississippi.

In the hurry of the various details which crowded our arrival, I had forgotten to mention one thing, which certainly struck me forcibly when I first saw New Orleans, from the deck of the *Falcon*. This was the crowded aspect and quick and thronging bustle of the *levée*.

This magnificent wharf or landing place, ranges along the entire length of the city, extending back some two hundred feet on an average for more than six miles. It is crowded with vessels of all sizes—shipping from almost every part of the world—hundreds of the floating-palaces, that in America they call steam-vessels, and barges and flat-boats, that are well nigh numberless. No place which I have ever seen is more instinct with bustle and activity. The lading and unlading of the various vessels and steamers—the transportation of cotton, sugar and tobacco, with the various and extensive produce of the West, on the hundreds of drays that are hurrying backwards and forwards on the *levée*—the thousands of large bales that are piled together—the casks ranged in huge squares—the constantly moving masses of people hurrying about the various landing places, and the hack carriages, which are driving to and fro, constitute a scene which is well nigh unique in its appearance, and most

certainly presents an aspect of no ordinary kind. Let it be remembered, however, that this only endures from the month of November to June. The city then gradually palsies. Life is at a premium in New Orleans, and the Yellow Fever at a discount. What wonder can there be that almost the whole of its inhabitants, who are able to do so, forsake it when this period arrives.

Nor, as I have briefly alluded but a few lines above to the navigable palaces which are provided for the personal convenience of the traveller on this gigantic stream, can I omit speaking of the *Magnolia*, in which we made the present trip. Possibly this is the finest boat upon the river, and very certainly is one of the noblest specimens of this description of architecture which I have anywhere seen. Indeed, the river navigation of Europe—for in England we have nothing that is worthy of the name—shrinks into nothingness, and worse than nothingness when compared with that which has sprung into existence on the splendid streams of this yet youthful Continent. Everything, too, upon the Southern waters is cast in so much larger a scale as regards size and comfort, that I doubt whether I shall ever again be reconciled to steam-travelling upon its more northerly rivers. Certainly the chances are rather more frequent for an explosion. I, however, frankly confess the American estimate of it has depraved the value of life in my eyes, and as long as I am not blown up myself, in one of these steamers, I shall regret their tendency to terminate in this fashion, and thank Heaven for having so far kept me from being mingled with the waters of the muddy Mississippi, as a floating mass of torn and mangled carrion. And now, let me continue my description of this boat. Every day (nor let it be imagined that I am in the least exaggerating,*) two hundred passengers, more or less, sat down to dinner at the first table. Nor, be

* This observation is addressed to the few readers I may find in the Old Country.—*The Author.*

it remembered, did this table—a single one—occupy the whole length of the boat. It was only set in the gentlemen's cabin, and was not continued either in the ladies' drawing-room at the one end of it, or in the smoking room at the other. Everything, indeed, in this boat was admirably arranged. The sleeping apartments, for I cannot call them cabins, were large and roomy, and, save in the arrangements for the beds, of which there were two in each, could scarcely remind one of those in a common steamer. The walk around their exterior was broad, and kept scrupulously clean. In short the whole service on board the boat was excellent. The table, indeed, was exquisitely arranged, and very much exceeded that of the Verandah, and consequently of any other hotel in New Orleans. One point only in the service of the dinner demanded alteration. This was the placing the soup on the table for the passengers before the dinner bell rang. Hence the soup was almost invariably cold—a special vandalism that demands attention as soon as possible.

During the first day Mademoiselle Lind was unwell, and did not appear at table. Her indisposition, however, was but slight, and speedily wore off. After this she was enabled to enjoy her trip.

When I rose on the second morning, we had already run beyond the plantations. Sugar and cotton were no longer the staple growths on the banks of the mighty stream. Culture there was none, or next to none. In the stead of the fields where the cane had recently flourished and the cotton abounded, large forests swept down to the banks of the river from the interior of the country. In many places the stream was high, and had washed over the banks and ran in curious and quaint freshets among the bare stems of the trees, and the leafless brushwood. Here we would come upon a solitary plantation, its fields flooded, and its dwelling-house, (more rudely fashioned than those lower down the Mississippi,)

standing close to the bank, and almost islanded by the intrusive waves. Then a new industry would appear to have fastened its abode upon the banks. Here was a log hut. Sometimes it would appear to be rooted in the expanse of water which spread around it, washing its very walls. Here another would rise among the leafless and barely budding trees, deposited on the only scrap of land that was as yet free from the invasion of the stream. On the bank, half in and half out of the water, would be cord after cord of wood, arranged there in a dryer period of the season for the steamers. Happily a fat buck would be hanging under the projecting roof, waiting for the first passage boat which might pause to wood there, showing that the hardy forester who dwelt in the rude domicile, was as expert in killing the game, as in clearing the wood of the wild forest.

Or if we grew tired with the view, and in good sooth the sun which blazed over forest and river might occasionally render it needful to soothe the eyes, by resting them where it pierced with a less blinding effect, than it fell with, on that vast mass of water, which was ceaselessly flowing by, we could pass into the smoking-room, and cast our eyes over that which was going on in this part of the boat.

Indeed, one great feature of these Southern boats is the style of life on the part of many of the passengers. Of this I had an opportunity of observing a specimen the first day I was on board the *Magnolia*.

The *dolce far niente* cannot satisfy the American. He must be engaged. His mind or his body must be kept in a state of restless and perpetual activity. To this quality I cannot but attribute the rapid growth of this amazing country, and its gigantic strides towards the position of the first power in the world. Strange possibly as it may seem for an Englishman to speak thus—and one, too, who loves his own country, and looks with pride on the greatness of her present position and influence over the destinies of nations,—my firm

belief is, that no one can travel through the United States and doubt that this period in their growth must rapidly arrive—speedily, indeed, if they continue to progress at the same marvellous rate which they have done for the last fifty years. Their growth has been marked and rapid as that of a young giant. Cities, and large cities, have arisen where, twenty or thirty years since, but a few log huts protected the primary settlers. Such a town as St. Louis has doubled its population, and made a stride from forty to eighty thousand inhabitants in the course of the last ten years. Man has hewn down the trees, and advanced into the wilderness where of old the Indian and the red deer had their habitation. A Mormon colony has settled around Salt Lake, and borne with them civilization and that energy which compels wealth into the heart of this vast continent. Arkansas is now populated. So is Oregon; while a new State has already grown on the shores of the Pacific into one of the most wealthy, and consequently one of the most powerful, portions of the Union.

As for the chances of a rupture with which the readers of the English press have been almost constantly regaled during the last fifteen or twenty years—a rupture which should sever the bonds which have been woven with such consummate judgment by Washington and his peers—I confess that, to a man who observes the internal politics of the country on the spot itself, if, indeed, one can call the United States *a spot* upon the earth—all fear of such a termination to their rapid growth at once vanishes. The Union must grow in strength and power. Its destiny lies before it, and even I may live to see the day when its strength may be needed by Western Europe to balance and check the strides of Russia to engross its dominion.

However, I am wandering, for this is scarcely a book in which I may discuss the probable chances and changes in the political world. Let me therefore incontinently return to the

smoking-room of the *Magnolia*. It was filled with parties who were amusing themselves with playing cards. Some—and there were but few—played at Whist. Vingt-un and Poker seemed the amusements most in vogue.

One party attracted my attention. It was composed of two respectable looking individuals, who would have passed anywhere as comfortable merchants—I use the word “comfortable,” be it remembered, in its peculiar English sense, as applying not only to the style of the persons, but also to the contents of their pockets. The third was a sharp and cunning looking man, pale, well-dressed, and partially lame. Our fourth dabbler in cards was a remarkably dashing and handsome fellow, rather over-dressed, and wearing a beard and moustachoes. His nose was somewhat long—the point pinched and contracted; and he possessed eyes of that singular and enquiring kind which always seem to be watching you and every body else. This man, I own, it was who attracted me to the table. His head was evidently full of talent, but that talent had as evidently taken a wrong direction. He played calmly and quietly. No eagerness appeared in his game. He was cool and tranquil, yet his fingers appeared to have all his brains concentrated at their points. Now they were playing with the cards, and once, I will own, it appeared to me, they dabbled unholy with the pack. Of this, however, I do not pretend to be certain. Suffice it, that in about two hours the party had ceased playing, and it was obvious that the two respectable members of the company had been tolerably heavy sufferers. One of them afterwards told me that he had lost \$750. As it struck me at the time, this was a heavy mode of paying for one afternoon’s amusement. Yet, having formerly been a bit of a gambler (not a professional one, allow me to remark, my dear reader,) it may scarcely seem an uncommonly graceful proceeding on my part to remark this. Be it enough to say, that the

smoking saloon was filled every afternoon and evening with fools who chose to lose their money, and knaves who knew how to profit by their choice, while not unfrequently, indeed, the tables were already placed there and tenanted as early as mid-day, by some of these two great divisions in all communities. Not a few of our own party, indeed, might frequently have been seen playing the former rôle there.

NATCHEZ, MEMPHIS, AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE noon and evening of the second day were gloriously serene, and when we arrived at Natchez, somewhat after six o'clock, the sun was already couching in the warm and cloudless sky. Almost did it seem to be summer—a fresh and delicious summer eve, save that the trees were as yet bare of leaf, and only beginning to bud in the genial spring of the opening year.

I immediately hurried on shore, and ascended the hill on which Natchez stands, for the sake of having a glance at the Concert Room. This was a Methodist Chapel, which might hold—I must admit with considerable squeezing—the number it was computed that it might possibly contain, 850. The Chapel, however, was not by its construction, the best adapted building which might be found in the world for a Concert Room, and being tolerably low with a wide gallery round the sides of the interior, in which more than 200 of the 850, could stow themselves away, it scarcely appeared to me that it would be an excellent one for sound. As for the platform on which the orchestra were to be placed, it was miserably dwarfish in its proportions, while Benedict, himself, had to conduct them from the reading-desk of the minister—a novel position, as it must fairly be confessed, for any musician.

As the evening grew gradually on, the crowd of those who held tickets began to throng towards the Chapel, and long

before the hour of eight, the room was full. Nothing indeed could exceed their delight—or, as I ought to say, the triumph which they displayed at having induced Jenny to sing there, as nothing could surpass their eagerness to hear her, in consideration of which, they had with an unanimity which was wonderful, considering the size of Natchez, posted up about \$7000. This may be reckoned as a delicate token of their admiration for the fair songstress, whose notes they had the opportunity of listening to. Meanwhile I wandered through the town. There was but one subject of conversation in it. One thought alone which seemed to occupy every mind. Need I say that this subject and this thought were “Jenny Lind.”

She filled the mouths of the linen-draper, the chemist and the paper merchant. I heard a stationer mutter “Jenny Lind,” as he was rolling up some writing paper, which I had purchased of him. The hulking vagabond who was lingering about the drinking shop, could only speak of her. You came on a group of negroes talking together, and as you passed them you heard the name of “that lubly and good creature ‘Jenny Lind,’” mumbled above the general murmur which was grumbled forth by their peculiarly euphonious voices. Those who had profited by the opportunity of buying and the means of paying for their tickets, were at present hearing her, while those who had possessed neither, were conversing about her. In fact, by her mere arrival in Natchez, Jenny Lind had tacitly and completely for the time being excluded every other subject from the intellectual contemplation of that city. At length, for such moments—absolute as is their empire—endure not long, the concert came to an end. To-morrow the Swedish songstress was to give way to the pressure of daily labor, and the active presence of the thousand and one cases of money-making and money-getting, while the duties of position and of rank—for even in Republican America there is such a thing as social rank—were to

resume their old and wonted first place in the minds and habits of the present devotees of music.

In eight or nine days, the wonder of the moment was to be comparatively forgotten. She would have passed as the wild bird that passes on the wing. She had stopped, but only for a moment, and then she resumed her flight. Those who had listened to her voice in Natchez, would hear it there no more. Nothing but the vague memory of its melody and its music would be left them.

Well, as I before said, the Concert was over and we descended the hill for the purpose of entering the *Magnolia*, which we had left attached to the landing place, by sundry tolerably strong cables. What was our astonishment to find it no longer there. We afterwards learnt that it had proceeded to the other side of the river, about a mile above the town, for the purpose of "wooding up" as it is here called. While performing this very necessary duty, the boat had grounded, and it was some time ere she at length managed to scrape off the shore. This we, however, learned afterwards. For the present we were left in a state of agreeable uncertainty. Some concluded that she had driven off the shore, run a "snag"^{*} into her bows and gone peaceably and tranquilly to the bottom. Others, amongst whom I am free to confess that I was one, leant to the infinitely more probable supposition, that she had blown up and altogether vanished as a definite whole from the waters of the Mississippi. At any rate we had the satisfaction, musicians and all, of cooling our heels for a considerable time on the banks of the river, ere we finally saw the *Magnolia*, sound and whole, rounding the point at the turn of the stream. Nor can I say but that my ears were sharp enough to detect an occasional oath in French, Spanish, German and English, now

* This is the trunk of a tree, which has drifted down the stream until it has lodged against some obstruction in the bed of the river. Here the mud and clay gradually form round it, holding it firmly for the purpose of catching and "snagging" some unfortunate vessel. Note for the English Reader

and then breaking on the stillness and silence of the night. Mademoiselle Jenny laughed at us all, and enjoyed the incident, as I understood, mightily, although I must confess that it struck me she might not have found it one of the most agreeable incidents in her travels in the United States, had she been compelled to remain in Natchez that night. Indeed the hotels in this class of town, are anything but comparable with such houses as the Revere in Boston, or Willard's Hotel at Washington.

On returning to the steamer, and after supper, I took a turn along the upper deck, in the glorious moonlight which was now streaming fully and clearly on the flood over which the steamer panted on its way, smoking a cigar, which I own to having smuggled from the Havana, and dreaming of many things. There is probably nothing in life which so strongly creates the tendency to think and muse, as travelling in this manner. One has no duties to perform, nothing to occupy the mind or distract its memories, and so it is allowed to wander at will over the chance and change of the present and the past, or to indulge in pleasanter dreams of the future.

The following day broke cloudily and gloomily over the banks of the river, and occasional streaks of rain fell through the morning. As for me, I read, ate, drank and smoked until evening came over the stream, and veiled the distant banks in darkness.

We were not, however, destined entirely to be without amusement. Benedict had arranged some music, and about eight o'clock it commenced to a full audience. He played a duet with Burke, whose performance on the violin I never relished more than I did on this occasion, save when I had heard him, some year and a half since, play a concerto of Mendelssohn's, (Opus 64,) at the Philharmonic; one of that class of works which are cut out from the enjoyment of the profane, by their length and the thorough science exhibited in the details of their composition. After this—the duet, and

not the concerto—followed a quartette. Then Belletti sung one of his own dashing airs, and, finally, Jenny Lind was requested to indulge the company with “*only* one air.” After some little doubt and graceful hesitation, she complied.

When she commenced singing, I was standing in the smoking saloon, and was somewhat amused with the remarks of a gambler who had been playing at one of the tables ever since dinner.

“Is that Jenny Lind? Good God! I’ll go four better.”

This was, of course, responded to.

“Why I’d give five dollars, any time, to hear her. Oh, very well.” He looks at his cards. “I think I can afford three more.”

A brief pause took place, and then he lifted up his head and looked to the far end of the dining saloon. “And so she really is singing. How devilishly provoking. Ah, I do not think this hand is worth more. Allow me—wait a moment—to call you.”

By this time, I had myself stolen out of the range of his voice, where I might hear Jenny’s melody gushing around me, and in another instant would—had that been possible—have dismissed him from my memory. This, however, I was unable to do, and found myself—in spite of the enchantment of her musical accents, every whisper of which was melody—looking back, from time to time, to see whether the love of music or the love of play was to carry the contest. Alas! There could be no manner of doubt. Ever and anon, it was certainly true, would he gaze, longingly, towards the end of the apartment where Jenny stood; but, as he did so, his eyes would revert, almost unconsciously, to his cards, and to the piles of red and white counters that were doing duty as dollars and as half dollars. Plutus had the victory over Apollo—as he too generally has over every one of the kindlier and better duties, which either soothe our graver, or trifle with our lighter hours.

He would have given five dollars to hear her, but he could not risk the hazard of failing to win twenty by absenting himself from that table for scarcely more than twelve or fifteen minutes.

Early next morning, we passed Napoleon. This village—for it certainly seemed to be no more—was undergoing the delightful ceremony of being flooded by the Mississippi—one half of the houses having one half of their first floors under water; the other half not yet indulging to a similar extent, but throwing bridges from their doorways, across the flood, to the nearest dry spot, in the vain hope of attracting a visitor. I have in this short bit of description, disposed of the whole of the tenements which were visible. However, in order to avoid the risk of inducing my readers to underestimate the size of the habitable portion of Napoleon, in reasonably dry weather, let me state that I have not attempted to compute the number of dwelling-houses, which may very possibly have been totally submerged. One large building was standing, half-built, (of course all operations in brick and mortar were for the present suspended,) somewhat to the right of the town, in the wide waste of muddy water which appeared to be some twice or thrice as muddy as is the Mississippi itself, in its darkest and muddiest phase. Le Grand Smith opined that it must be a “Lunatic Asylum.” The hit told well, and we laughed heartily at it, without suspecting that the truth itself was a far better jest. Yet so it proved to be. An elderly gentleman, who was at the moment standing near us, informing him that he must certainly be laboring under an error, as he himself positively knew what the building was in process of erection for. “In fact,” he said, “it is in process of erection for a ‘Marine Hospital.’”

Whatever this building might be intended for, we had soon left it, and were once again rapidly ploughing our way up the centre of the stream—the large wheels trenching the swift waters in their course, and churning them into a long line of

tawny and flaky foam—until we once more paused. This time we were to make a somewhat longer stay. We had arrived at Memphis. Here Mr. Barnum had entered into arrangements for Jenny Lind to give her second concert on the river. I landed, and scarcely had I emerged from the crowd who were collected round the vessel, than I stumbled over an old friend from New York. After our first greetings were over, he told me that the inhabitants of Memphis were extremely discontented that Barnum had only arranged to give them a morning concert. Indeed, he actually anticipated a somewhat scanty attendance. This was shortly after proved to be no more than mere fancy upon his part. Scarcely had the hour arrived, at which it had been announced that the doors would be opened (this was eleven o'clock), than those who had secured seats began to flock into the Hall which had been selected for the occasion, while those who had no tickets of admission, thronged on the outside of the building, in the hope of catching a stray glimpse at the Northern Nightingale, and hearing no more than a few accents lavished on the air by her delicate, yet clear and telling voice.

In some respects, the Hall was uniquely and oddly designed. The architect had gone to work largely and spaciously. In the arrangements there was little that could be found fault with. Its appearance as a whole was, nevertheless, anything but satisfactory. The building was, in fact, what in the vernacular tongue would be called lop-sided, a tolerably large gallery having been thrown out of the Hall completely to the right of the stage, and immediately over the lobby.

One thing I had here the opportunity of observing, which I will take the liberty of remarking on. No where, either on this continent or in Europe, have I seen pearl-powder and white paint used in such profusion as they were at Memphis. Apparently, they had not been laid on the delicate skins of

the women with a brush. As I should rather suppose, they had been plastered on with a palette-knife, or trowel. Indeed these two assistants to a fair complexion are in great vogue all the way up the Mississippi, and I may candidly confess that until I arrived at Memphis, I had literally believed it impossible that the passion for these cosmetics could in any case exceed that displayed by the gentler and fairer of the two sexes in New Orleans. I was wrong, and I own it. Some few ladies certainly there were, who ventured a no more tangible acquaintance with the powder-puff, than could be conveyed in a slight sprinkle of the face. This gave them something the appearace of a plum from whose skin the bloom has not yet been brushed,—a clean, vamped up, and varnishy style of look, that might be considered in its class as first rate. Others there were who had veiled their faces so completely with pearl-powder, that I am more than half inclined to believe they might have attended a masquerade, unmasked, without any fear of being recognized by a member of their own family who had chanced to have breakfasted with them. No profane eye could pierce the paste or powder, and divine either the tint of the skin, or natural expression of face, which lay beneath that thick and heavy shroud of white ash.

How woman can so far lend a hand to the destruction of native charms which a bounteous Maker has bestowed upon her, it would be hard to say, and how man can love a face whose skin is all but made away with by the powder-puff, is to me, an even more difficult riddle. Yet such is civilization. The Red Indian streaks his nose with red ochre, and colors his eyebrows with bright yellow, besides staining his cheeks with a deeper and tawnier hue. Civilized man, with as great a contempt for nature, shaves himself out of all resemblance to the original type in which he was cast, and denounces the Red Indian as nothing better than a copper-colored brute and painted savage. While woman,

beautiful—for I will confess that, but for this, in the Southern part of the Mississippi she would be very lovely—woman paints her fair skin with a yet more liberal hand than the copper-colored individual above alluded to, and it is regarded by herself and her friends as one of the necessary elements of refinement.

Nevertheless, neither paint nor powder-puff prevented the concert from going off admirably, although a slight change in the *programme* had been necessitated by the illness of Mr. Kyle, who had been seized with a complaint which is far from being uncommon on this river. It consists of severe pain, connected with an almost total inability of motion in the arm and shoulder. The change had been effected by cutting out the *Flute Trio* from the *Camp of Silesia*, and substituting the air from Handel's *Messiah*, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which Mademoiselle Jenny had been previously solicited to give them in compensation for the extreme hardship they were about to experience in attending a morning concert. I must say that the audience bore their deprivation admirably, and enjoyed the one to the full as much as they would have done the other, had it been offered to them.

This time when the concert ended, we were not exposed to a similar *contretemps* with that which had befallen us at Natchez. The steamer was waiting for us. No great time elapsed before we found ourselves in its saloon, and its active paddles were speedily sweeping us up the stream at some fifteen miles an hour.

It was close upon three o'clock when we arrived at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Nothing could well have been grander than the meeting of these large and rapid rivers. The banks were low. The grandeur lay in the expanse of water and the proportions of the scene. Before us was the State of Illinois, stretching down with its long tongue of land between the two streams. To our right was

Kentucky, and to our left Arkansas, stretching down to the banks of the Mississippi, covered with the ash and oak and pine of its almost boundless forests. As the two floods, each swollen far beyond its usual height, united and rolled beyond the extreme point of Illinois, the *Magnolia* ploughed its way athwart the waves of the one stream and entered on the waters of the other. A city named Cairo—filthier and more woe-begone, as it seemed to me, than the Egyptian Cairo—crouched upon Illinois. It presented a lamentable spectacle of dilapidation and the rot. As I gazed on this tomb of speculation and grave-yard of money,* and traced the dampness and decay of the spot mouldering the walls gradually away, something—it was but a slight tinge, good reader—came over me of that feeling which I have felt when standing in the unwholesome neighborhood of Rome. I confess that I welcomed it. It was a refreshing little bit stolen by the present from antiquity and saddled on to a new city. Malaria very certainly had a hand in it, and so had mud. The one undermining man, and the other playing the very deuce with his works. One of the hotels in this town stood close to the landing-place, bearing the magnificent name—conferred upon it by some enthusiastic German, from the rich store-house of his own wealthy memory—of the *Europaischer Hof*, drawn on it in splendid letters that must have measured at least a foot in length. They were superbly black. It possessed one door and a single window.

In the first of these, the landlord and landlady were standing, accompanied by their faithful—pshaw, I had almost written “dog,” let me preserve myself from any tendency to romance and say, pig. They were gazing on the passing boat, probably wondering whether she contained any luck-

* A company had tried, some few years since, to settle this part of the bank, largely. However, the nature of the ground did battle, and, what is more, successfully. This Cairo of the present, is what the Cairo of the past *originally* may have been.

less soul, who might be converted into their guest for the night. Alas, as far as the *Magnolia* was concerned, this was hopeless. She was soon paddling up the Ohio, on her way to meet the *Lexington*. In this boat we were now to make the remainder of our journey.

I must confess that Le Grand Smith—from whom we here parted, and who continued with Captain Thomasson, in the *Magnolia*, on its way to Louisville—had very decidedly the best of the whole party. The less that is said about the accommodations on board the *Lexington*, the better. Nothing could well have been greater than the contrast with those presented by the arrangements of the *Magnolia*. Something approaching three hundred passengers more than rooms could be provided for, were on board the boat. The table was laid three or four times for breakfast, three or four times for dinner, and three or four times for tea. The very wine on the table* was no better than vinegar. As for the sleeping, at ten o'clock, the cabin presented a tolerably close approximation, in appearance, to a military hospital. Here lay one individual who had kicked the clothes off him, and lay rejoicing in a state of unconscious nudity. The next had gone to bed in a calico nightcap, and had the modesty to wear his trousers, the end of which, with his feet, might be seen projecting from the lower part of the blanket which formed his covering. The floor was literally paved with beds and their tenants, presenting a style of life only inferior to that which had prevailed on board the *Falcon*, during our passage from Havana to New Orleans.

In fact, the boat was so unpleasantly arranged, and in every respect so unlike that which I had expected, that I cannot ask my readers to linger over its internal arrangements any

* Indeed, the wine rendered the Temperance Lecture which was administered by Mr. Barnum to the passengers, on the Sunday morning, totally unnecessary. Were such wine alone in the market, I have little doubt that Temperance would take the place of wine-bibbing as a physical excitement.

longer. Cooking and everything else were alike bad; and, after passing two days penned up with four hundred and twenty others, I must grant that it was with something like joy I arrived at St. Louis, and bade adieu to the Captain—a comfortable-looking individual, who appeared to thrive and fatten upon the waters of the Mississippi, for I will be hanged if there was any possibility of his managing to do so on the table of his boat. I conclude that Jenny Lind was even more delighted to get on shore than I was. At least, so the expression of her brow led me to believe, as I saw her leaning on Benedict's arm, on her way to the carriage which was provided to bear them to the Planters' Hotel.

ST. LOUIS, NASHVILLE, AND LOUISVILLE.

OF every city which I had visited upon our *tour*, up to the present time, not a doubt can exist but that the one in which I now found myself, made at first the most unpleasant impression. Nor, indeed, can a doubt exist in any mind capable of forming a natural and unbiassed judgment, but that St. Louis is muddier in wet, and dirtier in dry weather, than any part of the United States, which is by common consent allowed to be habitable. When mud is in vogue, some of the streets are literally impassable. When, on the contrary, it is dry, and there is a tolerably fresh and brisk wind stirring, it raises the dust in such heavy clouds that he must have tolerably sharp and piercing eyes who could manage to make out any object which was standing at more than twelve yards distance from the end of his own nose.

This morning the city was in one of its muddier phases. The sky was of that fresh and deep blue which most generally follows a day's rain. A sharp and brisk breeze swept down the streets, which somewhat resembled the March winds in the Old Country ; it was, however, scarcely so chilly. The roads were more than ankle-deep in filth, for it had been raining very heavily for the last four and twenty hours. The cross-ways had vanished, or made their appearance here and there through the half-liquified roads in the shape of an isolated block or two of stone. Some few, indeed, of the streets were closed against all but pedestrianism of the most

daring class. Indeed, did I phrase it correctly, I should say that a man who had not yet sounded the mysteries of their navigation, and attempted, in complete and utter ignorance, to steer safely through their thousand perils, would run no small risk of drowning. Nevertheless, it must honestly be granted, that such dangers are at once swept away by the first few days of clean and drying weather, and after these paused with us, I will confess that I began to take a juster view of St. Louis, which I had previously regarded merely as a huge reservoir, devoted to the manufacture of mud on a wholesale scale, by the joint operation of Art and Nature. St. Louis is, in point of fact, a large, handsome, and rapidly growing city. Possibly the very rapidity of its increase may contribute to foster the inconvenience which I have here complained of; for, let it be remembered, that this city has actually doubled a population of more than thirty-four thousand in the last ten years. Nor, indeed, should I be much surprised were it again to double it in the course of the next fifteen. Everything is in its favor. It lies admirably as the main point to be passed by the railroad to California, whenever that is commenced. Moreover, it has been laid out as if with a thoughtful and attentive eye to its future destiny. Nothing could well be grander than the width and general character of all the streets to the west of Fourth—the principal street of the city. I feel compelled, however, at the same time, to own that nothing could well be worse than the style in which they are paved. Land, as I should presume, must have been cheap when the upper portion of the city was laid out, and very wisely those who possessed the ground did not think fit to stint it in placing their buildings—wisely, indeed, for some day, and this perhaps at no great distance of time, St. Louis will become the central city of North America, and the great emporium for the interchange of its own produce, as well as the tarrying place for the merchandise of the stranger, whence it may be spread all over the interior of the country. In its

style of building and manner of living, it bears far more resemblance to New York than any city which I have yet seen, and in a hundred years more it bids fair to be close upon its traces, both in size and prosperity.

The auction for the first concert had been already announced, for this morning, and owing to our not being here on the previous evening, time was scarcely given us to prepare for it. Long, indeed, ere the hour appointed—ten o'clock—drew near, the Hall* was full.

From what cause, I am of course unable to determine, but strangely enough, this auction did not produce nearly so much as that for the second, which was held upon the following Wednesday. The more fashionable inhabitants of St. Louis seemed not to feel any inclination to be present. In spite of this, the first ticket produced \$150 premium. It was bid for, by, and knocked down to, Mr. Byron, who kept the liquor saloon immediately adjoining Bates' Theatre.† However, as I have already said, the first auction in St. Louis did not go off well—its gross receipts being somewhat less than \$8000. The concert room, which had been selected by Sol Smith, who had come on from New Orleans a week before, at Mr. Barnum's desire, to make all the preliminary arrangements in this city, was Wyman's Hall. This was an excellent room for sound. In size it was somewhat scanty, and we mention this as probably being the reason which eventually induced Barnum to decide on giving five concerts in St. Louis—the number originally determined on, having been three. Moreover, Wyman's Hall possessed one great and decided advantage over any other concert room or theatre in the Union. This, however, was an advantage to the inhabitants of St. Louis, which Sol Smith had very certainly not originally

* This auction was held at Wyman's Hall.

† Barnum repaid him by delivering a Temperance Lecture on the Friday following, at Ludlow & Smith's Theatre. On this occasion, it was, that Sol Smith took the pledge.

calculated upon affording them. Not a note was touched in the orchestra, or breathed by Jenny Lind, but might be heard in the street below as clearly and distinctly as if they had been uttered there. In consequence of this, when the night came, it was not the concert-room alone that was filled. So were the houses near and round the Hall—so were the house-tops at the rear of the building—so also was the street, and so also was the gravel plat on the side of the Court House, which was opposite the Hall. Nor do I conceive that I am using the slightest exaggeration when I state that close upon six thousand persons must have been there collected with the *bona-fide* purpose of listening to the stray notes which might steal to them through the opened windows. To tell the truth, they had a very capital concert, as well as a perfectly gratuitous one.

So decidedly was this the case, that as I was leaving the Hall on the evening of the second concert, somewhat ere it had come to a close, I was touched on the arm. I turned as well as it was possible to do in the crowd, that the police could not restrain from rushing towards the door.

“Excuse me, sir,” said a man who was standing amidst the thronging lovers of music, clustering and pressing around me, “but would you have the kindness to tell me whether Jenny Lind has yet sung the ‘Mountaineer’s Song.’”

“No, sir,” was my reply.

“Ah,” was his answer as he again relapsed into an attitude of silent expectation. “I am very much obliged, sir. Pray do not let me detain you.”

As he ceased, the notes of the opening stanza of “The Last Rose of Summer” stole faintly through the windows of the Hall.

Certainly *he* did not detain me, but it was impossible for one who really loved music, to move and destroy the pleasure—stolen though it was—so many enjoyed in listening to her. I accordingly remained without stirring, until she had

concluded the ballad, and the applause of those who were standing near me burst forth even more vigorously and violently than did that of the audience, who were listening to and enjoying her exquisite skill and vocal science within the Hall.

However, let me retrograde to the auction* which preceded this concert. At this sale, it was very evident that a widely different class of purchasers were present. From the commencement of it, the seats commanded far better premiums, and the results, I should consider, must have exceeded those of the first sale, by three or four thousand dollars.

A new duet, which had been composed, or rather arranged on some Tyrolean melodies, by Benedict, for Mademoiselle Lind and Signor Belletti, had been first given by these vocalists, during their stay in New Orleans. This was now one of the features of this concert. I relished it much better than I had at first done, greatly as I had even then liked it. It is an excessively sprightly and charming piece of music, and is altogether a much more favorable example of Benedict's talent, than the air he hurried into the world to Bayard Taylor's words, (fluently and cleverly written as even that was,) the first week of his arrival in America. Indeed justice has scarcely been done to Benedict, since he has trodden

* The following advertisement, which appeared in some of the papers, may probably be worth noticing.

"PRAIRIE HOUSE COURSE.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19TH, 1851.

Purse \$30—Free for all trotting horses that never started for money.
Mile heats, three best in five, to go in harness.

The following entries already made:

J. Millspaugh enters

b. m. Jenny Lind.

P. McGivney "

b. h. Barnum,

R. Holbrook "

s. h. Benedict,

Yankee "

a. c. Belletti.

Horses to start precisely at 3 o'clock, P. M.

 Sale of choice seats at auction, commences precisely at 1 o'clock.
Who will be the *lucky individual*.

H. DOYER."

I believe the match was won by Benedict.

these shores. His name has, as it were, been veiled in the enthusiastic admiration excited by the Nightingale. Certainly he has been looked upon by the public as a skilful and accomplished musician, *i. e.*, a thoroughly good conductor, and a very clever pianist, while his claims upon reputation as a composer, have been well nigh entirely overlooked. That this is scarcely the justice which he had a right to expect, is very visible when I recall the number of his works which have been produced at the concerts given by Mr. Barnum, and which have met with the most flattering of possible receptions. "Take this Lute," the telling march from the Opera of the *Crusaders*, that spirited bit of turbulent passion from the *Zingara*, "Nembi Fremete," the study for Violin and Piano, composed by De Beriot and himself, "By the sad sea waves," a ballad from his *Brides of Venice*, and this Duet itself, are no slight number of serious claims upon the attention of one who understands music, and would at all wish to be considered a judge of it. Nevertheless, it must fairly be owned, that in a book of this description, critical disquisition is so entirely out of place, that I feel inclined to hand over this portion of it to the calmer consideration of the reader, who, should he be musical, has in all probability one great advantage to assist him in forming a correct valuation of his genius—that of being personally unacquainted with him.

Let it not, meanwhile, be imagined that St. Louis was entirely dependent upon those means of amusement which our arrival had placed at its disposal. Miss Cushman was performing at Bates's Theatre, and Tom Thumb had reached this city, on his road North from New Orleans. In consequence, Song, Tragedy, and the Rarie Show, each had their terms of ascendancy. It might, however, be observed by one who relished such examinations, that Tragedy and the latter amusement were, in general, polite enough to leave Song its nights clear.

There was little or none of the country, round St. Louis, that I found it possible to see. We remained here barely ten days, and in this time we managed to give five concerts. Hence it may be surmised that we were anything but idle. Naturally, there was no time left at my disposal to become acquainted with the neighborhood. Not, indeed, that there could be much that was worth seeing, at this period of the year. In a week or more—probably in ten days, the trees would again be breaking into leaf. Nature would once more be wrapping the wakening earth in her green mantle of life and beauty. Sward, and shrub, and tree would alike be painted by her cunning hand. Not a blade of grass, but would laugh up to the heavens brighter and richer than it had done through the long months of the sluggish winter. Everything would again sparkle into youth. The lap of Mother Earth was already throbbing to the glad Spring, with its annual process of gestation. This was assisted by the occasional showers which both soaked and softened the soil, in and round St. Louis, during the week. Indeed, the Saturday evening, which had been arranged for the third concert, was wet in the extreme; and as I tumbled into my wrapper and expanded my umbrella, I congratulated myself, heartily, upon the chance which had given earth its sprinkling at the present moment, as the entrance and exit to the Hall would, possibly, be somewhat more free than they might have been on a clearer and brighter night.

Unfortunately, this was not the case. I must confess to having singularly underrated the musical and non-paying enthusiasm of St. Louis. It utterly despised the prospect of being soaked, and sneered at the probabilities of a wet skin. The same crowd, or a similar one to that which I had seen on the two preceding evenings, crowded the exterior of the Hall, with their umbrellas dripping with wet—a perfect nuisance to anybody who had to pass them. I frankly own to growing savage, for I had calculated on making my entrance

and exit this evening, in spite of the rain, with something approaching comfort. This was not to be. About half an hour after the commencement of the concert, I had occasion to go to the office of the *Republican*, respecting an advertisement, and, as I quitted the corridor leading from the entrance, again met the same person with whom I had interchanged a few words, on the preceding Wednesday.

"Pray, sir," said he, "would you have the kindness to explain to me—"

"No."

"But, sir—"

"Go to the devil," I ejaculated, impatiently, as I pushed by him. I was recalled to my senses by a severe dig in the middle of my ribs, from the point of his elbow, and, to tell the truth, it lost none of its force from the fervour and good will with which it was administered. Nor was there any possibility of returning the favor, as I was hustled on by the crowd to some distance, and when I at last managed to face round, found that we were widely enough apart. He was an elderly gentleman, and wore a pair of gray spectacles with blinkers attached to them. Such are the chances of life and—incivility.

I should presume, on thinking the matter over, that the question he was about to put to me, was, how soon Jenny would sing, or whether she had yet sung the Air from the *Messiah*, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which was to be given on this evening, and which excited far more enthusiasm here than it had done upon our present *tour*,* if we set Boston out of the question.

The two best concerts were given on the Monday and Wednesday. They were crowded, although the auctions did not go off quite so brilliantly as they had previously done. The inhabitants of St. Louis were still willing to pay five dollars

* I should be disposed to attribute this to the fact that, as I have previously said, Oratorios are not greatly relished by the Americans.

for their tickets. They had, however, begun to cool down wonderfully in their opinions of the sagacity of paying the three or four dollars, or even the two, and one and a half, which were produced in the shape of a premium on the tickets in the auction room.

It had been settled that we were to leave for Nashville* on the Wednesday night, immediately after the last concert, and, accordingly, I found myself, after a kindly leave of some few acquaintances I had managed to form during my ten days' residence in St. Louis, and a cordial squeeze of the hand to Sol Smith, on board of the *West Newton*. All I can say of this boat is, that we had a fat and very polite captain, who looked, on the score of his fat, uncommonly like an Englishman—possibly, he was one. The steamer itself was much upon a par with the *Lexington*. It did not, however, carry so many passengers, some kind of stipulation having been entered into with the owners of it, to restrict the boat from being overcrowded.

On the morning of Saturday—it was, I believe, March 30th—we were finally at Nashville, and before the boat touched the shore, we saw Le Grand Smith and a Mr. Edward T. Nichols, who had joined the company at New Orleans, waiting for our arrival.

They were speedily on board, and, after the usual greetings had past, gave us a highly favorable report of the disposition of Nashville, with respect both to Jenny Lind and Barnum. Le Grand then accompanied the lady on shore to

* Previous to quitting St. Louis, it may be mentioned that Mademoiselle Lind and Mr. Barnum sent the sum of two thousand dollars to Mr. Kennett, the Mayor, through Mr. Stuart, to be distributed in the following manner :—

To the Orphan's Home	\$250
“ Protestant Orphan Asylum :	250
“ Catholic Male Orphan Asylum	250
“ German Ladies' Benevolent Association	250

and for the relief of distressed emigrants of every nation, one thousand dollars—the latter sum to be paid over to the party appointed to receive the same, as soon as a Society can be duly organized for that purpose.

the City Hotel, at which she herself, Benedict, Mademoiselle Ahmansen, Signor Belletti, Seyton, and Max Hjortzberg, were quartered. As for his prediction, corroborated as it had been by Nichols, touching the disposition of the inhabitants of Nashville, one half alone, and that the first, turned out to be true. The last half, in short, bore a strong approximation to a swindling style of liking, as most of our readers will perceive when we terminate our visit to this place—a place, indeed, whose only virtue is to be traced in the rare beauty of its women. There is, in fact, far more female loveliness in Nashville, than you will find in any other city in the Union. Scarcely will you turn down any street in which five out of every half-dozen females you meet will not be good-looking; while, at the least, three of them will be positively handsome. It would be needless to say that, this being the case, the men have but little pretension to a share in the beauty of the city. Indeed, it might almost seem as if Nature actually struck the balance fairly enough in this respect—allotting a certain portion of good looks to be shared between the two sexes, and cleaving with enthusiasm to the abstract principle implied in the undue participation of the beauty, she has to distribute, by either sex.

On the Sunday morning following our arrival, Mr. and Miss Barnum, together with Mrs. Lyman and Stuart, drove out to see the "Hermitage," which had formerly been the country seat of General Jackson. I did not; yet had I known at the time that Mrs. Polk was living at Nashville, I should certainly have managed to be presented to the widow of one of the greatest men who has filled the Presidential chair since the death of Washington. Possibly it may not be respectable, as it certainly is not Whiggish, to say so at the present moment. This I cannot help. Probably, had he never been elected President, he might never have been heard of. This I think very likely. But, if so, the loss would have been that of the nation, rather than his own. As President,

his was the hand that bound together the two shores of this vast continent, and opened a path to empire, of which the United States have, as yet, barely trodden the first steps. Taylor and Scott, and every other name bequeathed to glory by the war with Mexico, were but tools in the hand of a wiser and more able workman. Whatever is the verdict which party may now pronounce upon him, he will be recognized by the future. To posterity, he will be the man who laid the coping-stone to the fabric of one of the most colossal empires which have yet sprung into existence.

I am, however, at Nashville, and feel compelled to return, albeit unwillingly, from my wandering in the seductive fields of political disquisition, to my narrative. The auction, which had already taken place on the morning of our arrival, had gone off well; the first ticket having been knocked down at a far larger premium than might have been expected—as much as \$200 having been bid for it. The Concert itself had already been advertised to take place upon the following Monday, at the usual hour.

Nothing could well have less approximated to completion than did the amount of alteration which was being undergone by the Theatre on the morning of our arrival. Doors had been removed which were not yet replaced. The plastering was here and there broken in large fragments from the brick and lathe-work of the walls. Large holes were yawning in them, over broken benches. Ladders were leaning against the pillars which supported the Boxes. The scaffolding had yet to come down. Men were at work; and, hammer and nail were clanging together with an industry which smacked but slightly of completion.

Nevertheless, the Theatre was opened upon the Monday. I will grant that it was both unfinished and comfortless. What, however, cared the inhabitants of Nashville, who thronged to it, for this? Their object was not to see the Theatre. They did not care for sitting at their ease. They

only came to hear and see the Swedish Nightingale. What mattered it that three parts of the seats and benches were cushionless, and that their bones ached ere they had sat on the narrow and backless strips of deal-planking for more than half an hour. They cared not that breaches were visible in the *proscenium*, nor that draught and wind coursed more freely through the house than the murmurs of their own restlessness. Cold and sore-throat were evils for the future to shudder at; as for the present, it troubled not about them. The audience had assembled with but one purpose—that of hearing Jenny Lind. For once in their lives they could afford to look upon deal boards, unplaned planking, and rough walls, with the most perfect equanimity. Jenny herself was the reigning attraction of the hour, and they were blind to everything but her, as they were deaf to all but her voice.

By the way, it is a strange fact, and I should be pleased if any one would suggest a sound reason for it, that there should appear to be only two modes of regarding the talent possessed by Mademoiselle Lind. The one is to esteem her as the High Priestess of Melody—the Saint Cecilia of Modern Song. The other is to set her down as neither more nor less than a “humbug.” Now Jenny has been admitted by the first musical critics of England, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, and Denmark, and even by a large portion of the critical press of Paris,* to be the greatest of living singers. This verdict has been publicly registered in the leading papers of all these countries, and I confess that I am unable to conceive any reason on which so absurd an opinion as the last of the two can be urged. It must be concluded that those who entertain and express it, know but little of music, or I might be forced to register a severer charge against them.

The second concert was to the full as crowded as the first had been. I, however, left it early, and went down to the

* They heard and wrote about her at the time she sung at the Nieder Rheinische Musik-fest, in 1846.

E. W. Stephens, the steamer in which it had been arranged that we, *i. e.* Barnum and the *οἱ πόλεις* of the "caravan," were to quit Nashville. Indeed, I had already stolen into my berth and enjoyed some two or three good hours of refreshing slumber, when I was aroused by an unquiet and half-uneasy consciousness of motion. We were floating down the Cumberland, and the broad paddles were already beginning to sweep our boat into the centre of the stream.

Mademoiselle Lind herself was to start on the following morning, or it might be on this one, for I scarcely know at what hour it was that we actually left Nashville. Accompanied by Benedict, Mademoiselle Ahmansen, and some few others of her own more immediate and personal party, she was to proceed by land to Louisville, for the purpose of pausing upon her journey to view the Mammoth Cave.*

* I am indebted to M. Benedict for the following account of this visit. It may be seen from it, that, in addition to his other talents, he adds that of being a thoroughly accomplished scholar in the English tongue:

"Early in the morning, after the close of our last concert in Nashville, we started, with a somewhat smaller party than had hitherto accompanied us, on a trip to the Mammoth Cave. It consisted of Mademoiselle Lind and Mademoiselle Ahmansen, Belletti, Max Hjortzberg, Mr. Burke, Mr. Seyton, and myself. Our road was rough, and in many instances almost impassable for a carriage. The rain had, however, laid the dust, and although there was little of the picturesque to be met with in the country that was stretched on either side of us, the fresh brilliancy of the young year sheeted trees and meadows alike in its budding green. After partaking of luncheon at Teyres' Springs, and pausing to dine afterwards at the Bowling Green, we arrived in the course of the evening, and found ourselves in comfortable lodgings, at Bell's Hotel. On the following morning we quitted this tarrying-place at nine o'clock, and had the satisfaction of travelling over eight miles of the very worst road we had yet traversed in the United States—charmingly broken up with snatches of woodland and forest scenery—here bending past the edge of a jagged and abrupt glen, and then breaking into a sweep of meadow or budding foliage. At length we arrived at the hotel, a dismal and queer-looking building, the roof of which was seamed with the chance sky-lights made by age and decay, and the service of which was performed by domestics, who were scrupulously bent on following their own fancies in the management of our table, for here it was that we breakfasted. In truth, the meal itself was excellent, and the room in which it was held, considering the time of year, was in good order—Jenny Lind's presence, we presume, having, as is usual in hotels, railways, and steamboats, made an extra season. Fortunately, we here met with Mr. Croghan, the proprietor of the estate in which the Cave

As for ourselves, nothing could well have been, in every respect, more disagreeable than was this trip.

is situated, a most gentlemanly and delightful person, who did us the honors of his subterranean dominions in the most agreeable manner. It was about twelve o'clock that we started in his company for the Cave, and to avoid the pertinacious curiosity of the guests, who had been collected here by the report of Mademoiselle Lind's visit, he conducted us by a less frequented pathway than the one usually taken to its mouth. Lamps were now procured, and as it happened, we were fortunate enough to be placed in the hands of the very Prince of Guides. This was Stephen, who must be a well known character to those who visit this palace of the Gnomes. Half Indian and half negro, (a singularly rare mixture of blood,) he has been living in or about this cavern for the last fifteen years, until he himself has begun to fancy it would be impossible to quit it. Although, of course, uneducated, he is essentially a clever man, and has contrived to pick up a vast amount of information from associating with every description of persons. Now he sports a bit of science, derived from some of the more learned visitors he has conducted through the cavern, or a bit of artistic knowledge which has been dropped behind him by some wandering painter, or haply a touch of the life of the world beyond, which has filtered through his mind from a thousand sources. In addition to this, when it is remembered that he is as much at home in the lengthy avenues, the gorgeous churches, and palatial halls, the domes and the pits of this wierd region, as if he had been born amongst them, it must be admitted that it would be somewhat difficult to find a guide better calculated to do its honors. To give anything approaching a thorough description of the cavern, is far from our purpose. Indeed, we shall be well satisfied if we can but impress the reader with the conception that masters our own sense, as we take the pen in our hand with the vain hope (for we cannot but feel that it is so), of doing something like justice to the effect it produced upon our minds. In fact, it is and would be well nigh impossible to give with pen and ink any idea of the wondrous effects and extraordinary combinations of nature's architecture, with her wondrous and delicate tracery which strike the visitor at every step he takes in these intricate and winding labyrinths. Now you enter what would appear to be the sacred precincts of a Gothic Chapel. What is visible of the roof as the light of the flashing torches is caught upon it is seamed with arches. Elaborate pillars wreathed with tracery cluster along its sides. The very pulpit is chased with elaborate and tangled ornaments, and appears ready for the preacher. After this, you bend your way through a rough and tedious path, that winds through fragments of rock, and fallen masses of rough and jagged stone. This brings you to a wooden bridge, over which you pass, and reaching apparently the side of the cave, gaze through a broken space into the thick and heavy darkness beyond it. Here the glaring lustre of a Bengal light, touched by the torch of Stephen, falls into and for some moments partially illuminates the profound depths of a place which is called the 'Bottomless Pit;' and, indeed, nothing could well give a more vivid idea of the earthly entrance to a spiritual Hades than does this place. The spot of intense and glowing light—the unfathomable space below—the unnatural features of the place, all brought out in strong relief by the unusual radiance, and the awful silence that reigns around, unbroken, save by the whispers and muttered observations of the party which stands almost lost in the gloom of the silent cavern, give it a character of extreme and unutterable solemnity,

I began the day by hearing a detailed and indubitably veracious account, from at least half a dozen different mem-

What, however, must we say of the ‘Star Chamber?’ After having wandered for a mile or more along what we presumed was the principal avenue, (the height of this varies, as we should suppose, from thirty to eighty feet,) we passed the “Giant’s Coffin,” a mass of stone presupposed by the dcaier in fabulous nomenclature to be the tomb of some antediluvian hero. Here the Cave widened, and we found ourselves standing, as we seemed to emerge from it, under a broad and sable sky, spotted with unknown stars. Almost for the first moment you might dream that you had entered upon another world. The illusion is complete. Above you lies the vault of the dark and novel heaven, seamed with apparently countless planets, and around you stretches the dark and wierd-looking horizon, apparently dying away into the gloom of that strange firmament. Here also our guide shone in all his glory. First he would withdraw within the entrance, carrying the torches with him. Then the stars would disappear, one by one, until we were left in silence and darkness. Anon a crimson light would break out among the rocks, whose intense brilliance would give us some idea of the grandeur and splendid proportions of the ‘Star Chamber,’ sparkling in its brilliant glory on the glistening spots of the sable coping. Then he would descend and move further off, to throw the light of the torches on others of the incrustations and glistening stalactites of the Hall. Suddenly the notes of a violin were heard breaking on the stillness, and the Prayer from the *Der Freyschutz* poured its melody on the Chamber. For a moment we were so struck by the unexpected sounds, that we barely looked at each other. Soon we, however, began to notice that Burke was absent, and remembered that he had brought his instrument with him on this trip. The mystery—a rare and delicate one, too, was unravelled. After leaving this spot, we passed through the ‘Fat Man’s Misery,’ and the ‘Happy Relief,’ which last, we confess, we should have presupposed to have been achieved only by a course of sudorifics, and at last reached the borders of Lethe. Unluckily there was no Charon in waiting to bear us across the ominously named stream. This may possibly appear an anomaly, yet when it is known that the grandest part of the Cave lies beyond Lethe and Styx, our mortification at finding the first river impassable, and the Tartarus beyond it, out of our reach, may very readily be conceived. The waters had unfortunately risen so high during the last few weeks, that the impossibility of passing the streams of this subterranean Tophet was self-evident. We were therefore compelled unwillingly to satisfy ourselves with the glowing reports of Stephen and Mr. Croghan, of the ‘Crystal Chambers,’ the ‘Echo Halls,’ stalactitic Domes, fishes without eyes, and rats that were half rabbits, with sundry other breathing and visual oddities that were to be found in these infernal regions. We were, however, richly repaid for our visit by that which we had already seen, and the crowning point was our pause on our return beneath Goran Dome. Fancy an immense wall in the bowels of the earth, lit up as if by magic, (i. e. Bengal lights,) with its carved cornices and sculptured or arabesqued architraves coming crisply and exquisitely off in the momentary and brilliant lustre—the wall standing some 400 or 500 feet in height, and the silence of the scene being only broken by the slow dripping of the water which trickles through the interstices of the rock. Possibly the only disappointment which was induced in my mind, arose from the width and breadth of the chamber not corresponding with the height, which had it done, the impression of grandeur

bers of the company, who differed in every respect, touching the exit which they had made from Nashville. After collating them with great care, and comparing them with the tale of one of the musicians, who was in no wise mixed up in the squabble, I came to the conclusion that, as Nashville was somewhat out of the way, and was seldom visited by so large a party of ambulatory musicians, a very decided attempt had been made upon swindling us. The two hotels had charged at the least double the terms which had been agreed upon, to the greater portion of the party. Indeed, the bill of the Verandah, where Barnum had paused, amounted to more than treble the terms on their own printed cards. The carpenters who had fitted up the Theatre, made an assault upon it in the course of the evening, with the view of squeezing out of our treasurer, Mr. Stuart, the amount which was due to them by a Mr. Mackenzie—probably regarding the whole concern as a sponge, which only needed a little squeezing to weep gold. The carriage which had been engaged for Jenny Lind's convenience, during our stay here, was charged more than quadruple the amount which had been previously agreed upon. Nothing, in short, went right. Some of the party, indeed, contrived to get into what must be called “a row,” and of the more active belligerents, Stuart may fairly be said to be the only one that got out of it like a gentleman. Mr. Barnum, being long before this safely ensconced

given by this singular scene would have been quadrupled. At length, after having roamed about without a moment's rest for more than four hours, in which time we had not explored the twentieth part that is already known of this splendid palace, reared, as it might almost seem, for another race of beings, we passed through the ‘Bats’ Chamber,’ where thousands of these creatures remain, as though they were spell-bound, hanging to the walls in their winter sleep—and, emerged again into the world above us, which seemed to fasten upon our senses with an almost crushing weight, as we found its light dimming and blinding the eyes which instinctively sought the radiance of the sunny heaven. We returned to the hotel—dined there, and bidding a kindly farewell to Mr. Croghan, were soon on our way to the place at which we were that night to sleep—carrying with us a recollection which will not readily be effaced either from the minds of Mademoiselle Lind or of myself.”

like myself, on board the *E. W. Stephens*. Sundry sparring matches occurred. Pistols were extracted from coat pockets, and brandished with an apparent truculence of the most blood-thirsty order. White-headed canes were touched with great significance, and one of our men who remained in the squabble to the last, got into a personal difficulty with the landlord of the Verandah, and received one or two admonitions from a cow-hide. Such was, I am grieved to say, the inglorious termination of our visit to Nashville, and our final exit from that delightful city. As for Le Grand Smith, who had to start the next morning for Louisville, by land, and had already retired to rest, he heard nothing of it until our meeting in that city.

Meanwhile the morning was glorious. During the few days that we had remained in Nashville, Spring had broken from the embrace of Winter, and scattered her budding wealth abroad over the face of Nature. The air was laden with such a genial warmth as comes over the country around New York many weeks later. The perfume of the breaking leaf and bursting flower was scattered over the narrow stream of the Cumberland from the banks upon either side. Here was the ash no longer waving its bare branches in the breeze, but laden with its fresh and light green leaf, and there, too, was the beech, just bursting into all the luxuriancy of its Spring foliage. The Red Bud spotted the masses of yellowish green with the brilliancy of its rich flower, and as the fresh breeze swept athwart the river, it dallied and played with the fresh scents as if it also was rejoicing that Winter was at last swept further back, towards the North.

However, if all around us was agreeable, I know not how it was that all within the boat was disagreeable. Possibly Spring, while it was awakening the earth to beauty, stirred man's fountains of bile with a too meddlesome hand. Whether it had done so or not, certain it is, that the steward of this boat—whose name I have most unfortunately forgotten, as I

should have relished devoting a line to its preservation for the benefit of future travellers, on the same stream—was one of the most disobliging and insolent varlets I have ever had the bad luck to come across. Not a day passed over us without something in the shape of a disturbance. Not a meal was placed on the table that some annoyance or other did not occur. If one complained to the captain, this very polite individual smiled, bowed, and then hinted at the unpleasant necessity he should be under of setting those passengers who caused any disquietude on shore, and by this urbane hint momentarily succeeded in calming the discontent. Mr. Barnum, as I regret to say, coincided with him, and by this means the necessity of submission was for a time imposed on his party. This, however, was put a sudden end to on the last day, by the energetic proceedings of one of the musicians, who, after a violent altercation arising from the disgraceful conduct of the steward, succeeded in putting a stop to it by volunteering a blow. As on the last night we were at Nashville, pistols were immediately produced. The captain, however, sneaked out of the affray, and after a deal of squabbling and argument, it ended. The steward, as I heard afterwards, received his dismissal at Cincinnati. This, I candidly confess, I doubt. The captain and himself were so admirably fitted to pull together, that I should conclude they could not find it in their hearts to separate.

It was early on the Sunday morning, somewhere about three o'clock, that we arrived at Louisville, and very sincerely can I say that I was never more glad to quit any public conveyance than I was to leave the *E. W. Stephens*. Suffice it, that I here recommend none who relish comfortable travelling ever to expose themselves to the blessings of such a steamer.

For the remainder of the night, or rather of the morning, I went to the Galt House, where I remained in bed till close upon dinner time. The next day I stowed myself away in the Exchange Hotel, where the greater portion of the

orchestra, and others of the party, were accommodated with rooms. As for Jenny and her companions, they arrived towards the evening, and became the tenants of a house* which had been placed at their disposal by the proprietors of the Louisville Hotel, in the upper part of Sixth street. They were all well and in raptures with that portion of the Mammoth Cave which they had been able to see—the river which crosses the cavern having been too swollen to give them an opportunity of passing it.

Having little to do in the evening, I took the opportunity of wandering through the town, and was much struck by the absence of the awnings over the streets, which would seem to be a prescriptive feature of all American cities. Certainly, at present, they were not much needed. Bright and clear as the sky was, the temperature was cold, and even bleak, convincing us that we had moved Northerly, while a slight touch of frost awoke us in the morning to the feeling that Spring had not yet wholly emerged from its chilly youth.

The first concert,† which was given in Louisville, was crowded. Not a seat in the Mozart Hall, which had been selected, but was filled, and, as in St. Louis, the crowd who stood about the walls, might almost exceed belief. Unlike the mob of St. Louis, they were not, however, of the most peaceable description, and occasional rows diversified the external entertainments of the evening. In one of them I had the proud satisfaction of seeing a drunken white knock down two "gentlemen of color." Shortly after, feeling inclined for better game, he struck at a white man who was standing near him. This individual polished him off in a short time, and then consigned him to the care of a policeman. I mention this fact simply to show that the inhabitants of Louisville

* This house was the private residence of T. L. Shrieve, Esq.

† The first ticket of this concert was sold to Mr. Louis Trippe, at a premium of \$100. More than one thousand tickets were sold at premiums ranging from one to nine dollars. The gross receipts of the concert as I understood were about \$12,000.

partake, very decidedly, of the bellicose disposition which so strongly characterizes the dwellers in Nashville. Fortunately, they depend rather upon thew and muscle than on small shot and bowie-knives. We were gradually emerging from that quarter of the world in which these agreeable referees are appealed to for the purpose of settling every little difference.

I should, prior to my allusion to it at present, have mentioned the fact that Mr. Barnum had entered into an engagement with Signor Salvi, while at the Havana, for the purpose of strengthening these concerts. It would have been impossible for him to find a more admirable *tenor*, in the whole of America. He is a refined and accomplished artist, and although, like Belletti, better suited for the stage than the concert-room, which affords few means for the display of anything like histrionic talent, could not fail of becoming a very great addition to the company.

It had been understood that he was to arrive in Louisville in time for the second concert which was to be given there, and, consequently, his name had been inserted in the advertisement. By some mischance, he was prevented from coming, and the programme was, necessarily, changed on the Wednesday morning, substituting instrumental music, for the pieces which he had been announced to sing. In consequence of this, Salvi would not have appeared here, had Mr. Barnum persisted in his determination of giving only two concerts. The inhabitants of Louisville were, however, mad to have another, and a Mr. Raine offered to purchase a third concert from him for \$5,000. It had been settled that we were to start on the Friday morning, and, indeed, our passage had been already taken in the *Ben Franklin*, which left only one day at Barnum's disposal, after the close of the Thursday's concert. But for this, he himself would certainly have given it. He was, therefore, induced to accept the offer made him by Mr. Raine, and, after Jenny's sanction had been obtained to this proposal, this concert was announced,

in the Louisville papers which appeared on the following day.

Salvi had been telegraphed for from Cincinnati five minutes after the arrangements had been concluded. He arrived in Louisville at 10 o'clock on the morning of the Thursday,—rehearsed at 11 o'clock, and sung in the evening. Never, possibly, have I heard him in better voice than he was on this occasion.—N. B. a vocalist is always in excellent voice on the first night of his engagement—and very certainly never have I heard him sing better. Indeed, such was the popularity of Mademoiselle Lind, and of Belletti, and the additional attraction given to the concert by the presence of Signor Salvi, that considerably more than \$6,500 were realized by it in the course of the day, putting into Mr. Raine's pocket the very handsome sum of \$1,500 on his one night's speculation.

In this Concert Salvi sung, when he first appeared, the well-known duet from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*—“Voglio dire,” with Belletti. Both singers delivered this exquisite duet charmingly, and the applause which was awarded them at once convinced us, how much the concerts would gain by the presence in them of such an artist. After this he gave a *Cavatina* of Verdis', and the favorite romance of “Spirto onde l'alma,” from the *Favorita* of Donizetti. Nothing could well have been more beautifully rendered than was this last. I have heard Mario sing it, and save that his voice is somewhat fresher, cannot prefer him to Salvi: and, indeed, he is the only *tenor* with whom this singer could be compared, at present, upon the Italian stage. Suffice it that it was rewarded with as warm an *encore* as I have ever heard given to a male singer in a concert room. In fact nothing could have been more triumphant than was his *début*, and this must have amply satisfied Mr. Barnum of the good sense which suggested the engagement to him, and the wisdom which induced him to conclude it.

On the following morning we started on the river-road to Cincinnati in the *Ben Franklin*, the finest steamer next to the *Magnolia*, which we had yet seen on the waters of Western America. The day was somewhat fresh, and a delicious, yet tolerably chilly breeze curled the surface of the Ohio, which was beginning to lose the muddiness of its complexion. As we sped along it, and when scarcely more than ten or fifteen miles above Louisville, we passed into a perpetual and changing panorama of the most lovely description. Two weeks later the scenery would have been glorious. As it was, winter was still lingering among the budding branches of the trees, and keeping back the leaf which in half a dozen more warm days would sheet them in emerald.

Here were a succession of small hills covered with the ash tree and the beech, and occasionally spotted with the Red Bud. There a long sweep of rising ground swept down to the river, broken short by the bluff which terminated it, and here rose a rough and jagged shelf of broken rocks, covered with turf and moss, from the uneven and swelling brow of brushwood that ran above one bank of the river. It was like a second Rhine, and to the full as lovely. It was unmarked with the tedious monotony that characterizes the long ranges of vine and vineyard which seam the sides of the Rhenish hillocks with the regularity of a staircase. But, in another fortnight, not a hill that would not be waving with foliage, and draped with a robe, which has not had much fashioning from the axe of man, or the shears of the market-gardener. It was true that it lacks the broken and shattered fortresses of those robber-chieftains, who, in the olden time, tenanted either side of the picturesque river of Northern Germany. To the White, it is not at present a river, the very murmur of whose flashing and rolling waves is pregnant with memories of story and of song. Here are no castles of "the brothers." Yon rocky hill is not a Rolandseck, nor is yonder rocky knoll a Greifenberg. And

yet to one who needs a past to dream in, thought has but to bridge the lapse of the last one hundred and fifty years. It only needs one stride athwart the change which a century and half have made upon this vast continent, and a plunge into the life which was then busy in its forests and on its streams. Then the Red Man haunted those wild woods that swept down to the river's brink. They were his hunting grounds and his empire. On his own land he whetted his arrows for the chase, and ground his tomahawk for the war.

But then civilization came against him; and, is there no poetry to be traced in the results of that rapid and astounding progress which civilization has made?

The forests have been hewn through by the axe of the settler—roads have been constructed by his hands—the anvil and the forge have entered into the scene—the wigwam has been replaced by the town and the village—the canoe has shrunken from the waters, and the giant steamer has encroached upon them [N. B. where half a dozen Red Men were wont formerly to be drowned, a hundred or two of Whites are now blown up]—everywhere, has civilized man trodden upon the territories of the Indian. The remnants of the tribes of the Red Man are already adopting, or have adopted, the habits of the Whites: and this has occurred in less than two centuries—this, one of the greatest changes that has ever passed over the surface of the habitable earth. The very country that was owned by his fathers has been taken from the Indian. Those of his tribes who would not civilize have gradually been swept back, until stationary at length, they must either do so or be borne away.

It was about six in the evening when we finally arrived in Madison. This was a lovely place, calm and quiet as one of the ancient towns that nestle in the arms of the Old Father Rhine. It lay lapped among the green and grassy hills that circled it. A long and shelving gravelly bank swept down to

the very edge of the Ohio, and a stray church spire or two rose amongst the roofs of the little town.

The concert room, however, it must fairly be confessed, was fixed in a location of the most unromantic class. A pork butcher's shed had been selected for it. This was sufficiently long, and sufficiently spacious, and sufficiently low to hold somewhere about eight hundred people, but to hold them very inconveniently. Nor, indeed, was the concert room the only annoyance. It seemed that Mr. Barnum had been induced to arrange pausing at Madison by a Mr. Wilson, who had purchased the concert of him for \$5000, or who had, rather, arranged so to purchase it. This gentleman professed to have made no more than \$3600 by the sale of the tickets, and professed his utter inability to pay more than this amount. It was so obvious from what Mr. Bushnell, who had been sent to Madison upon the Thursday, had seen, that this was not the case, that Mr. Barnum at once decided on quitting Madison without giving a concert at all. Mademoiselle Lind, however, interposed, and representing to him that the people were in no wise instrumental in this swindling transaction—and that, in all probability, this would be the only possibility she might have of being heard by them—and that she was prepared to sing—and, indeed, that she wished to sing—and, consequently, that she would sing—succeeded in overruling his determination, and singing that night in Madison.

CINCINNATI, WHEELING,

PITTSBURG, PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.

WE arrived at Cincinnati early in the morning, and ere any very great length of time had elapsed from the period at which the steamer had touched the shore, were safely ensconced in our various hotels, and making a lusty inroad on the breakfast, provided to renovate our strength after our un-fatiguing voyage up the Ohio. Scarcely had we finished it, than I strolled out to look at the city and inspect the Theatre —the auction for the sale of the tickets having been arranged to come off upon the Monday following our arrial.

Singularly enough, the curiosity respecting the Nightingale which was everywhere evinced by the inhabitants was far greater than any which had been manifested since we had quitted New Orleans. Early as it had been when we arrived (the steamer reached the landing-place about six o'clock) a crowd had collected on the quay to procure the first sight of the celebrated vocalist, and it was with some difficulty that Mademoiselle Lind was smuggled into a carriage, and driven off to the Burnet House, where rooms had already been prepared for her reception. The city was instinct with but one active thought, which pervaded all classes. During the day little could have been heard spoken of but "Jenny Lind." This one subject pervaded business, and occupied idleness. Nay, it even interfered with the serious occupation of dining. The gentleman who was your *vis-à-vis* at the table, would be occupied in the most earnest conversation

with his neighbor, upon whose fork the very morsel was resting which he had recently taken. One might have fancied him a rabid politician, discussing the chances of secession, for South Carolina, involved in the slave-question. Not at all. Only listen to him. He raises his voice:

"Yes, I have heard her. I have heard Jenny Lind."

In an instant all other conversation stops around the speaker. All the eyes, whose owners sit within hearing-range of his words, are turned towards him, and the fair Swede engrosses the attention of that portion of the company.

You might go to the Theatre in the evening, and you would hear one half of the time the strangers seated to your left talking in whispers respecting her marvellous genius. While, on the right, if you listened to it, a muttered affirmation of her marriage might be the topic on which they were discoursing. Indeed, I might, perhaps, have mentioned earlier, that since we had quitted Nashville, the press had taken upon themselves very generally to diffuse a report that she was married to Signor Belletti—a report for which I need scarcely say there is not the slightest shadow of a foundation.

On the following day, which was the Sabbath, I had the opportunity, in the noon, of wandering out, and taking a tolerably extensive look at Cincinnati. It is apparently a city whose rapid growth has been too quick to allow cleanliness and neatness the chances of expansion. Some sixty years since a few log houses, and a wooden chapel, were all that marked the spot which was so soon after to be the abiding place of a large and wealthy city. Its situation is charming. Almost surrounded with small hills, and placed in the corner of a bend in the stream of the Ohio, it will, when it has partially finished its singularly rapid growth, and can find time for the development of its advantages on the side of comfort, be, I should imagine, one of the finest cities in this portion of the States. Unlike St. Louis, it has not, how-

ever, been laid out so largely, or so evidently with the intention of assisting its development. Neither does it possess a situation which augurs so much for its future growth as that in which St. Louis is placed. Moreover in Cincinnati, unlike most of the other cities, the German portion of the town is more distinctively German, and, unfortunately, somewhat dirtier than the remainder. This is the more to be regretted as it would seem to contain a large proportion of Germans in its population.

The auction had been announced for the Monday morning, and the place selected for it was the Theatre in which the concerts were to be given. As usual it was thronged to an excess almost as great as that which crowded the house on the evening which had been selected for the concert; and the first ticket which was exposed for sale, produced a price which was destined in some measure to recall the high terms it had secured at the cities in the earlier portion of our tour. Indeed, a little opposition only was needed to have run up the biddings to a thousand dollars, so thoroughly determined was the purchaser—in this instance a tailor, named M'Elevy—to secure it. There were, however, but few who chose to go on bidding, after the price offered for it, had reached \$500. Ultimately it was knocked down to him at \$575. The remainder of the sale, nevertheless, failed to go off with a similar enthusiasm, although the prices paid were tolerably high—little more than \$11,000 being produced by it. Singularly enough, as had recently been the case in most of the cities at which more than one concert had been given, on our passage up the Mississippi and Ohio, the auctions for the second and third concerts were those which were the most largely productive.

When the evening came for which the concert had been announced, the Theatre began to fill from an early hour, and before eight o'clock every seat in it was occupied. As I be-

lieve, not a single vacant one remained in the house. Nor was it filled by a cold and indifferent audience. Those who were present had come there with the intention of being pleased, nor were they to be disappointed, although it may be regretted that the police had not made arrangements for preserving quiet without the walls of the Theatre. This led to a somewhat serious disturbance before the termination of the first part of the concert, which might have resulted more seriously than it eventually did. It was partially owing to the situation of the house, which is thrown back from the street, and, consequently, allows no very large throng of idlers to collect immediately in front of it. In consequence of this, the crowd had pressed into the avenue leading to the stage entrance, and were clustered at the windows which lie to the right of the seats in the first circle. Here they kept up a continual clamor, which at last proved so great an annoyance to the audience, that Mr. Barnum requested the police to dislodge them. This was accordingly attempted. There were, however, far too many present to allow this to be done with ease, and at last one pistol shot was heard—then another, and another, followed by a succession of vigorous yells and screeches of the most alarming character. I forced my way out of the Theatre to see what was the matter, and found the space which had previously been so tightly packed, considerably thinned. The few who were left, were also rapidly quitting it, at the very peremptory request made by the police. Luckily there had been no wounds, and no bones broken, as the police had discharged their weapons over the heads of the multitude, merely as a tolerably broad hint to the unruly mob of Cincinnati that they had brought their arms with them,—a hint which answered its purpose admirably, and procured a rational and decided acquiescence with their injunctions.

In the mean time, the interval between the first and second portion of the concert, had past, and Benedict again

marshalled the orchestra and commenced the Overture. Rarely, indeed, have I seen any audience which was more liberally disposed to like everything that was given them. The Overture, Burke's performance on the violin, Belletti's fine and rich *barytone*, Salvi's delicate and careful vocalization, all received their meed of applause. It must be owned, however, that they reserved their warmest and most genial bursts of admiration for Jenny. I can scarcely call it a conquest achieved by her, for she literally had none to achieve. Those who heard her this evening, had made up their minds to hear one of the greatest *sopranos* that had ever been given to the world. Possibly they might have been annoyed if she had not equalled their expectations. This I know not. But I do know that they hesitated not at once to acknowledge, by their energetic approbation, that she had done so, while this night was marked with a white stone on the catalogue of their musical memories.

Such, indeed, was the success of this first concert, that two more were given this week, and a fourth, and last, was subsequently announced for the succeeding Monday. After this we were to quit Cincinnati, and proceed to Pittsburg, stopping at Wheeling on our way thither, where arrangements had recently been made for pausing to give a single entertainment.

Cincinnati would seem to share with Baltimore the characteristic of being the two most northerly cities, marked by that utter disregard of the value of human life, which would appear to be one of the generally distinctive feelings of the hot-blooded South. Let it not be supposed that this is so much a disregard for one's own life, as it is a thorough contempt for that of every body else. While we had been at Baltimore, in the earlier portion of our tour—and, be it remembered, that we had continued there but eight or nine days—one man had been slain by a pistol-shot, in a street squabble; and talking one morning with a member of the

police of this city, respecting the disturbance which had taken place on the first evening that Mdlle. Lind sung in public here, I took the liberty of asking my interlocutor what they would have done, had the crowd, assembled at the side of the Theatre, not moved off in response to the warning shots which were fired over their heads.

“We should have blazed away again, and, probably, a trifle lower,” was the indifferent answer—delivered with a coolness which vouched for its being the bare truth. However, every one to his taste. If they have so keen a relish for powder and ball, I feel that it is very certainly no business of mine.

On the second evening* that a concert was given, Salvi sung the quaint and genial “Com’e gentil,” from Donizetti’s *Don Pasquale*, for which Mario had made such a popularity on the first production of that Opera. It was admirably rendered, and yet did not seem to fascinate the audience so much as I felt it ought to have done. Indeed, it appeared to me that Salvi was not in any degree appreciated, according to his real merit, previous to our arrival at Baltimore, as he is very decidedly the greatest Italian *tenor* who has yet trodden on the soil of America. Nevertheless, as criticism, at present, is not my business, I will leave the public to exercise their own taste, and abandon his merits to their verdict. Suffice it, that further North the appreciation of his talents is, in my opinion, both more generous and certainly far more consonant with justice.

I have already said that the auctions, for the second and third concerts, were considerably more productive than the first had been; and, indeed, the houses were—every night that Mademoiselle Lind sung—so crowded, that, had I any

* In the interval which elapsed between the first and second Concerts, Barnum again entered the lists as a Temperance orator. This time, his lecture was given at the Universalist Church, in Walnut street. It was largely attended, and this by a very enthusiastic audience—the Temperance Movement having taken a leading position among the more practical Reforms advocated in Cincinnati.

friend in Cincinnati whom I wished to hear her, I should, in all probability, have felt considerable scruple in asking for a ticket, although it would assuredly not have been refused me. Perhaps the last concert was more full than any had been which she had given since her arrival in the States, if I except the first two, with the fifth and sixth, which took place in Castle Garden.

It had been arranged that we were to quit the city in the evening—or rather in the night of the Monday—immediately after the last concert, and, accordingly, when I awoke on the Tuesday morning, it was to find myself in a cot of *Messenger*, No. 2, and proceeding rapidly up the Ohio,* under the care of Capt. Fisher. Nothing could be more beautiful than was the aspect of the river, still smiling in the first fresh embraces of the Spring, which were wound around the laughing verdure of the hills and knolls that dotted the green banks on either side of the stream. As we sped rapidly past them, it almost seemed as if we were making some fairy voyage up an enchanted flood—so balmy was the breath of the awakening year, which swept around us, so golden was the sunshine, and, so delicately did the surface of the rushing waters curl into wavelets, as it was paused upon or swept by the alternately lazy and troubled breeze. Nevertheless, the following day was clouded, and even the wide and gray expanse of the sky was broken up by the dark patches of heavy vapor, which passed sluggishly over the breast of the Ohio. When, indeed, we at length reached Wheeling, and paused below the suspension bridge—which has but recently been thrown across the river, and is the largest chain-span in the world—a glorious and stormy-looking sunset had colored the Western heavens with its broad stripes of crimson and of amber. The evening was, apparently, clearing gradually off, as the

* I heard this morning, from Stuart, that on the preceding evening he had placed \$3,000 in the hands of the Mayor, at the request of Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Mr. Barnum, to be applied to charitable purposes.

stars began, shortly after, to peer, one by one, through the broken and jagged clouds.

Indisputably, Wheeling has a look about it which is by no means common, in the United States. The town is tolerably clean. Its bridge is a magnificent specimen of new human labor. It has plenty of life in it—if we are to judge from the amount of humanity which I encountered, on this evening, in the streets. Yet it has all the appearance of an indisputably old town. Its very brick is dingy, and does not seem to dress itself in that lively red which colors the rest that is made in America. Nor, indeed, is it at all a venerable antiquity which seems to hang about it. It is, rather, that half-spurious sort of antiquity which we sometimes see clinging to a family that is down in the world—an antiquity which smells of parchment, and has none of the fine old rust of a patriarchal city on it. So in this instance, it tastes far more strongly of uncomfortable dwelling-houses, than it does of a ruined Castle or dilapidated Cathedral. A Chapel had been provided for the Concert Room, which partook of the genuine features of the town. I must, however, confess that the audience blotted out my dislike to its look of vamped-up age, on the score of the beauty of its women. Out of an audience, which certainly could not have counted more than nine hundred persons—judging from the size of the chapel—there were at least three hundred pretty females, and a hundred, or one hundred and twenty of them might lay claim to be scored, with the word “handsome,” attached to them. Let me ask, who would not forgive Wheeling the humbug of its apparent age, in consideration of the scores of bright eyes that might be found in its dingy brick dwellings and on its scarcely paved and broken streets?

It would be needless to say that the concert went off well, and that Jenny was applauded every time she sung. I must confess, nevertheless, that, with the female portion of the audience, Belletti was the chief favorite, contrary to the

usual practice, on the part of the ladies, of admiring the *tenor*. It may, possibly, be concluded that his good looks achieved this for him.

About ten, we were again in the steamer, and shortly after we had passed under the suspension bridge, and were again rapidly proceeding up the Ohio.

During our stay, I had found time to cross this bridge, which is one of the finest specimens of this class of building I have yet seen. It is built with singular lightness, and is not level, declining towards the opposite shore from Wheeling, where the traveller quits it at a considerably lower grade. We had, however, soon left it far behind, and, as the night opened on us, and darkness filled the sky and couched upon the stream, we retired to our cots, and snatched a night of rest and of forgetfulness.

Early on the morning of the Friday, as we steamed upon our way in the midst of the sunbeam and the clear air, a singular gloom, which soon thickened into darkness, descended on the river. It bore much of that tangible consistence which is possessed by a London fog, and, indeed, struck me as being a very decided specimen of Cousin-German to that delightful natural production. I will not, indeed, undertake saying that it could be sliced with a knife and served up at the breakfast table, nor, that it possessed the fine, biliary-looking, and orange-colored complexion of its prototype, but for any other purpose of solid utility than the first-named, to which fog could be legitimately applied, this was solidly available. To see beyond the length of one's own nose was certainly within one's power, but it may be seriously doubted whether the capacity of vision could by any possibility have extended further.

I heard a stranger, near me—not, it is to be presumed, to the locality—say, “Well, here is Pittsburg, at last.”

I endeavored, accordingly, to behold it, but unless my imagination had gone to work and decorated the haze with unsub-

stantial buildings, visionary church-towers, and delusive steamers, I feel compelled candidly to own that I saw nothing. I disembarked, and still I saw nothing. I only felt I was being hot-pressed, rather uncomfortably, by the mass of humanity which was, as usual, pressing around the steamer; and when I was at length borne to my hotel, how I reached it I know not, although I have some vague and lingering idea respecting the interior of a hack-cab, in the which there appeared to be three others besides myself. In this idea I am the more confirmed, from having subsequently overheard, at the breakfast table, a somewhat angry dispute between one of our own party and two gentlemen, who had accompanied us on board the steamer from Wheeling, respecting the evasion of some "contemptible 'Jeremy Diddler,'" who had shared their coach, but had not condescended to settle with the driver, for his share of its occupancy. I feel I need scarcely say, as I then for the first time recollect, that I had been entirely guiltless of offering to settle my proportion of the fare, and consequently had been gratified, in my own hearing, with the aforesaid appellation of "Jeremy Diddler."

However, it has been said by wise and sagacious philosophers, that the devil is not always so incontrovertibly sable as it pleases bilious moralists to paint him. Even so, is it the case with Pittsburg. One individual who approached his dwelling-place—for he lived here, and had a stewed and half-baked appearance about his ears and under his eyes, which could have fastened on flesh in no place where they burnt less coal—had the kindness to inform me, as we first passed into the fog and quitted the sunshine in which the early morning had been bathed, "that I should never see more of Pittsburg than I then might, as we drew into the mouth of the Monongahela." I may own that, looking round and seeing nothing, it appeared to me that when I left it, granting that this should be the case, I might have reason to doubt radically of the existence of the town at all. Another told me "that the

sun never shone in Pittsburg. Now, to both of these affirmations I can conscientiously give a point-blank denial; inasmuch, as from three till half-past four on the first day, I managed, with tolerable ease, to see across the street, while from half-past eleven till two o'clock on the following morning, a pale and sickly-looking sun peered through the grimy atmosphere, having very much the appearance of a yellow wafer floating in a bowl of dirty milk. Indeed, I have no hesitation in pronouncing that the denizens of Pittsburg have no more than two or three degrees to pass, ere it equals the supreme state of murkiness which reigns in Manchester, and colors more than 364 in the 365½ days into which the year is divided at gloomiest and dirtiest Wolverhampton.

Nevertheless, I found my way to the hall which had been selected for Jenny's first appearance in this town, and entered it, just as Mr. Barnum was mournfully informing the audience that the auctioneer was not present. Scarcely had he terminated his lament over the chance, than a Mr. Lynd leapt up on one of the benches, and informing those who were present that he was an auctioneer, offered himself to Mr. Barnum to commence the sale. This he accordingly did, but I regret to say, the literal consanguinity of his name with that of Mdlle. Lind, produced little impression on those to whom he appealed. Indeed, the first ticket which was disposed of, produced a price that I shall refrain from chronicling, so sheep-faced was it in amount.

Scarcely had he concluded the labors of disposing of this ticket, than the *bona-fide* auctioneer appeared, and Mr. Lynd instantly resigned his place to him. The sale then proceeded with somewhat more spirit, and resulted in the product of a sum which was very little short of \$10,000. Many of the tickets had, nevertheless, been purchased by that new batch of speculators which seemed to start into existence in every town through which we might be passing, and, when the concert came off on the same evening, a large number of these

tickets remained on hand. These were sold off almost immediately before, and even during the first portion of the concert, at prices which were singularly low, when compared with those which had, in every other city that we had visited, been produced by those issued for the first evening on which Jenny Lind sung in public.

Let me, however, relate the causes which led to the somewhat sudden flight of the Northern Nightingale from this town of dinginess and tumult.

Unfortunately, Friday was the day for which the concert had been announced, [N. B. Fridays are always ominous—a little bit of superstition which I find myself altogether unable to get rid of,] and, unfortunately, Friday was the day on which the hands employed in the various factories at or around Pittsburg are generally paid their wages. The town was consequently filled with a very large proportion of idlers on this evening. These were scattered about, and entertaining no great respect for Temperance, had indulged in sundry of those agreeable potations which are rarely apt to strengthen the tendency either to quietude or order. About the hour at which the doors were opened, they gathered about the entrances to the Hall in which the concert was to be given. Indeed, many had done so for some time previous to their opening. Moreover, so densely did they block up the approaches, that Mdlle. Lind, who generally repairs to the rooms selected for her concerts some two or three hours previous to their commencement, was obliged to descend from her carriage, and to make her way on foot to the building, for some considerable distance—assisted through the crowd by M. Hjortzberg. This was merely the beginning. Darkness gradually thickened over the streets, rendering them even more gloomy than before. Shortly after, those who had purchased tickets began to arrive. It had now approached the hour of eight. Had you looked into the Hall, you might have seen that it was already well nigh filled, and in less

than ten minutes M. Benedict entered it, accompanied by the orchestra.

Scarcely had the first few notes of the overture been touched by them, than the disturbance began. Shouts, and cries, and cheers of every description were heard from the street. These blent with the music of the overture very successfully, and formed a perfectly hideous *charivari* of the most novel description.

Nor did this terminate with the close of the overture. Belletti first appeared before the audience collected in the interior, but no sooner had his voice been heard by the liberal individuals collected in front of the Hall, than they lent him their assistance. Cock-crowing, howling, and shouting of every description, filling the air and echoing on the startled ears of his auditors, who began to fear that they were doomed to enjoy this agreeable accompaniment during the whole of the evening. And, in truth, they were so doomed. It mattered not whether Belletti vocalized, or Salvi sung. The mob were admirably impartial, and paid no more regard to the notes of the *tenor* than they had previously done to the voice of the *barytone*. Even while Jenny herself was singing, that abominable row from the exterior of the building was echoed through the Hall, and all but drowned the clear and brilliant notes of her own voice. The windows were closed, but could not keep out the yells and plaudits—for I presume that they were intended as plaudits—which prevailed. Occasionally a brief lull in the storm permitted those who were within to hear her, and to divine how much they were losing. Nor, indeed, was it alone the tumult which had been raised by the crowd which disturbed Mademoiselle Lind. Stones were thrown across the multitude who were collected without the Hall, and although I will presume that none of these were intentionally directed at her dressing-room, certain it is that three or four of them contrived to break its windows. This it was which, combined with the

noise and uproar, in a great measure, to terrify her, and almost rendered her unable to finish the concert.

This, however, she contrived to do, and at about a quarter to ten o'clock it came to an end. Her troubles, nevertheless, were not yet terminated.

After the audience had left it, the stragglers and by-standers crowded around the doors of the Hall with the intention of taking a good stare at her when she came out. Unfortunately, M. Hjortzberg was out of the building, nor was he again able to reach it, so densely had the populace thronged about the entrance. Mr. Seyton had remained inside with Mademoiselle Lind, and Mr. Bushnell was the only other of our party that still lingered in the interior. The songstress was too fatigued and too terrified to think of attempting to face the multitude. Accordingly all the lights were extinguished in the Hall, and she decided on endeavoring to wear out their patience. But this was a vain idea. They knew that she had not returned to the Monongahela Hotel, at which she was staying, and were determined, if possible, to see her. After waiting for more than half an hour with exemplary patience, she began to grow convinced of this, and requested Mr. Seyton to make an examination of the back of the building, and discover if it were possible for her to leave it in this direction. After some difficulty, he and Mr. Bushnell succeeded in getting a fence removed by its owner for the consideration of five dollars,* and she was then led by them through a variety of dirty alleys and quaint lanes, and an abundant assortment of filth and fog, until she finally reached her hotel. I will not undertake to say how she slept that night, but I may say that she determined on not giving a

* This was announced in the papers some two days after as the *liberal* proceeding of some person who was a perfect stranger to Mademoiselle Lind. The truth of the last half of this assertion is uncontested. The price, however, of this "perfect stranger's" *liberal* assistance did not form a portion of the information given the public.

second concert here, and when I waited on Mr. Barnum, at the Monongahela Hotel, on the following morning, she had already quitted the town, and, in all probability, for ever.

Placards were accordingly issued and posted, announcing this fact, and Mr. Barnum published a letter in the afternoon's papers. This epistle was designed to glaze over the affront which was deservedly put upon the city by Mademoiselle Lind's declining to give the second concert, which had been announced in the morning papers for the succeeding Monday. Whether it did so to the satisfaction of the better portion of the inhabitants of Pittsburg, I am, of course, unable to say. Certain it is, that, at six o'clock, we were already in the steamer that was destined to convey us on the first portion of our road to Baltimore.

Nothing, I may frankly confess, on our whole journey so much raised my spirits as quitting the dense mass of smoke and fog in which Pittsburg was buried. As we emerged gradually into a purer atmosphere, and felt the fresh air of the young Spring playing around us once more, uncontaminated by coal-smoke, it seemed that a heavy weight had been removed from me, and that I was again capable of feeling some enjoyment in the excitement of rapid travel, all taste for which had lately seemed blotted out of me. It was early in the morning that we reached Brownsville, and after washing in the open air, and breakfasting on bad coffee, fresh eggs, and delicious milk, placed ourselves in the stage, and prepared to cross the hills, which lay between us and Cumberland. Here we were once more to take the rail for the purpose of arriving at the proposed end of our present journey.

It was a Sabbath morning. The sun was throwing long and waving shadows from the merely budding trees—for, as we advanced in a more northerly direction, the Spring had gradually and slowly receded, and was now barely breaking forth in its earlier vegetation—across the road. As we

climbed one hill and felt occasionally the fresh wind which swept along its gullies, or saw it playing with the feathery branches of the pliant ash, we would catch a small strip of distance with its delicate azures glistening through the stripped timbers, whose leaves would, in two more weeks, have thoroughly shut it out from the view of the traveller. Here, again, we plunged into a little valley, seamed by a wide and shallow rivulet, rippling over its stony bed. Possibly, beyond the hills, it might deepen and widen into a river. There, half hidden by the leafless branches, amongst which it couches, is a timber sheeling. Later in the year nothing would hint at its whereabouts, save the occasional line of smoke which is now curling towards the heavens. Here we would round a corner in the valley, and a village would dot it with its scattered houses. Then we might cross the stream on a rough and rudely built stone bridge, and again climb the side of the valley, mounting its natural boundaries along the steep and broken edge of some deep ravine, whose rough and knolly acclivities were covered with the stems of trees and brushwood.

Moreover, the road was broad and admirably laid. Indeed, it might contrast with many of the military roads—the only good roads in central Europe—with considerable advantage to its projectors, both as regards their skill and the pecuniary means which had been placed at their disposal. N. B. Like the English roads, the American rejoice in the existence of Mac-Adam, and are not paved, a bit of information which I append, with many others, for the benefit of my few—I may say, as I suspect, my very few English readers, who have never crossed the Atlantic.

It was late in the evening that we arrived at Cumberland, and abandoned the stage, in which we had made one of the pleasantest day's travel that we had enjoyed during the whole of our tour in the United States; for I am bound to except

our short excursion to Matanzas, which was the best portion of the fruits of our three weeks' holiday on the island of Cuba.

Mademoiselle Jenny, with the remainder of her more immediate party, had paused here on the preceding evening, and did not intend proceeding until the day following. I, also, should have rested here for the night, could I have discovered anything in the shape of a chemist and druggist's store open upon the Sabbath. It may, consequently, be presumed that, in Cumberland, men enjoy a total exemption from all the evils to which their flesh is heir, upon this day—that broken limbs and cholera, typhus and sick head-aches, small pox and bilious fevers, with the whole of that legion of pains and miseries which affect the feminine part of the creation, are unknown at least upon one day out of the seven. Indignant that this should be so, I confess that I deposited myself at once in the cars for Baltimore, and in another half-hour was speeding upon the rail to that city. Sleep soon veiled my eyes, and when I awoke on the preceding morning, it was to find that we were again more Southerly, by the profusion of green which was everywhere spread around us. The year, in Maryland, had already awoken from its long and wintry sleep, and was pranking itself in its gayest and richest emerald.

In Baltimore and in Philadelphia, Jenny Lind had determined, in compliance with an understanding which had previously existed on her part, to devote two concerts to the purposes of charity. The first of these was announced for the 30th of April. The recent death of the Roman Catholic Bishop had, however, interposed a damper upon the spirits of the population of Baltimore, of the same persuasion. In consequence of this the concert was scarcely so full as it might otherwise have been, although the handsome sum of \$3,700 was cleared by it, beyond its expenses, in behalf of

the various charities* which had been selected by Mdlle. Lind to receive a portion of its proceeds. Here, also, in conjunction with Mr. Barnum, she liberally allotted the sum of \$2,400 to be distributed amongst those members of the orchestra who had accompanied her on her present *tour* throughout the South.

In the mean time, Mrs. Barnum had arrived at Baltimore, whence she had accompanied her husband to Philadelphia, on the Thursday, where he had hurried with the intention of arranging the details of the concert which had already been announced in that city for the succeeding Saturday, May 3rd. Early on the day preceding this one, we also followed him. The weather was beautiful. The Spring sun stole through and warmed the whole atmosphere. A fresh breeze waved the branches of the trees which were everywhere covered with glad green leaves. As we swept along, now, through the fields, then over a creek of water that formed the mouth of some river, and anon under the lofty banks that concealed from us all on either side of the track, the landscape seemed to be one long and joyous panorama, unrolled by the hand of Nature, for the inspection of the traveler. It was about four o'clock that we arrived at Philadelphia, and passed into the Quaker City under one of the fairest and warmest noons that I had seen or felt since the last day we had passed in Havana. I may own that I was glad to find myself once

* This sum was placed in the hands of the Mayor of Baltimore, to be distributed as follows:

To the Female Orphan Asylum, in Richmond street, attached to St. Peter's Church	\$800
" Orphan's Home, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Moriarty	700
" Farm School, in Baltimore County.	700
" Widow's Home	800
For private relief, to be distributed at the discretion of the Mayor	700
	<hr/>
	\$3,700

again so near our starting-place, and I will presume that Mademoiselle Lind was also pleased to feel that we should remain some five or six weeks stationary, when we once more entered New York.

It would appear, however, that Jenny Lind's presence in Philadelphia was not to be altogether unmolested. She was required by the Law to do duty as a witness in a suit commenced by Mr. Quinlin against Mr. Barnum, for a breach of contract alleged to have been committed by him with regard to his renting the Chesnut Street Theatre. The Commissioner who was charged with her examination, was Mr. Thomas D. Smith—another of that numerous and well known family—and this gentleman, with a kindness and courtesy rather sparingly to be met with in his profession, made arrangements for having it take place in her own rooms, thus causing her as little inconvenience as possible.

In the evening I, who had already completed my toils in Philadelphia, such as they were, had left the city not long previous to the commencement of the concert, which placed \$5,042 at her disposal,* as I heard on the following Monday or Tuesday from some of the musicians. I was also told that Salvi had been afflicted with a cold and hoarseness which prevented his appearance at this concert. This was a fact which the admirers of his talents—and in this city they might already be counted by the name of "legion"—resented by a variety of hisses and a prolongation of ill humor until Jenny her-

* This was placed at the disposal of Mayor Gilpin for the following charities:

To the Union Benevolent Association,	:	:	:	\$1,000
" Seaman's Fund Association,	:	:	:	1,000
" Foster Home,	.	.	.	800
" Association for the Relief of Disabled Firemen,	.	.	.	500
" St. Joseph's Hospital,	.	.	.	500
" Protestant Episcopal Hospital,	.	.	.	500
" Musical Fund Society's Charitable Fund,	.	.	.	400
To be disbursed by Mayor Gilpin among deserving objects,				342
				\$5,042

self finally appeared. This, fortunately, terminated their vexation, and the unhappy one—probably in his hotel and in his bed—was suffered to rest the remainder of the evening without the bile of the charitable being again disturbed. On the Monday, Mademoiselle Lind again quitted Philadelphia, and had returned in the course of the day to New York. On the following day every thing was taking its accustomed round. The ticket-offices were opened. Isaac Smith and Bushnell were in them. Le Grand was superintending and looking after a score of matters, and Stuart was harder at work than any of us. As for Benedict, he was employed in rehearsing the orchestra which he had once more collected around him: and thus did we recommence our labors.

To say that my trip to the South had been one uninterrupted occasion of enjoyment would be useless. Conscience would smite me on the cheek, and I should feel a tamperer with truth. My work was somewhat too heavy to allow me much time for extraneous amusement. In addition to this, I had been collecting materials for a work on the Southern portions of the Union, which may very possibly, like many other projected literary labors, never assume a tangible form. Suffice it that I have seen the South, and seen it travelling with one whose presence in our company—I of course allude to Jenny Lind—rendered an acquaintance with its habits and character of life much easier to an Englishman, than it might otherwise have been; the very name of the fair Swede blunting and sweeping away many of those prejudices which, save in New York and London, characterize, in some degree, both countries.

As for the popularity which has attended her wherever she has trodden on the soil of the States, it has, I must freely confess, been unexampled; and induces me to believe that the love of melody is more widely spread in North America, or at least in its more Southern portion, than it is in France or England. Every Hall or Chapel in which she

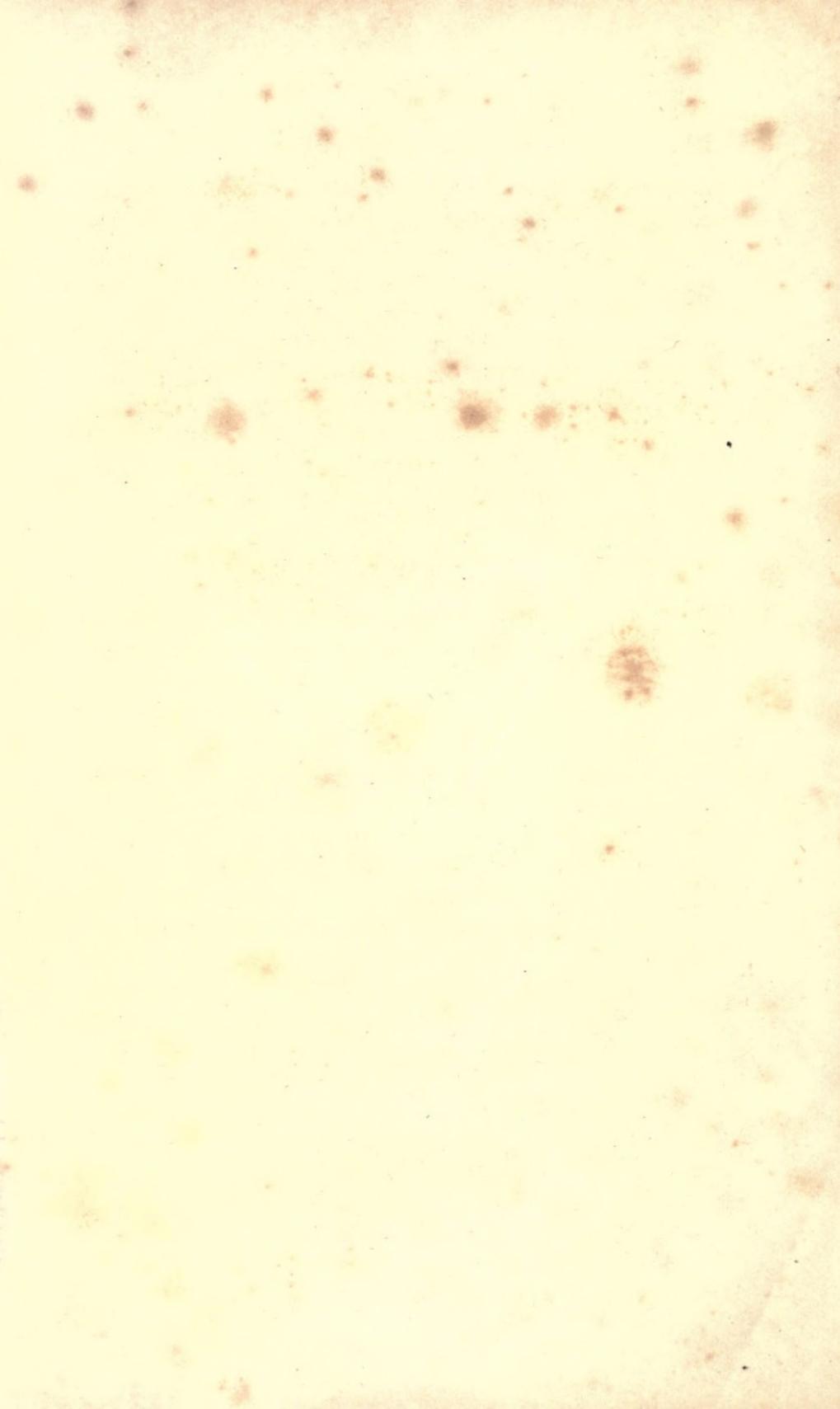
has sung, has been thronged by hearers. The very streets lying around them, have been crowded by those who lingered there for the sake of catching the few notes of her voice which might steal to them through the walls or the opened windows. In good truth the excitement which she has produced has been well nigh universal. It has agitated every class alike; and has every where produced for her and Mr. Barnum a harvest which has been gathered by few vocalists and by even fewer speculators in their attractions.

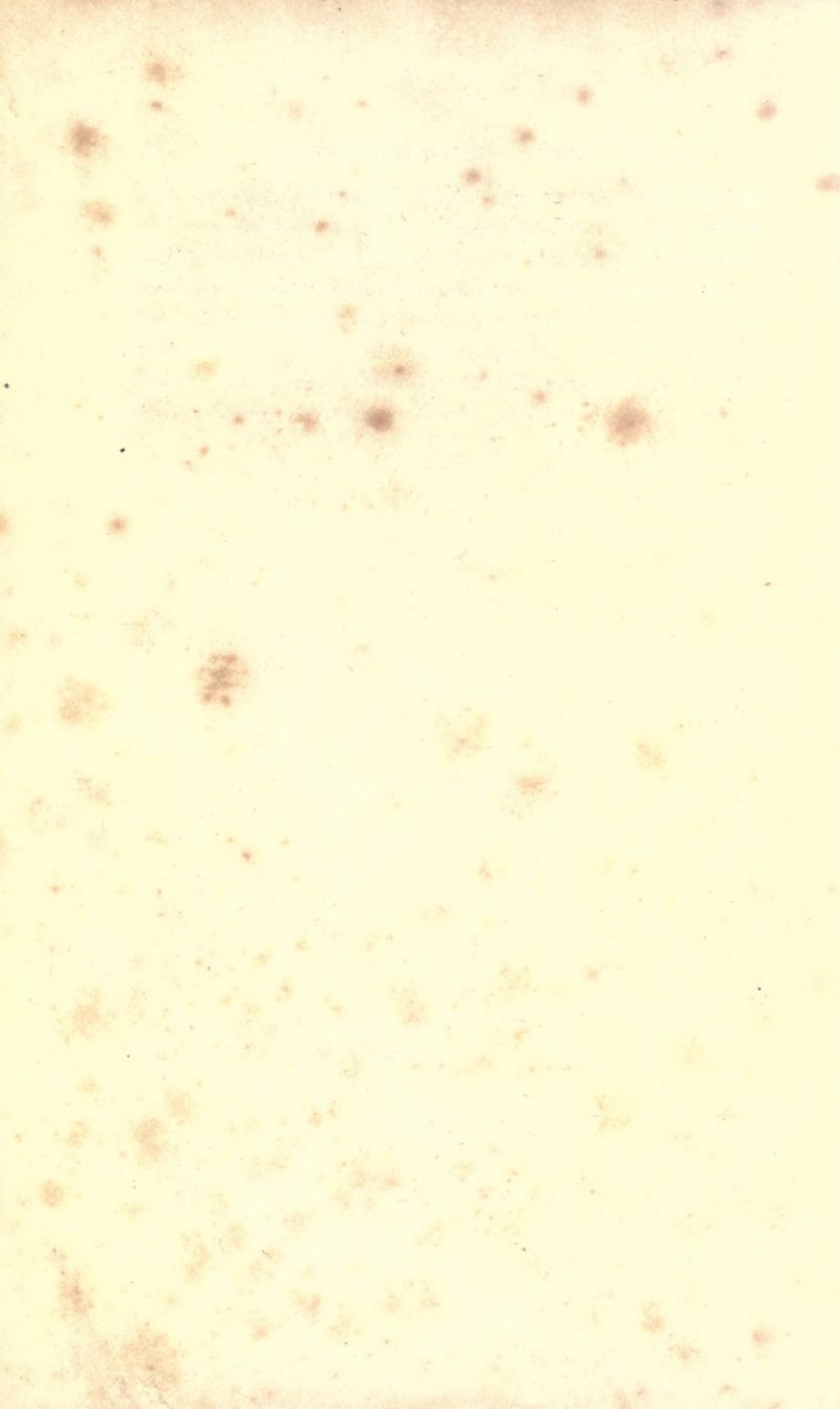
Her charities I may, without any hesitation, leave the records scattered through this volume to attest. Unexampled as these have been in the lives of any of those geniuses who have stood forth in their peculiar callings, to enchant a gazing and listening world, I may safely say, that little more than half of them can possibly be known to the public. She must not be estimated alone as the greatest vocalist who has recently appeared before the lovers of melody on these shores, or on those of Europe. She is essentially one of the noblest, most self-denying, and most charitable of living women. None who have met and known her can doubt this, as none with whom she has at any time been connected can fail of appreciating her warm and kindly nature. No bigot in her goodness, as she is a cosmopolitan in her loving kindness and tenderness for her whole species, she stands completely alone; and it will be long ere we again receive on these shores one marked with the same excellencies, and characterized by the same virtues.

And now, I have but one more task before closing this volume. It is, to bid farewell to the half-dozen indefatigable and voracious students of biographies, books of travel, and such records as this is—who have accompanied her and myself to its end. I would shake hands with them, were they now near me, with many thanks for their patience in accompanying a stranger, and putting up with an occasional piece of impertinence which has distilled from the end of his pen,

as he has been gossiping, recounting, and, perhaps, "guessing" in a few instances, as if he had been born to it. Suffice it, if it has been so, I regret it, and apologise on the score that I have never been accustomed to hold the pen with too close a grasp, or manage it with too subtle an eye. Let me, at all events, throw it down now, and bid my half-dozen unwearied and patient friends a hearty and, I trust, on both sides, a kindly farewell.

T H E E N D .









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